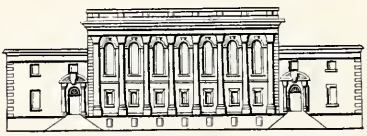
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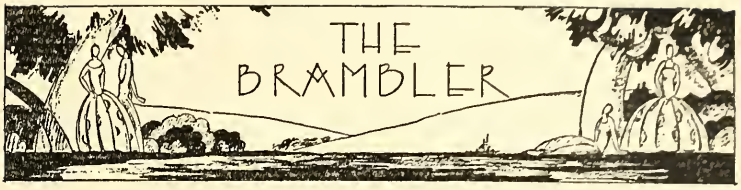


autumn number

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

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CONTEST

THE BRAMBLER offers a prize of five dollars for the best poem submitted to it. This poem will probably be sent as Sweet Briar's contribution to an Anthology of College Verse which is being edited by Harper & Brothers Publishing Company. All poems must be in by the fifth of December. The prize-winning poem will be published in the next issue of THE BRAMBLER.

"Their lives are like the leaves, scattered in flocks of ruin."
—SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

I lift my head to the blue autumnal sky
And sniff the sweet crisp air delightedly.
It breathes of fragrant new-mown shocks of corn
Which stand about me, heaped without precision.
My pitch-fork drops unheeded from my hands.
How he'd have loved to reap this field of corn!
I've never seen a man who loved a farm
As that man did. He loved the good brown earth,
The tang of burning leaves, the hunter's moon
Which redly rose above the grove of pines
Beyond his window. That is over now;
And I alone am here to till the farm.
He left it in my care. And he is dead.
He went away to war. I was too young.
He went away and never came again.
The men who own the nearest farm to this
Were with him in the trenches when he died.
They said it was a quiet afternoon,
Or quiet for the front. The tired men
Were resting some between bombardments. They
Were wondering what they'd do if Peace should come.
One said he'd spend his life in taking baths
To wash away the mud spots from his heart.
Another said he'd sleep till Judgment Day
In some still room where noises never came.
Another wanted music, colours, books.
And finally it came his turn to speak.
"I'd go straight on with harvesting," he said.
And then a sniper got him through the heart.
He'd not begrudge those Flemish fields his blood,
For now they're farms again, and he would love
To have his body spring up with the flax.
"I'd go straight on with harvesting," he said.
Oh, brother, I am harvesting for you!
But I am lonely, and the fields of corn
Can never fill the emptiness. I'm harvesting—
Oh, God! If you were only here!

—By E. M.

NO, NOT INTERESTING

ANNE McRAE

"OH, so you come from Shanghai!" she exclaimed. "How very interesting."

"Interesting ——" I said. "No, not interesting. It is my home."

"Tell me what it is like," she said.

But I don't tell her. I tell her what she would see if she went there. She tells me how lucky I am to have lived in such an interesting place—everything seems "interesting" to her. But it isn't interesting. It is my home.

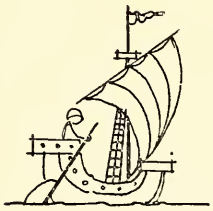
I would take the tram, and sit in the end that's painted green, where the foreigners and Chinese in brocaded silk sit and pay three more coppers. The other half is where the poor people sit. Mother told me never to go in that half. The people pay three coppers less to ride in that half. The tram would have a sign on it that said Lu Ka Wei. It always seemed to come last. Porte de L'Ouest, then Zi Ka Wei, then Porte de L'Est, then Lu Ka Wei. Always last. It would pass by the street that the Cathedral is on. We used to go there to church every Sunday. There was a choir of English boys. One had black hair and sang solos. I used to sit next to the aisle so I could see him closely when he went in and out. He looked beautiful—like an angel—in the chancel. But when he was near me I could see that he had freckles and a red face. That was why I liked him. Because he was so ugly. Then his voice began to change so he couldn't sing any more.

Oh, we have come to the French Park. It is time for me to get off. I walk across the park. I walk across the bridge. The stream is only about five feet wide. I used to always jump it. But now I have high heels and have to walk across the bridge. Groups of amahs are chattering and mending socks while their charges run in the sand and play hop-scotch. I will soon be home. Just two blocks now, down the sidewalk that is so nice to skate on. The family will be having tea. Mother will be pouring and telling Baba to take her feet off the rungs of the chair. Jamie will be going reluctantly to wash his dirty hands. Margaret will be devouring bread and peanut butter. Cameron will have to be called from the study where he is reading. He is always reading. And I will be sulking because I can only have one cup of tea. Amah will be quarrelling in loud

tones with the cook. Her voice will come rasping through the cracks of the door, with the fumes of burning toast

Oh, how stupid of me. All that was years ago. Now Margaret is a young lady and likes strawberry jam. Cameron is studying medicine. I can drink as many cups of tea as I like—so, of course, I never want more than one. And Amah is dead.

Shanghai is not interesting. It is my home.



THREE LADIES MEET GOD

MARY HENDERSON

I. FRANCES GORDON

She arched her eyebrows and honored Him with an aristocratic howdy-do.
Frances had never been impressed by any man.
And only because she thought it was modish to be enslaved by Russian actors
Did she allow Kovalensky to malign her, marry her, bankrupt her, leave her.
She thought about explaining this to God, but concluded it was too personal a matter.
At any rate she would probably be running into Kovalensky up here.
And, mercy! there must be no scene!
She told God that the trip up had been dirty, the food abominable, the service discourteous,
The scenery far inferior to that of the Brunig Pass.
Still she supposed that this place had been commercialized by Church folk.
There really was no beauty left in the world.
Not that she had time to notice it if there were.
Only last week she had attended the Carter's Ball, the Horse Show, five dinners, four luncheons, and six bridges.
No wonder she had to come up here for a rest!
She hoped the place was exclusive—not infested by Jews.
And was it true that one got what one wanted up here?
If so she chose to be beautiful and young again,
So that when she met Kovalensky it would hurt
Of course, God must not let her forget to be back on Friday for the Harriman's dinner.
At present, however, she felt the need of a cocktail, a marcel and a manicure.

II. KATHERINE HAYNES

She supposed everybody up here was good—or at least pretended to be—
And she was glad of it. There were enough bad ones on earth.
And just because she didn't shut her eyes to the doings of the heathen
People called her nosey. Well, let them. There was something to nose about:

What with petting parties—did God know that the young people in America got drunk every night and drove automobiles sixty miles per hour?
What with stealing money—had God noticed that after President Hailey shot himself a deficit of 60,000 was found in the bank, and none of the papers said anything about it?
What with putting on airs—what did God think about that newly married Johnson couple buying a radio when their home and automobile wasn't paid for yet?
What with the decline of Christianity—How could God have so long forgotten to punish that hussy Annabel Ginnus who was openly and brazenly living with a married man?
There were a lot of things for God to do.
And if He needed any information about the character or morals of any of her friends
She would be glad to give it to Him.

III. MARY RUSSELL

Seemed sort of funny for her to be here.
After making all the funeral wreaths of folks you knew
You got to thinking on death like it was something that came only to other folks.
She wondered whether she got any wreaths at her funeral.
Nobody in Graniteville could make them but her.
She hated to die 'cause she had a good stand of turnips and spinach,
And now the neighbors would eat them.
People would walk in her garden over her daisy and rose beds.
No, she couldn't see no sense to her dying sudden-like—
If she had been given some notice she would of sold the house and lot.
And not have people finding out how dirty her curtains were, and eating her turnips after she was dead and gone.
Still she had managed to save a good bit of money,
And kept it safely hidden in a pot underneath the stone.
When the bank failed—like she always knew it would—
She had loaned money out at 10 percent interest.
Folks had kicked at 10 percent, but they needed the cash.
So her pile had grown and grown.
She hadn't made no will. In fact, she hoped folks wouldn't find her pot.
She didn't want her money squandered by a lot of lazy old fools.
Now it looked like she'd have to set in and make some more.
Did God reckon there'd be any call for a wreath shop up here?

THE MURDER OF ARTHUR EVANS

By MARGARET LEE

"MR. ARTHUR EVANS, millionaire manufacturer, has been murdered." These were the headlines that almost every newspaper in America carried on the evening of the twenty-fifth of June. The rest of the front page was filled with such details as these: "Stabbed in the back with a curio dagger, he lay face downward on the floor of his library. It was thus that a servant found him early this morning. Those held as suspects are Mr. Evans' daughter, Millicent, her two house guests, Miss Atha James and Miss Mary Peck, and the murdered man's nephew, Mr. John Evans."

* * *

When Millicent Evans invited me to Indian Hill for a two weeks' visit, I accepted with pleasure and surprise. On the train going down I met Atha James headed for the same place. She, Millicent, and I had been in the same class at college. We had none of us known each other intimately because our interests were so different, but we had always liked each other. I suppose it was an attraction of opposites. Now Millicent, in one of her strange whims, had decided that she would like to see us. It was pleasant to see Atha again after two years.

"Well, Atha, so you haven't caught your millionaire yet, have you?" I said.

We both laughed. It had been a standing joke between us at college that marriage for love was very nice, and marriage for money wasn't so bad; but a combination of the two was perfect. Millicent used to join in our joking, rather feebly, however, because she could have endowed a college with the change from her monthly allowance.

Millicent and her cousin John met us at the station. John was a handsome blond, with a charming smile, though not an especially strong face. He was the type of man that nine women out of ten would fall in love with. On the drive to Indian Hill John was noticeably attracted to Atha, and I was surprised to see that Atha seemed to like him very much. At first meetings she usually regarded every man with a cool indifference.

We finally drove up to Millicent's beautiful home. Mr. Evans came out to greet us. He was very good looking and seemed to be quite young to have a daughter twenty-four. He was charming, too,

like John, though his face showed more strength of character, or was it hardness? Mr. Evans, also, was immediately attracted to Atha; though I felt then that she, as I, had taken an immediate dislike to him.

That evening Millicent and I had a delightful time reminiscing, while Atha led the two men on and laughed up her sleeve when they glared at each other. I became fascinated watching her. There was nothing obvious about her methods. She did not attract by a brilliant or even witty conversation. She merely utilized subtle little feminine mannerisms. She would wander about the room looking at little knic-knacs, or books, making a lovely effect as she moved in her flowing dinner dress. Now and then she would come up behind the chair of one of the men. Then she would lean over, and in a low tone make some trivial remark. This always pleased the recipient and annoyed the onlooker. It was just one of Atha's little feminine ways.

Things went on this way for about a week, and the atmosphere had become most unpleasant. Millicent was just attractive enough to men herself to be terribly irritated by Atha's success. And I had discovered something which my four years of college had not disclosed to me. Millicent was in love with her cousin John. After two or three days Atha seemed to realize this too, and very tactfully gave more attention to Mr. Evans. But, unfortunately, John preferred Atha to his cousin. Even Atha's change did not please Millicent, and I realized that she would not like Atha as a step-mother any more than as a rival for John.

On the evening of the twenty-fourth of June, perhaps six hours before the murder, the five of us sat in the library taking our coffee. Millicent and Atha were trying to outdo each other in charming little nothings. They both had beautiful hands and liked to show them. Atha carried lacy wisps of handkerchiefs which she continually touched to her lips or twined in and out of her long, slim fingers. When she wasn't doing this, she was slowly, gracefully, leafing through the pages of a book. Every now and then she would mark it with anything handy and look up with a dreamy glance. Millicent was less subtle; but not to be outdone she toyed with a curio dagger used as a paper knife. Her choice was wise, because it made her hands look so dainty, tiny, and inefficient. As she toyed with her dagger, she talked of little every-day matters.

"Father, I just went to my room to get a handkerchief and somebody has been going through my things, though I couldn't find that they had taken anything."

Atha looked startled and said, "Isn't that odd, I felt the same way this morning about my clothes, but I wasn't sure enough to mention it."

I thought to myself, "It certainly is odd, because someone has even taken an inventory of my meagre wardrobe."

Mr. Evans said that it was probably the new second maid, and the conversation turned to other things, though I couldn't help wondering why the new second maid would bother to go through my wardrobe when one look at me revealed that I was poor as a church-mouse. Atha began her usual encouragement of Mr. Evans. For some reason it made Millicent, who was sitting in the chair directly facing her father, very angry. She stood up, flung the little paper cutter dagger on the chair, and went out into the garden. I followed her, and she began to talk excitedly. "I hate Atha. I told her she might as well not love John. He will only inherit father's business if he conforms to father's wishes." (I now realized that father's wish was for John to marry Millicent.) "I told Atha that, too, but Mary," she continued, "I didn't dream that she was so mercenary that she would turn to father right away."

I thought these remarks very unjust to Atha. She must really like Mr. Arthur Evans, unattractive as he was to me. This was certainly not the first rich man Atha could have married. No, I didn't think Atha was being mercenary.

John joined us at this point, and so the conversation turned to other things. In a few minutes, Mr. Evans called us back to the house and I could see that he had something to say. We went into the library again. There sat Atha in the chair Millicent had left. As we came in she looked up in her usual way from the book she was leafing through, marked it with something, and smiled very sweetly. She was a picture in a long, flowing, green gown. Mr. Evans looked very proudly at her and said, "I want you to know that Atha and I are engaged."

Millicent, for the second time that evening, stamped out of the room in a rage. John's reaction was entirely different. I have never seen a man look so terribly hurt. I lingered for a minute or two and then left the happy couple. Millicent and John had both disappeared; so I went to bed. I couldn't go to sleep. At about twelve o'clock I heard Atha come upstairs. At about one o'clock I heard Millicent's car drive by the house. Not long afterward she came up and I wondered if she had cooled her rage. Still later I heard John drive up and then I fell asleep.

The next morning was the twenty-fifth of June. At breakfast no one seemed especially cheerful. Why should they be? Atha could hardly flaunt her victory in the face of Millicent and John. She could not be totally callous to John's love and Millicent's loathing. Mr. Evans had evidently considered it more politic not to appear at all. I was thinking how selfish it was of him to leave Atha to bear the brunt of all this alone, when a terrified maid rushed in and shrieked, "Mr. Evans has been stabbed!"

(To Be Continued.)



MADEMOISELLE OUDART

By MARJORY COLLINS

MADEMOISELLE OUDART, *directric du Cours Maintenon,* was a feared and respected lady. And small wonder. Blue spicy eyes, shining from finely chiselled features, let no breach of discipline among her pupils escape. Her fluent French tongue scolded to the point. But never did Mademoiselle let her words run away with her.

There was urgent business to do during sixteen out of twenty-four hours. Très important! At streak of dawn, Mademoiselle was up before the pensionnaires had stirred. Perhaps her night-gowned figure opened the dormitory door, and her head, covered with bobbing curl papers, peered through the door to see that no boarders had been kidnapped in the night. "Mon dieu! Quelle pensée atroce!" thought Mademoiselle, as she scurried down the hall to sort laundry and close windows (perennial French custom!). All this in noiseless pantouffles.

After petit déjeuner the cours took on an aspect of business. With white hair in a heart-shaped crown, and dressed in her everlasting severe black, Mademoiselle Oudart was a fine slender figure as she stood on the school steps ringing the bell for "classes". The double row of black-aproned boys and girls streamed in from the yard. Mademoiselle looked down on them proudly, shaking her head in a smile. She loved them all, but they must be good. René wasn't: "Croisez vos bras, Rene, et tenez-vous comme il faut pour l'amour de Dieu!" Yes indeed! Mademoiselle Oudart meant to have the best disciplined school in Cannes.

We played tag on top of the desks once. But never again, you may be sure. Mademoiselle saw dusty foot prints on the shiny black surface, and it hurt her. She clenched her fists. Her eyes closed in despair, and a torrent of words followed: "Comment faire une chose pareille, mes enfants?—" We couldn't laugh.

Mademoiselle Oudart had high ideals of education, too. Seated on her professorial throne, consisting of a desk and chair on the platform, she taught us French History, and thoroughly enjoyed doing it. We sat in fear and trembling at her feet, around black, oilcloth covered tables, while she fired questions at us like a machine gun. "What battles did Louis IX fight in Palestine?" or "Who

was Catharine the Great?" Leaning tensely forward, Mademoiselle waited for our answers. We sometimes answered "par coeur comme des perroquets," or else knew nothing. Mademoiselle fooled with her bell. It tinkled softly. And then, discouraged with trying to draw out knowledge from her prosy pupils, she would tell us a story.

A story put Mademoiselle Oudart in her most charming mood. Ah oui! Folding those nervous veined hands, with half-closed eyes, she told us of off-coloured happenings in the court of Louis Quatorze as only a French woman could talk. Her deep voice vibrated through the room, and she swayed back and forth enthusiastically. She, who felt so wonderfully virtuous to lead the pensionnaires *à la messe* (in a black velvet hat, fifty centimètres in diameter), or to hear a benchful of serious-faced children recite catéchisme to her at the top of their lungs. Ah, yes! her all-seeing eyes twinkled. Even this decorous and religious old maid enjoyed her scandal vicariously. Business was such an essential part of Mademoiselle's make-up, that we were all pleased to death to see her lose all track of time and space; to see her carried away in her story. But soon her conscience would prick her. Overcome by an accumulation of saliva, she would lift her hands in the air and declare: "*Oh, mes petites, je vous ennuie.* Let us get back to business."

DEVIL'S BACKBONE ROAD

MARGARET LEE

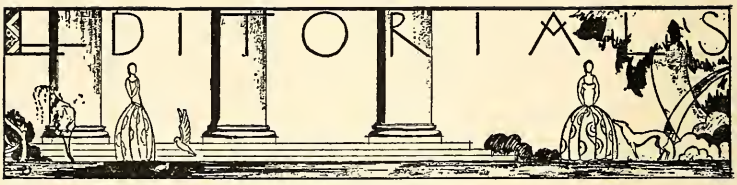
But they must never know, those other two,
That you and I can ever spend such hours
As these when walking closely by your side
Far up between the interlacing trees
We go, until I could reach out my hand
And almost touch that yellow twinkling star.
But no, I do not really wish for that.
I'd rather it would be a little way,
A very little way, and so do you,
Beyond the old rail fence, where we can sit
And look, and feel that strangely longing pang
That only comes to one in hours like this,
That only haze-blue hills and pale gold stars
And cow bell's echo ringing thin and clear
On still hot nights can ever make one feel.
"And so you did like Lohengrin last night?"
"Oh, yes indeed, and now we must go down."
For I have never really almost touched
The pale gold stars beyond the old rail fence.
And what if they do know, those other two,
That you and I have ever spent such hours?

THE MUNICIPAL SWIMMING-POOL FUND

"Faerie Fantasie," as Presented in Pidcock, Georgia

The town orchestra earnestly playing "Marche Militaire." The curtain painted with a Venetian scene. The rustling of programs. The boxes of peppermints. The applause as the Mayor takes his seat. The proud pointing out of names on the programs. The families at their rows of seats. The thrilled hush as the curtain trembles. The tense moment as it halts half way up, revealing the lower portions of the assembled chorus. The reluctant dance of the Fairies. The rustling of their crepe-paper costumes. The brief but passionate appearance of the music teacher as the Wicked Witch. The entrance of Princess Pureheart. The furious applause. The bows of the Baptist Church tenor as Prince Valourous. The agitation among the female quarter of the audience. The Wicked Witch's quivering wait in the wings for her return. The dispassionate chorus of Brownies. Their mumbled lines. The quick treble response of the Fairies. Their shrilly piped song. The freckled Brownie who pinches his companion. The squeak thereof. The fall of the curtain on the first act. The burst of chatter. The complacent receptors of compliments. The distribution of flowers. The head and shoulders of Princess Pureheart thrust between the curtains. The tearfully overjoyed appearance of the Wicked Witch to receive her bouquet. The exodus of mothers back stage. The confusion thereof. The stout Fairie who has discovered a wig. The diplomatic obtaining of same. The freckled Brownie moodily tying knots in the costumes. The curious bulges and billows in the curtain. The giggling groups at the peepholes. The gently perspiring directress heading the chorus of self-important little girls. The gong for the rise of the curtain. The discovery of the freckled Brownie sitting in grandeur on the throne. His hasty removal.

The rise of the curtain. The unwilling milling about of the Little Breezes. The love-scene. The Princess's nice little voice. The Prince kneeling, fearful of his gaiters. The irritating smile of the Princess's mother. The burning brow of her little brother. The scowls of a number of youths in the audience. The wistful regard of the Wicked Witch. The ecstatic group of Sunbeams huddled in the wings. The disparaging noise made by the freckled Brownie. The final chorus. The Little Breeze afflicted with the hiccoughs. The eager face of the Wicked Witch. The fall of the curtain. The feverish burst of the orchestra drowned by the clatter of seats. The Wicked Witch tenderly wrapping up her bouquet in a newspaper. The mothers folding up costumes. "You were wonderful, dear."



WIDER HORIZONS

The word cosmopolitan is the latest fad. People dote on using it. Some people are really trying to be cosmopolitan and usually think they are after a two months' trip abroad on a student travel tour. But the mere fact of having passed through seven countries doesn't hall-mark one as a citizen of the world; nor does the fact that one thinks the Dutch quaint and the Chinese interesting mean that one is cosmopolitan. Doesn't cosmopolitan mean that we feel people's likeness to us rather than their difference from us? We can sympathize with people only when we feel that after all they are just people like ourselves and not fascinating Russians or quaint Dutch or just plain, dirty foreigners.

To be cosmopolitan we must first outgrow our localism. This stage has been safely passed through by the majority of college students. The girl from New England no longer thinks, or at least dares to say she thinks, that the only place in America not absolutely crude is a small section in the Northeast. The girl from Virginia forgets to tell you that her state is the cradle of the original and only aristocracy. Yes, the average American college student has outgrown this stage. She has gone on to what might be called the local color craze or second stage toward being cosmopolitan. If a person had said five years ago that she lived in the Middle West, an Easterner's expression would have shown only too plainly his sentiments, "How vulgar! That's what Mr. Sinclair Lewis writes about."

But times have changed, and at any moment the Easterner will say, "How awfully different! Sometime I am going to make a trip out there just to see all those quaint old Babbits."

All our American novels and short stories show only too well that we are in the local color stage. No section can be taken for granted. Ninety-nine percent of the authors are sympathetically interpreting some locality. And ninety percent of the American middle class

are taking student travel tours, seeing the Liberty Bell, visiting the Golden Gate, and thinking they are cosmopolitan.

But as long as people say, "So you live in Shanghai, how interesting!" instead of "And you live in Shanghai, how natural; lots of people live there," we are far from being citizens of the world. Can't we hasten past this unpleasant "how quaint" stage? Can't we greet one from another country as a person, and not as a bird in a cage, which we gaze at, grow tired of, and pass by, to look at another of a much stranger breed?



AS WE PASS BY

The Penguins had the finest army in the world. So had the Porpoises. And it was the same with ten other nations of Europe. The smallest amount of thought will prevent any surprise at this. For all armies are the finest in the world. The second finest army, if one could exist, would be in a notoriously inferior position; it would be certain to be beaten. It ought to be disbanded at once. Therefore, all armies are the finest in the world.

—A. FRANCE, *Penguin Island.*

Teach us to care and not to care.
Teach us to sit still.

—T. S. ELIOT, *Ash Wednesday.*

Is there, then, no friend? No one who hates Ibsen and problem plays, and the Supernatural, and Switzerland and Adultery as much as I do? Must I live all my life as mute as a mackerel, companionless and uninvited, and never tell anyone what I think of my famous contemporaries? Must I plow always a solitary furrow, and tread the wilderness alone?

—LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH, *More Trivia.*

"The only century in which customs were not characterized by the same cheerful openness was the nineteenth, of blessed memory. It was the astonishing exception. And yet, with what one must suppose was a deliberate disregard of history, it looked upon its horrible pregnant silences as normal and right; the frankness of the previous fifteen or twenty thousand years was considered abnormal and perverse. It was a curious phenomenon."

—ALDOUS HUXLEY, *Chrome Yellow.*

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, "I'm going to dine with some men,
If anybody calls
Say I'm designing St. Paul's."

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES

The people of Spain think Cervantes
Equal to half a dozen Dantes—
An opinion resented most bitterly
By the people of Italy.

—E. CLERIHEW, *Biography for Beginners.*

Don Guistino made a point of never defending innocent people. They were idiots who entangled themselves in the meshes of the law; they fully deserved their fate. Really to have murdered Muhlen was the one and only point in the prisoner's favor. It made him worthy of his rhetorical efforts. All of his clients were guilty and all of them got off Scot free. "I never defend people I can't respect," he used to say. —NORMAN DOUGLAS, "*South Wind.*"

Mary coughed and drew a deep breath. "I presume," she began sententiously, "I presume we may take for granted that an intelligent young woman of twenty-three, who has lived in civilized society of the twentieth century, has no prejudices."

"Well, I confess I still have a few."

"But not about repressions."

"No, not many about repressions, that's true."

"Or, rather, about getting rid of repression."

"Exactly."

"So much for our fundamental postulate," said Mary.

—A. HUXLEY, *Chrome Yellow.*

I shoot the Hippopotamus with bullets made of platinum,
Because if I use leaden ones his hide is sure to flatten 'em.

—HILAIRE BELLOC, *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts.*



"WHITHER, WHITHER, OR AFTER SEX, WHAT?"

Edited by Walter S. Hankel

THE MACAULAY CO., N. Y. 1930

As the subtitle announces, this is a symposium to end symposiums. We have had a summer of Humanist and Anti-Humanist, Pro-Humanist and Anti-Pro-Humanist symposiums and a noble group of thinkers have come to realize that there has been just about enough of it. So here we have a collection of essays on every conceivable subject from Leviathan to the Future of Ocean Travel, via Eno, or the Future of the Vine to Libido or the Future of Debauchery. As far as the authors are concerned they have left little or nothing for the fall publication list of the Today and Tomorrow Series. And, as far as they are concerned, it is a step forward.

The authors are a motley crew. There are such standard drawing cards as Corey Ford, James Thurber, and E. B. White, mingling side by side with Edmund Wilson, who is scarcely to be classed among the humorists and John Brooks Wheelwright—an even stranger member and, I believe, an architect in his saner moments. And it is the new hands who shine, the older and more skilled craftsmen who miss fire. Corey Ford on the Future of Debauchery seems to be trying to put it over with every weapon at hand, and overdoes it. James Thurber in Freud or the Future of Psycho-analysis falls decidedly flat. By far the best of the group is Edmund Wilson's Gorgonzola or the Future of Literary Criticism. It is in the manner of James Joyce and as far as I can see the best way to give you an idea of it is by quoting an excerpt—any excerpt—this for example:

"Carl van Gorham was the Book-of-the-Bunch-Club, a bang in a thousand he was, the homesome wholespun old magnate, giving away a mahogany grittanica with every subscription to the Muck-of-the-Month-Club, chewing books for choosy readers with bad bi-

custards, a regular balloon to the belated he was. He gave them "Elizabeth and Sex" by Lytton Scratchy, "John Brown's Benny" by Steve Brody, "The Bridge of San Louis Bromfield" by Felix Ray, "A Farewell to Farms" by Mark van Dorman, "How to be Happy, a Preface to Morons" by Walter B. Pipkin, "Tristram," a fine-spun obituary by Edwin Arlington Cemetary, "Black Majesty" by Dark van Moron, "The Life of Joseph Wood Peacock" by his uncle Doc van Doren, and "Training the Giant Pander" by quaint old Trader van Horen." There are seven pages of this and it is worth all the rest of the book put together and three times the rest of the book if you take out the student's questionnaires and biographies. The illustrations are also above average.

The rest of it is strained parody on subjects which were long since worn out as subjects for parody, with only occasional flashes—parts of Democritus or the Future of the Atom, for example.

It is really a great pity about Whither Whither. All the garnishings are perfect, the list of contributors could hardly be bettered; but it just doesn't come up to scratch. I suppose it is because we are thoroughly fed up with symposiums.

—By Caroline Heath.

ANGEL PAVEMENT

J. B. Priestly

Harper & Brothers, New York, 1930

J. B. Priestly has chosen a London street of "no great importance" which "taxi-drivers often do not even pretend to know" for the setting of his new book, *Angel Pavement*. No. 8 in this inconspicuous street is occupied by Twigg and Dershingham, wholesale furniture dealers, and it is to this office and the people who work there that Mr. Priestly turns his attention.

The book is definitely a "character" (psychological, if you will) novel. It has nothing which might conventionally be called a plot, though it is well organized according to a different plan. Mr. Priestly portrays a slice of six months in the lives of four people, whose only connection at the beginning of the book is their association in the same office. The unifying force is another character who enters *Angel Pavement* as an alien and goes away still an alien, but leaving his impress upon the lives of all four of the characters.

In dedicating *Angel Pavement*, Mr. Priestly suggests that his purpose is to "get at" something of the spirit of London in this novel. I think he has done it. His way of rambling along, seemingly toward no goal, has the surprising result of making his reader feel that he has rambled so far into middle class London life that it is difficult to return to the world around him. This ability to create atmosphere, of course, grows out of his success in making characters live. Mr. Smeeth, Turgis, and Miss Matfield have emotional reactions to their surroundings which make those surroundings stick in the reader's mind with a definite connotation. He knows all about the Burpenfield club for working girls because he has hated with Miss Matfield the women who are everlastingly carrying kettles of hot water. He has experienced a London fog because he has agonized over Turgis' love affair in the midst of one.

Though the creation of character is the field in which Mr. Priestly excels (and he has created four superb ones in this book) I think he is inclined to caricature minor persons. The "tee-tee-tee," which is Mr. Pearson's one distinguishing characteristic, occurs a little too frequently, and Fred Mitty loses some of his forcefulness by being exaggerated a little beyond what appears credible.

As a whole, I think *Angel Pavement* is a worthy successor to *The Good Companions*. I liked it better.

THE LIFE OF MADAME ROLAND

By Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire

Translated by Laurence Vail

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. 1930

Mme. Jaquemaire's *The Life of Madame Roland* is, I think, a splendid combination of old and new methods of biography-writing: it is not written in the older and wholly impersonal manner "without obtruding anything of comment," nor is it so highly fictionized as are many stories of lives nowadays. In her foreword the author explains that she does not stress with equal importance every feature of Madame Roland's life. "At times I discuss and criticise those points I have isolated, in the belief that to reveal the originality of an individual is more important than to catalogue all the small acts which make up the span of life. Therefore I sometimes pass rapidly

over long periods and linger upon the hurried times that were characteristically rife with sentiment."

"Thus I shall attempt to explain, for instance, the romance of her marriage with Roland, the tale of her dislike for Danton, the heroic poem of her love for Buzot." She accomplishes this especially through her wise selections from Mme. Roland's huge correspondence and from her "Memories," and says of her, in regard to her letters, "We have a Sévigné of the bourgeoisie, and better still, a Sévigné-Georges Sand."

There is no melodrama in style to make commonplace the story of the wild whirl of the French Revolution. We cannot help finding between the lines of a rich, steady prose, a psychoanalysis of the Revolution, an outline of which is taken for granted.

We find dominating the mental life and the career of a remarkable woman three R's: Rousseau, Roland, Revolution, all linked one with another. It is an acceptance of the principles of Rousseau which underlies the intellectual love of Madame Roland for her husband and her passionate role in the Revolution. It is Roland, pedagogic, acid, adoring his wife, who candidly tells him she is the only woman in the world who can make him happy, whose career as Inspector of Manufactures and as Minister of the Interior shapes Mme. Roland's political life until she, like the Maggie of Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows," tactfully directs his. Her unswerving devotion and sense of duty remind us of the story of "La Princesse de Clèves": Madame Roland, too, in "the only tactless act of her life," confesses her love for Buzot to her husband, who consequently is broken with grief. And the Revolution is the climax of her life. We have seen it drawing nearer and nearer. It has been her goal. It proves her a true "*heroine Corneilliene.*"

We are struck particularly by the author's splendid and understanding account of Mme. Roland's life in prison. We are shamed and thrilled by that amazing woman who faces the guillotine with such superb calm.

"Now she had to die. She discovered that, although she had long thought herself prepared, she had not yet grasped the meaning of that word *death*, a word she had so deeply pondered over since she had been in prison in order that she would be ready to face it when the time came. And now, how could she really comprehend that before night fell she would be dead, torn from every sensibility, hurled into eternity, and presently lost forever in the infinite?" This

is the understanding of a woman who can think *with* Mme. Roland, because she is of Mme. Roland's nation.

Mme. Jacquemaire has done more than her part to prove that "a great idealist, and one so richly endowed with vital qualities, does not suddenly cease to exist, even if decapitated."

—ABIGAIL SHEPARD.

A NOTE IN MUSIC

Rosamund Lehman

HENRY HOLT & CO. 1930

A few years ago we read *Dusty Answer* and were attracted by its strangely compelling charm. Miss Lehman has produced a second novel, *A Note in Music*, in which we find the same theme of a woman's frustrated desire for happiness, told with delicate shadings and subtle emotional implications. The later novel, however, cannot claim to appeal as widely as the first one, nor is it, on the whole, as well planned or developed.

The characters in *A Note in Music* are less winning than those in *Dusty Answer*, but they are honestly and unsparingly portrayed. There is the strong suggestion throughout the story that they might have been intensely individual and thoroughly attractive persons, had they turned their lives into more congenial channels. Instead, we find that each one in his own way is repressed and miserable, and however much we pity their thirsty souls, we cannot love them as we loved the men and women in *Dusty Answer*.

There is a single character in the story who is permitted to indulge his every whim and fancy. This young man is, to Miss Lehman's women, a symbol of all they desire. They imagine that he is their happiness, remote and unattainable. It is to him alone that they can express themselves. For a moment they seem to reflect a vestige of his freedom.

It is while they cling to a moment of happiness, that the author allows them to come so thoroughly transparent that they enable us to watch the rise and fall of their emotions with as much ease as we survey the incidents of the life in which they move. In the case of each person, however, the fulfillment of her longing lasts but an instant, and its meaning, like a note in music which "is nothing but as it appertains to what is past and what is to come," fades into obscurity and is lost.

When the curtain falls upon their lives, it leaves them in very much the same position as that in which we found them. They are somewhat older, perhaps a little wiser, certainly more resigned; but their lives are more hopelessly empty, their struggles really to live just as futile, as before the single note of music, struck at random on the keyboard of existence, penetrated their consciousness.

—MARY STEWART KELSO.

THE GLORY OF THE NIGHTINGALES

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK, 1930

Edwin Arlington Robinson has presented to the world another great poem. This new work, *The Glory of the Nightingales*, is worthy of the praise that *Tristram* and *Cavender's House* gained. It is a psychological study of two men and you are cold and breathless when you find yourself at the last page of this poem. The plot in itself is simple; it is Robinson's intensity, his vivid lyrical ability, and his knowledge of human nature, that take hold of you. In the first pages you feel you are headed towards an abyss that is dark, and you can discern only dimly the action of the characters. Through the pages beat Malory's hatred for Nightingale, coupled with the memory of Agatha, whom they both had loved. Malory is journeying to the city, Sharon, and "from Sharon to the sea" to take his revenge upon Nightingale, who "had lost, like many, in winning more than he had won." His first stop is by the grave of his wife, Agatha, and he sees in the shadows of the graveyard her name, chiseled in white, and even stronger he feels that:

". . . if Nightingale
Were dead and Malory dead, as Agatha was,
There would be peace."

His second stop is to see his old home for the last time. From Sharon he goes to Nightingale's house by the sea. The voice of an old school-fellow calls as he waits for the door to open,

"Thinking of two other doors
That soon would open to an older house
Where all men go."

The school-fellow is Nightingale, who had considered Malory "the king of friends" and the world as his, having met Agatha. Malory has come to kill Nightingale and then himself, but he stays to hear Nightingale, to see him die, and to accept his house. He will live in this house by the sea and feel there is some "justice hidden in the world." A simple story, but one of intense feeling, of tragedy and hopelessness.

—B. C. HANCOCK.

EXCHANGES

Heretofore we have been filling up this column with comments on the stories and poems we found in our exchanges. This year we are going to let our readers enjoy for themselves selections from other college magazines.

Two poems by Constance Mercer Klugh, in *The Mount Holyoke Monthly* should not be overlooked.

SOLITUDE

There was a frightened mortal that was I
Crouching under the vacant arch of sky:
It was too big a house for one so small
And no one else with me to share it all;
For looking at the sky had made you seem
Less than the rustling of an ancient dream;
And in the grand magnificence there grew
Forgetting of the legend that was you;
I was alone, and that alone was true.
I wept, I think, and covered up my face,
Afraid of the mad truth, myself, and space;
And crouching in the silver spattered gloom
I could not move, for there was too much room.

THE GARDENIAS

So exquisite and pale they were
When I left home,
I did not think
My loitering on the road
Would turn them yellow chrome;
I did not know
It was a weary way to come
For flowers delicate as April snow.
It is my shame
That to myself I will attach no blame;
They died—alas, how many things have died!

What can I say?—
Except, "Forgive,
They withered on the way."

From the *Literary Review* of Wellesley College we have selected the following poem by Fuki Wooyenaka. It is convincing in its very simplicity.

EXILED

Dew upon the grass-blade,
Quaint sister to the sea,
Here am I far inland
Sick for wanting the sea;
Still my tides move outward
Toward the wind-swept sea,
Though all my anchors have gone over
To drown the heart in me.

In the *Smith College Monthly* we found an exquisite bit of description by Ella Louise Hume.

GRANITE BASIN LAKE

I have a book of Russian fairy tales
In which enchanted lakes appear so blue
That cloth, once dipped, takes on the water's hue;
And fish swim safely, hid by bluish scales.
Each hero's boat glides swiftly without sails;
Each island, bored with looking at a view,
Can rise on duck-legs, whirl, and seek anew.
The atmosphere of magic never fails.
The lake at Granite Basin seems this way:
The squatting islands are prepared to swing
About, shiver, and settle down in spray;
The slender, red-finned trout, alert to spring
At any circle on the water, play
In shadows bluer than a bluebird's wing.

We conclude our selection with a poem by Angelica Gibbs from *The Vassar Review.*

STRANGERS

Those who are always companioned in loneliness,
Walking in quietude, never may tell
Tales of the sweet sudden spring misted places
Wherein they dwell.

Silent and proud is their passing, and closely
Is woven the veil of the secrets they bear.
Nothing remains but the sound of their footstep,
The scent of their hair.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:
Smith College Monthly—Smith College.
The Literary Review—Wellesley College.
The Vassar Review—Vassar College.
The Mount Holyoke Monthly—Mount Holyoke College.
The Pharetra—Wilson College.
Lasell Leaves—Lasell Seminary.
The Distaff—Florida State College for Women.



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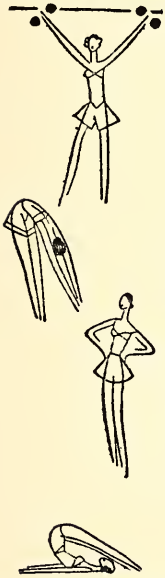
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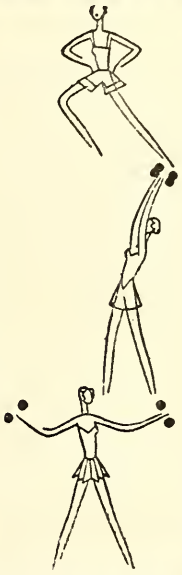
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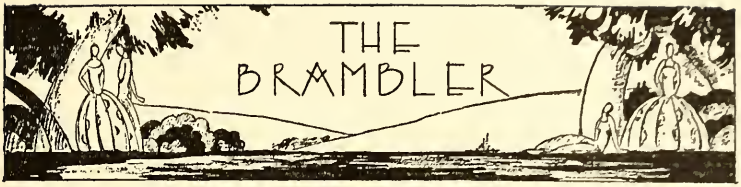
V. 8 #2

the BRAMBLER



holiday 1930 number

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CONTEST

The prize for the best poem has been awarded to Elizabeth Moore, '33, for her nameless poem, which appeared in the last issue.

TAPESTRY

Alice S. Dabney

Thin silver armour covers me;
The frozen moonlight is my sheath.
Your words can never pierce beneath,
And you may safely set them free.

Secure within my armour, I
Send shining threads of words to weave
Among the threads of yours, and leave
A multicoloured tapestry.

It shimmers in the changing air;
Its colours deepen, shift, and burn;
Its subtle patterns twist and turn
Most strangely for us everywhere.

Delight and mockery fill my eyes;
My heart is woundless, and my mind
Scorns the poor fools who would unwind
Our little lies, our lovely lies

Mistaken Identity

MARIAN STUART GRONER

THIS is a story with a moral, and it may apply to all who think they need it.

There was once a doctor's wife, who was going to Canada on a little trip. Obviously, nothing is unusual in that; doctors' wives often do go on trips, thanks to the patients' fees! And so this one went, and enjoyed herself immensely, and stayed until she saw signs of strain in the countenance of her hostess. So then, as all good guests should, she remembered suddenly that she had a home and a husband waiting for her, and that she must return to them immediately. The hostess brightened visibly, and gave the tactful lady a party. (No, that is *not* the moral!)

Now, the doctor's wife used a very special brand of hair tonic, and the day before she was to leave, she broke the bottle containing it. Some of the tonic was rescued in a cup, but, after all, a cup cannot be packed in a suitcase; so the host rummaged around in places known only to himself, and produced a small whiskey bottle, but recently emptied of its contents, to judge by the odor. The fact that he was the kind of man who had presents to give like whiskey bottles, was obviously a surprise to his wife, and she sent him one of those "I'll-see-you-about-this-later-William" looks, but, being a perfect lady, otherwise concealed her surprise at William's perfidy.

So, the doctor's wife was taken to the station, and kissed heartily by both the hostess and the host (and another black mark was added to William's score, for the doctor's wife was pretty) and the train pulled out, as trains do.

After the doctor's wife had read her "New Yorker" and her "Vanity Fair (she was *that* type), she opened her suitcase, took out the necessary articles she would require, and departed to the dressing room, leaving the hair tonic in the whiskey bottle, lying on top of the opened suitcase.

Now, there was a gentleman in the seat opposite the doctor's wife who had left Canada more suddenly than he had planned, and consequently had not time to lay in the supply of "bottled in bond" that gentlemen usually carry with them. That his spirits were lowered as a result could easily be seen. What then was his joy when he looked across the aisle and saw a bottle of his own particular brand beckoning invitingly at him; that favorite brand, so very ex-

pensive, so very hard to get, but, oh, so pleasant in its effects, once gotten. Now, let me explain that the gentleman was not especially dishonest. In fact, we might say that this was the first blot on an otherwise stainless record. But, the fact that the bottle was so temptingly near, and that it belonged to a gentle looking lady, who surely couldn't enjoy it as much as he, and oh, well, let us drop our eyes from the struggle of the gentleman for a moment. This is his hour, and he must wrestle with it.

Wrestle he did, and emerged victor-with-the-prize, for when the lady returned to her berth, there, in the place of the bottle was a white envelope, and inside, a twenty dollar bill, with the scrawled inscription: "Dear lady, I need this more than you. I hope you enjoy the twenty dollars as much as I expect to enjoy the whiskey."

The doctor's wife returned home safely, and invested in much new hair tonic. But she has persuaded her husband to get her a number of empty whiskey bottles to keep it in, because, as she says, "You never can tell what will happen!"

And the moral of this tale is—"never trust a woman." (Ask the infuriated gentleman who took a long, long draught of hair tonic!)



ASTARTE

E. M., '33

The moon is an evil enchantress,
Though she dresses herself like a saint, in a white woolen gown
And a halo of radiant light.
She roams through the sky while the night winds
Run away from her presence in fear.
She has green were-wolves leashed to her white wrists,
And they tug and they strain at their thongs.
But, merciless, to the stark beaches
She drives them and laughs at their fury.
Those snarling green wolves of the sea.



Fragment

Elizabeth Selden

I AM MAD, quite mad at last, I assure you. When you all went away I was desolate, and time in this dying season lay heavy on my hands. At dusk I ran miles and miles, my long hair streamed behind me grandly, and I was more swift than either the leaves or the wind. Then I came home and hunted in the tangle of our garden for flowers. I found armfuls of them, golden ones, pink and lavender ones, milk-white ones, and red ones with black spots which looked like clotted blood. I piled all these in the pump-house and lighted three candles. There in a flickering light I ate tomatoes, white bread and butter, and fruit; and I drank red wine and milk. The flowers surrounded me with their musky smell and a horde of ghosts stared at me. One of them was laughing a little, but I did not mind.

Those little ghosts are becoming rather bothersome around here. They insist upon trying the handles of doors and cluttering the hall with noise. Another peculiarity of this house is that every bright moonlight night our strange musky flowers send all their perfume through my windows; and the next morning my hair smells oddly and stickily sweet. Poe should have lived here. The house brings bad luck and the people in it are sad. I really do wish that you could see our flowers. They are in such profusion, and their perfume, as I have said, is sinister

Thought for the Week

SALLY AINSWORTH

ONCE there was a Poet whose hair was a little longer than anyone else's, and whose collar—he had but one—curled at the ends. But that didn't affect his thoughts, which were very poetical thoughts. One evening he wearied Of It All, and went out of the city toward the high green hills. He walked and walked, and finally reached their highest summit. The western sky was stroked with great rosy fingers, and the evening star hung tremulous, like a drop of water. The Poet stood still, his eyes closed, his arms outstretched. When he opened his eyes he could see a pale apricot moon rising very slowly about the trees. And his soul was filled with the sheer loveliness of it. In that instant his whole being went up to the heavens in one great prayer that he be granted this his boon—a speck of stardust. And lo, there fell at his feet a shining Thing that glowed with fathomless and unutterable beauty. The Poet stooped, and took it into his two hands. He cradled it in them and rubbed it against his cheek, and it filled him with an overwhelming happiness. He half walked, half staggered, down the hillside back toward the city. It was then that the rosy fingers of the sky changed into menacing, lowering clouds. Presently the storm broke. The Poet gathered his coat about his thin shoulders, but to no avail. He died of double pneumonia late that night. It would have been much better had he asked for an umbrella.

BEAUTY-HUNGER

Sally Ainsworth

MY FRIEND and I reached the top of the hill. She darted ahead and stood poised on the crest, waiting for me. I had been coming up-wind, and I was panting pretty heavily.

"Come sit on the ledge," she said. I sat down with a grunt of relief. My friend leaned back, supporting herself on her wrists. The wind played through her hair, and she lifted her face to the sky.

"See," she said softly, "aren't the clouds lovely? All glorious over there above the mountain. They look like fairy galleons sailing into the sunset. Don't you think so?" she said, gazing at me earnestly. "Can't you see them full of magical cargoes? They are the ships of my dreams. Don't YOU see your heart's desire in the clouds?"

I drew in on my pipe. "Yes," I said, "I do. Distinctly. It's all like a breakfast plate," I squinted upward speculatively. "See the sun, runny and yellow behind that white cloud? That's the egg. A poached egg," I said softly. "And those long red curly clouds are the strips of bacon. And that yellow cloud," I went on, warming to it, and waving her aside, "all fluffy and light is a muffin. A muffin," I said brightly, turning to her, "oozing with butter. Let's go home. I'm a hungry man."

I strode away. She trotted at my heels, spellbound, as I well knew.

CHESS PLAYERS

MARGARET LEE

"Isay," she said, "Come play some chess with me
For I am very bored with sitting here."
But he said, "No, I think I cannot play
For it's been very long since I have played."
"But, come, Isay, for I must be amused,
And tell me what the Russians call a rook,
(Oh, what a funny word,) and what a king,
A knight, a pawn, a bishop, tell me all.
No, I could never learn to say those words.
But please come play at least one game with me.
Look at my lovely little ivory men,
And at my board, so curiously inlaid,
I bought them at an auction sale, Isay,
Collectors bid, and made me go sky high.
Have you in all your life seen any set
So marvelously different as these?"
He said, "Once have I seen some which I think
Might even be more different than yours.
They were the last chess men with which I played."
"Tell me about them; I must be amused."
"Amused, my dear, you will not be amused
By these, for they were merely made of bread,
And half of them were colored with a bit
Of what you call it—ah yes, with shoe black,
And for a board we had, you'll never guess,
A corner of a gray stone prison floor.
My partner was, what matter who he was,
He played a very fine and well fought game.
But finally I cried, 'You are in check.
Now let me see what clever move you'll make.'
'Isay,' he said, 'It is all just a game
And you have won.' And he got up and went,
Went with a guard who'd come just when I spoke.
And though I thought what he had said was true
I whimpered, for I could not help but feel
That it was something very wrong to see
Even a bread king taken by a pawn."

Chief Mourner

A Story My Grandmother Told

Susanne Gay

I CLIMBED down the steps of the train and looked around me. I had three hours to wait before the express train came, three hours to while away in a Pennsylvania junction town where I had never been before. I was tired of trains, tired of the clang they made, tired of their stuffiness. And so now I set out to escape for a while into the country. I walked down the main street of the Pennsylvania junction town and out the highway beyond. Then I turned off on a little country road and went swinging along past corn fields and meadows. A little way ahead of me there was a clump of trees. And there was a low stone wall by the side of the road, with a gateway in it, leading into the clump of trees. I stopped for a moment and looked at the grove, then started to walk on and see the pastures and cornfields beyond.

But just then I heard the sound of cars behind me. When I turned to look, I saw fifteen of twenty of them moving slowly along the road toward me. As they drew closer, I realized that the leading car was a hearse.

It would drive close to me if I stood here by the side of the road. The gateway leading to the grove was near. It offered a quick means of escape. I turned and fled through it, then hid myself among the trees in the grove. The trees were so close together that I could not see beyond them very well, but I did see that the cars were turning into the very gateway that I had gone through a few minutes before. Then I saw that on the further side of the grove there was a cemetery with a newly dug grave. The people were leaving their cars now, and were coming very close to me. I tried to slip off quietly as though I were one of the mourners, who had left something in one of the cars parked by the side of the road. A pretty woman in black ran after me and stopped me. I started to explain how sorry I was that I had intruded. But she grasped my hand in both her own and said, "My dear, I knew that you would come. Mary would be so happy if she knew that you had come to her funeral."

I had never been in this part of the country before. I had never seen the woman who was talking to me now. For a moment I was surprised into silence, and just stood there looking at her, with my

hand between both of hers. When I started to explain, she interrupted and said, "We understand." Then she squeezed my hand, and told me again how glad she was that I had come.

She led me over to the head of the grave, telling me as we walked that it was wonderful to have me here. I tried to draw away but she only held me more closely. The other mourners turned and looked at me and murmured that Mary would have been happy to know that I was here. Then they said nothing. I gathered my courage to make one more effort to explain. But the minister started to pray for the soul of the departed, so I just stood there at the head of the grave and stared at the ground, and the minister went on with his prayer uninterrupted. The pretty lady still clung to my arm.

After it was all over, I thought that they would leave me, but the pretty lady clung to me more tightly, and led me to her car. There were two other ladies already in the car, and one of them was weeping. The pretty lady motioned me to get in. I looked around a little helplessly. But the lady who was crying reached out her hand and helped me in. The car started to move. Then the two ladies started to talk to me. They called me "my dear," with a queer, tender note in their voices. They told me that Mary had often spoken of me, that she had always loved me, in spite of everything that had happened. Then they looked at each other and were very quiet. After a long pause, I ventured to say that I had to catch a train in three-quarters of an hour. The pretty lady looked a little grieved, but said of course if I had to go, I must catch that train, but even knowing that I had come for just this little time would have made Mary happy.

She took me to her house and gave me toast and tea. There were a lot of other people there, and while I munched my toast and drank my tea, they came up to me, one by one, and thanked me for coming. When it was almost time to go, I tried to escape to the door and walk to the station, but the pretty lady and the minister called me back and drove me to the station in a car. All the way, I planned to tell them I was a stranger, that I had never known Mary. But somehow the words would not come just then.

When we arrived at the station, the train was waiting. I walked to the platform, then turned and held out my hand to the minister. He told me again that it was wonderful of me to come, in spite of all that had happened. After he had said those words, he folded his lips together and took my hand. The pretty lady was silent, but she put her arms around me, and kissed me. I felt sort of choked up and tears came to my eyes. Then I climbed up the steps of the train.

Red Noses

Anne McRae

ONE is always running across descriptions of lovely faces—"gardens where roses and white lilies blow"—but it is always the cheeks that are rosy—there are never roses blowing in the noses. Yet I love red noses—they are always so expressive—sometimes they are excited, sometimes embarrassed, sometimes overheated, sometimes frost-bitten, sometimes ordinary—and sometimes even beautiful.

The ordinary red nose is seen only on the face of the unfortunate individual who is born with it, and carries it with him to the grave. Most people with ordinary red noses are timid and shrinking. They are conscious of their weakness. Poor things, one can hardly blame them, for is it not always in front of their eyes, flaunting itself before them like a flag of danger? But it is possible to surmount this obstacle. Think of Cyrano, and all he accomplished in spite of his nose. Ah, yes—but through all his life, brilliant though it was, his nose cast a shadow over his happiness and impeded his natural impulses. An ordinary red nose is not what one might term an asset.

The excitable red nose is, I think, rather attractive. Some people, when aroused, have shining eyes—but I can always tell that there is some excitement astir when I see my cousin's nose glowing. I have never seen it quite as lustrous and ruddy as on the day, when we were both little children, she told me there was no Santa Claus.

The frost-bitten, wind-blown nose is either a happy, shining red, or a vexed and painful purple. When one has been coasting, or skating, or dashing through the snow accompanied by the jingle of sleigh bells, the nose is a happy, exhilarated red. But when one has been standing on the wet, windy street corner for fifteen minutes, waiting for the right street car, one's nose is an impatient, exhausted purple.

Then there is the—shall we say?—rare nose dedicated to Bacchus—a nose which glories in defying the law, and flaunts its crimson color in sheer bravado. A noble, outlaw nose, in prominence especially around New Year's time.

And I must not forget the royal purple of the patrician's nose. I should never be forgiven. The real aristocrat cherishes his apoplectic nose just as he does his ancestors and his gout. I called it

royal purple—that is the color it assumes at a distance. But it is not an ordinary nose. Upon closer examination, it is seen to be a turkey red, with a fine net work of delicately traced blue veins. It should hold the highest place in the rank of red noses, for it is far more complex, far more artistic than the others.

Much as I pride myself upon being a connoisseur of red noses, I admit there was one red nose which remained for a long time an unfathomable mystery to me. It was the nose of our minister. It was not an ordinary red nose, for it only assumed its color on Sundays. On week days the man was almost handsome. During the summer months I thought it must be the heat in the church which caused his nose to turn a roseate hue. But winter came, and still his nose was scarlet upon the Sabbath. It could not be from excitement, for he never managed to keep anyone awake during the sermon. I used to think about that red nose at nights before going to sleep—finally I could stand it no longer—

"Mother," I said one Sunday, "Can't we go to some other church sometime?"

"Why?" asked my mother. "Are you tired of this one?"

"No-o," I admitted. "I just want to see if all preachers have red noses on Sunday."

My father chuckled and explained: "Poor old Parson Brown wears such a tight collar on Sundays that he almost strangles himself."

I must admit I was rather disappointed, for I had wild ideas of a "religious" red nose to add to my category.



Four Write Love Poems

Mary Henderson

Miss Caroline Harper

Age 33

Occupation: School teacher.
Hobbies: Sad movies, Ethel M. Dell and Sara Teasdale, ice cream sodas.
Ambition: To marry some nice, good man and have a home and children.

"It matters not
Nor can it ever,
We were destined to meet,
Destined to sever.

We were two birds
Flying above,
A fog fell between

We were two flowers,
Who sensing our doom,
Continued to blossom
But lost our perfume."

Kenneth Blackwell

Age 40

Occupation: Highway Commissioner.
Hobbies: Ingersoll, cynicism, prizefights, Emil Jannings, gambling.
Ambition: To show everything up.

"Thank God I'm a cynic.
I can live untroubled by doubtings and immortality.
I can read sad stories and never weep.

I'm the guy who says: Ha! Sob stuff!
There is no depth to this book or anything.
All men are fools and women, liars.
There is nothing good (if there is, it came here by accident!)
But, best of all, I can love and never feel disappointment.
Thank God I'm a cynic!"

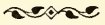


Pauletta Vare

Age 31

Occupation: Actress.
Hobbies: Foreigners and anything "cultured" and cosmopolitan, orchids and jade from tired business men, inspiration and congeniality from dirty geniuses . . . her beauty, her art.
Ambition: To Be Appreciated.

"If Death should come to me tonight
And I, on merit trial, stand before that Thing of Things
I should not mention vices or virtues past
But proudly state, 'I merely loved'."



Jimmie Carter

Age 20

Occupation: College student.
Hobbies: Girls, Sandburg, college dramatics, communism.
Ambition: "To hurt women like one of them hurt me."

"This is going to be a poem about love.
A sign posted on a restaurant tells you:
'Good Sunday dinner here like mother used to serve.'
You dash in: cold tuna fish, canned beans, apricots . . .
Then leaving the restaurant you pass the sign—
You nod to it: 'You're a lie,' you say, 'And I'm a fool,'
This is the truest poem I ever wrote about love."

The Murder of Arthur Evans

By MARGARET LEE

(Continued from last issue)

I LOOKED about the room and my attention was caught by a crumpled green handkerchief. It must have been beneath the murdered man when he fell. The handkerchief had a strangely familiar look, so I looked again. I could feel myself blushing painfully.

"Is it yours, Miss Peck?"

"Yes—no—yes, it is mine."

Would this circumstantial evidence perhaps convict me of a murder? In a panic I looked at the handkerchief again. It was plain, unmonogrammed, a green one that I had brought with me but one I had never carried. I thought of the new second maid.

Behind the chair on a small table was a book. It lay open as someone must have left it. I looked more closely. The detective said, "Miss Peck, whose book is this? Is it yours?"

I blushed and stammered, "Yes, it is a new book that I had just begun, but I didn't leave it lying on that table."

"Miss Peck, you may go." And that is all the great detective said except, "Miss Peck, don't you think perhaps Mr. John did it?"

"No, indeed," I said quickly, for John was the type of man who needed defending, the type of man whom nine out of ten women would fall in love with.

The other three went through much more gruelling interviews. And that afternoon, John accused Millicent. This was a horrible shock, and feeling sick and nervous I decided to take a stroll in the garden, but I was met at the door by the great detective.

"Miss Peck, you seem to be a sensitive person. You seem to notice things. Could you, without omitting a detail, tell me the events of the past few days?"

Sensitive creatures are not usually murderers. Then I was not suspected. In a flood of relief I described the events which had taken place from the time I had boarded the train to come to the time of the murder. When I had finished, the great detective said to me, "Miss Peck, you observe, but you do not relate your facts. With a little help from me you will be able to describe the murder. To begin with, if you were committing a murder would you choose to leave as evidence something which would immediately incriminate you?"

I, of course, said, "No."

"Would you, on the other hand, leave something of your sworn enemy's?"

"Yes," I said.

"Oh, but how naive you are, my child! People know your enemies as well as your own clothes. No clever murderer would ever try to implicate an enemy by such obvious means. No, your evidence would be some nondescript thing such as a plain green linen handkerchief."

So he thought the handkerchief evidence. How silly, anyone might drop a handkerchief! And then it occurred to me that no one ever drops a handkerchief in an obvious place without having it picked up. There is something in everyone, perhaps an innate sense of orderliness, which makes him pick up dropped handkerchiefs.

"Miss Peck," said the detective, "did you say that book of yours which was lying open on the table was a new book, one you had just begun?"

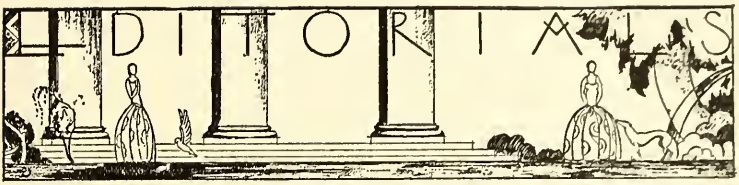
"Yes," I answered.

"But, Miss Peck," said the detective, "new books which have never been read won't lie open on a table unless they have been broken by something large closed in the book. In a book that had been read something large used as a book mark might have done it."

I agreed. "And if you were going to murder a person," he said, "what would you use? Something that the victim was accustomed to seeing, such as a paper knife? But you cannot naturally grasp a paper knife and carry it like a dagger. No, it must have some use, a bookmark, for instance."

I was beginning to see his point very clearly. "Nor would it be natural nor sensible to rush at a person and stab him in the heart. The sensible thing to do would be to approach him from the rear, and perhaps lean over him and by accident drop your handkerchief. It would be very simple to remove your bookmark and stab the leaning man in the back."

I could see Atha leaning over the back of the chair whispering a few coy words and then dropping my handkerchief, that unidentifiable one that she had gone to such pains to find. John and the factory would now be hers. I remembered the familiar old words, "Marriage for love is very nice, and marriage for money isn't so bad, but a combination of the two is perfect." Atha had planned every step of her life completely. Her one slip was in being too subtle, so subtle that she fascinated the simple.



Reading New Books

The general standardization of college bred people is becoming more monotonous than ever. Perhaps one cause of this standardization, but more probably a result, is that they are all reading the same books. Women, especially, are almost afraid not to read every new book that comes out. They are gradually approaching that backboneless stage where they have no personal tastes at all. Imagine the catastrophe if they missed a book already on the road to popularity and one of their dinner partners discovered the fact! Their lives would be ruined, did they not put on a bold front and squeak out a few stock phrases from the current reviews. They usually find it safer to read those reviews anyway, to get some idea of what opinion to form.

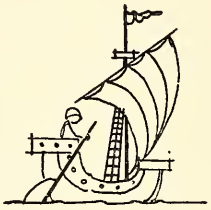
How refreshing it would be if, in a few of these pseudo-intellectual gatherings, some one would say, "No, I really haven't read the book. You see, I am devoting most of my spare time to modern Chinese Poetry."

The average person hasn't a great deal of time to read. If he is one of those persons who rushes through book after book, with the press continually gaining on him, it is difficult to decide whether he is a pathetic figure or one of the subtle jokes perpetrated by the machine upon our age. He is missing all the fun of deciding what he wants to read and then reading it in a leisurely fashion whether it was written in 1930 or 1066. It is often very pleasant if the book you read happens to be a modern book and you can get other people's reaction to it, but if nobody else ever heard of your choice, what is the difference? Are you reading for your own pleasure or to impress your friends?

But if you are afraid of being slightly different, it is very dangerous to pick your own books. You will be subject to a different set of stimuli and in the end your ideas may differ somewhat from

other people's. The general attitude seems to be that the unhappiest people in the world are those who won't conform. But few people realize how unhappy they are while conforming, how bored they are while forcing themselves through a new book so that they can be still more bored by hearing it discussed at a future dinner party.

Of course there are plenty of good new books, but they can't all interest everybody. It is a sad state when people's only standard of judgment and point of choice is whether a book is new enough. Beware if you are this type! You will end by being one of two things, a general information hound, or that person who is so open minded that he has no opinion at all.



As We Pass By

Viewing this cortege of awe-struck innocents braying into the blackness under their umbrellas at the heels of a silver-plated idol (not yet paid for) an intelligent god might well be proud of his workmanship. —NORMAN DOUGLAS, *South Wind.*

"I suppose, however, that for most people complete freedom is too lonely a thing, therefore the absence should only be just long enough for one to see clear again."

—IN THE MOUNTAINS, *Anon.*

The exact fault which is typical of French books: the taking of a few opinions, a few epigrams, a few literary obites dictu, and arranging them symmetrically, finding a logical order, an underlying principle where there is one, and calling the whole a science.

—T. E. HULAIE, *Speculations.*

A young maiden, then, should, if possible, be unconscious that she is the heroine of a romantic first meeting, although this makes it so much more difficult to prepare for it effectively.

—G. B. STERN, *Mosaic.*

Philosophical syntheses and ethical systems are only possible in armchair moments. They are seen to be meaningless as soon as we get into a bus with a dirty baby and a crowd.

—T. E. HULAIE, *Speculations.*

Just before I left London I met a man whose fate it had been for years to sit daily in the law courts delivering judgments, and he told me that he took a volume of poetry with him—preferably Wordsworth—and read in it as it lay open on his knees under the table, to the great refreshment and invigoration of his soul; and yet, so skilled had he become in the practice of two attentivenesses, he never missed a word that was said or a point that was made.

—IN THE MOUNTAINS, *Anon.*

"I have always contended that there was a certain amount of latent literary taste among publishers." —CABELL, *Beyond Life.*



We wish to thank the Musketeer Book Shop of Lynchburg for their kindness in lending us the books which we review.

GOODBYE TO WESTERN CULTURE

Norman Douglas

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK, 1930

To most of us, Norman Douglas is known as the author of that unique masterpiece, "South Wind." It is superb, in that it does not entail a long list of kindred works. No, Norman Douglas has written other things, but as far as we know, no one has heretofore bothered much about them. "South Wind" is a life work in itself. Therefore, we were a little worried about this new book. Too often have we seen a good man injure himself by feeble imitations of previous output. But we have read "Goodbye To Western Culture," and we approve heartily. In the first place, he has not tried to do it again. He is off on a different tack—his main thesis being a defense of Indian culture in the face of the kind of Occidental criticism epitomized in "Mother India." Elaboration of this main defense has produced a very bitter diatribe against European civilization in general. His method is also different. Where "South Wind" was a collection of diverse opinions, ideas, and characters, beautifully collected in the form of a novel, here is a book of marginal notes, random impressions, clippings from newspapers and his reactions to them, grouped together without any very definite form at all. The ending is typical of the whole book: "Here are about a hundred footnotes. There may be no end to things of this kind but there is a limit. I think the limit has been reached."

He upholds the East and attacks the West. He is biting, coarse, gruff, diabolical, amusing. He is inconsistent a million times, and always irrefutable. In one breath he demands the eighteenth century, in another, Utopia. He is destructive—offers no hopes for

India, Europe, or the human race, at all. He delights in such sentences as: "Education is a state-controlled manufactory of echoes." "I am not entering a plea for illiteracy—not everyone possesses the needful qualifications." "Imperialism is an undiluted mischief." "Alas, incorruptibility is the fetish of the half-civilized." "Our Statute Book is growing into a sinister contrivance for the protection and conservation of fools." "We have too much sex on the brain, and too little of it elsewhere." "Public opinion is a public nuisance. A public opinion lunatic is one who has no opinion of his own."

He yearns wistfully and argues dogmatically for a few less laws. Law has killed any hope of individuality in Europe, he says, and is by way of doing the same thing in India. Granting his fundamental postulates, that progress is a myth and the equality of man a joke, we must admit that the society he advocates would probably produce the small best of which man is capable, and that that society is rapidly disappearing. Whether you agree with him or not, he is fascinating. He holds up before us the stupidity of censorship, kindness to animals, cruelty to animals, prudish legislation, divorce, compulsory education, and so on, for three hundred pages, taking first one side, then the other, quoting, approving, condemning, and arguing finally and above all the futility of criticizing any other culture. when our own is stupid, inconsistent, and not only backward, but rapidly growing more backward. —Caroline Heath.

LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER

Francis Yeats-Brown

MacMillan Co., New York, 1930

Major Yeats-Brown in his "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" enters as a novice the world of literature, and not without some degree of success. The scene is laid in far away India, where the author has spent some fifteen or twenty years in the service of the English army. The book opens with the year 1905 and closes with the end of the World War, but is centered largely on the activities of the military men in times of peace, the descriptions of which are excellent. Throughout, the author displays a fine skill in the use of words. and it is on this point that he deserves the most credit. Under his treatment, polo, which is one of the chief pastimes of the soldiers. is almost as thrilling as a radio version of football, and "pig-sticking"

appears a most fascinating and thrilling pursuit, although a sport of the most dangerous variety. The drowsiness that overcomes one under India suns, the plagues of mice and vermin that are sure of the stock and store of all war camps, and the soothing quiet of peace and rest after the toil of the day are handled by this warrior author with a grace and power not easily attained by experienced writers. His psychological understanding of the power of suggestion magnetizes one to the degree that one wonders at the effectiveness of the breathing exercises and physical contortions which Hinduism teaches.

It is the theosophical discussions which, although they do not detract positively from these memoirs, are inclined to retard the reader's interest in a slight degree, because they are too shallow to be all absorbing and yet too frequent to be ignored. The fact is that a larger number of pages is given over to these quests for understanding of ancient Indian philosophies than the information imparted would warrant. It is because of his appeal to our sense of adventure that we bear with the author, as he delves into black magic, conjuring, witchcraft, hypnotism, and other of those baffling practices which form such a large part of the daily life of the Indians. Aside from the instinctive satisfaction derived from the legerdemain, the enthusiasm and lively concern displayed in connection with Hindu Yogas and Gurus capture the reader in a greater degree than he is conscious of at the moment of reading.

—MARGARET FERGUSON.

THE TIDES OF MALVERN

Francis Griswold

WILLIAM MORROW & CO., NEW YORK, 1930

Francis Griswold in "The Tides of Malvern" sets forth in vivid fashion the story of the Sheltons of South Carolina. The narrative carries us over a long period, from James Sheldon's immigration to America in 1687 to the sale of Malvern, the family estate, into alien hands in 1930.

The author, a New Yorker by birth, has done a remarkable thing in making completely his own an atmosphere and spirit essentially foreign to him. Were it not for the biographical sketch on the back cover, the reader would take it for granted that Dr. Griswold had spent his life in South Carolina, and was thoroughly imbued with

its traditions. That he should have achieved so perfect an understanding of the background he has chosen to portray is a notable achievement.

The characters of the book, practically without exception, are sincerely and truly depicted. Although they are too numerous for each long to be remembered, they stand out in full relief as we read, and many of them remain vivid after we have laid the book aside. We seem to know Gilbert, Eliza, Martha, Charles, Mark, John, Nancy, Sarah, and Hugh as though they were our own personal friends.

The family pride and love of home that is instilled in them all deepens through the succeeding generations as the tale goes on. We realize that the Sheldons, as the line dies out, must inevitably relinquish Malvern, and we have a keen sense of their impending tragedy. Its ultimate arrival is beautifully and sensitively told.

In this story there is genuine sentiment which is never cheapened into sentimentality. There is also the charm of quiet humor and fine restraint, and in spite of a few trivialities of phrasing and other minor technical faults, "The Tides of Malvern" is considerably above the average modern novel in worth and in interest.

—Alice S. Dabney.

PHILIPPA

Anne Douglas Sedgwick

Houghton Mifflin Co., New York, 1930

From a clash of wills and temperaments four distinct characters emerge. Philippa is vivid, an individual, yet typical of the present age. Humorous, passionate, a little hard on the surface, loyal underneath, she leads her rather tumultuous life selfishly. She and her father are deeply attached to one another—her mother, retiring, modest, forms only a background for their affection. Cosima Brandon whose eyes are "like ink blots that have run on blotting paper," scheming yet soft, is the entangling element.

The treatment is unusual, but the plot is simple, and its development is as natural and uncertain as real life.

As in "The Little French Girl," Anne Douglas Sedgwick shows herself in "Philippa" adroit in technique and excellent in the portrayal of delicately balanced human relationships.

—Marjorie Miller.

Exchanges

Among the exchanges for this month, we have picked the following poems as worthy to be passed on:

From the *Mount Holyoke Monthly*, "You Are Too Proud," by Elizabeth Wentworth Seaver, 1933. We only wish we had room for more of her poetry in this column.

YOU ARE TOO PROUD

You are too proud. Go walk among the dead,
With those uncounted stones above their dust.
Walk there, feel their unending silences,
And question if eternity is just.

You and the dead will both learn only this,
While their cold stillness holds you by their side:
That the living is accurst among the dead,
The dead among the living, glorified.

From the same magazine we would like to quote "Beg your Pardon, Mister," by Margaret Waterman, 1931.

BEG YOUR PARDON, MISTER

Beg your pardon, mister,
But when you raked this pile of leaves
Was there something in the grass?
Something that I might have lost
Last spring?
Something gold perhaps—
Or maybe silver?
There was nothing there, you say?
Nothing small—and insignificant?
No, I can't describe it,
For I never saw it either.
Oh, it's quite all right;
It's not as if I'd really lost a treasure.
But every fall I ask . . .
Because sometimes
I think perhaps
I've lost something
That I didn't know I had.

In the *Wellesley College Literary Review*, "Lone Woman," by Jean Atwater, 1933:

LONE WOMAN

The road beneath my feet—it's quite like me
We both are dusty—marked with ruts deep down.
We both seem weary as we climb the hill.
And yet the road ends always at the same white house,
A little house hid deep among some pines.
The road ends always there. I must go on.
How foolish—to be jealous of a road.

"Hand," by Millicent Ward, in *The Smith College Review*, is unusual, to say the least.

HAND

I like small bones moving
muscle under skin
tensed veins lifting long and blue
knuckles flexing in
mosaic shine in fingers
flesh stretched tight and thin.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Acorn—Meredith College.

Sun Dial—Western Reserve University.

The Pharetra—Wilson College.

Missemma—Washington Seminary.

The Journal—Wofford College.

Vassar Review—Vassar College.

The Wesleyan—Wesleyan College.

The Mount Holyoke Monthly—Mount Holyoke College.

The Smith College Review—Smith College.

Wellesley College Literary Review—Wellesley College.

The Sullins Silhouette—Sullins College.

Cargoes—Hollins College.

Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Mary Baldwin College.

The Destaff—Florida State College for Women.

Pine and Thistle—Flora Macdonald College.



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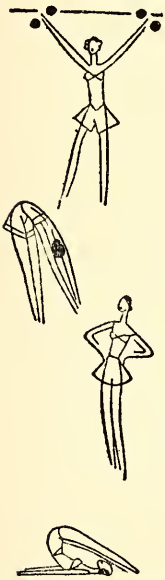
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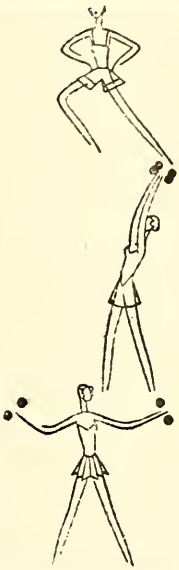
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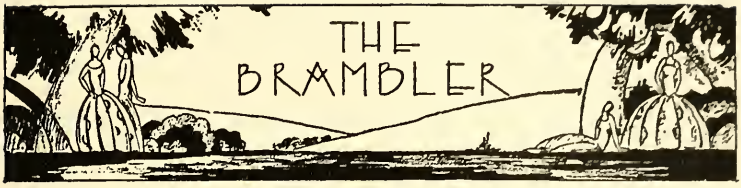
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easter number

1931

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SONNET

ELIZABETH MOORE

But what of us, the inarticulate,
Whose souls are shaken at the beat of wings
Heard in the night, whom splendid music wrings
With painful gladness? What of us, whose fate
Is that we shall be silent when a flame
Of beauty hurts our hearts, so we are spent
With shutting in ourselves our wonderment;
Who tremble at a whisper of the name
That wrought this loveliness; whose hungry eyes
Drink in the coolness of gray stormy skies;
To whom the stars give ecstasy to hear;
Who love birds shooting through the shining air,
Disturbing all the golden motes of dust;
Who dread, yet love, this awful beauty's thrust?

Phoebus and the Woodland Scene

(*After the accepted manner of H. H. Munro*)

SALLY AINSWORTH

THE source of the river of turmoil began at Lady Whisklively's tea, and that select gathering could engender only select results, Phoebus Grahame plaintively pointed out. Not that it helped him.

Minna Dashit noticed the picture first. "Darling Aelfreda!" she cried. Minna Dashit never spoke below a cry. "Darling Aelfreda! What a too—too charming portrait!"

Lady Whisklively cast a complacent eye on the wall. "It's new," she said, "That is, it's quite old, but I've only just put it up. It is sweet, isn't it?"

"Who is it?" Minna shrieked.

"Little Rosamund Bassett. She died young or something. She was . . . let me see . . . "

"Child with Fowl," said Phoebus Grahame, "Or is it Fowl with Child? They're both the same size."

"Oh, no," murmured Adela Woodcock, "See, the hair . . . no, no. Those are feathers, aren't they? Dear me."

Out of a massive frame glared a child of about two years. Her head was covered with a monstrous bonnet, intricately draped. Her hand embraced a grouse, one of whose eyes stared the beholder out of countenance while the other perused the horizon.

Phoebus slid farther down in his chair. "Too conventional for thoroughly modern taste," he sighed, "Too conventional."

"Oh, but it's fearfully odd!" yipped Minna Dashit, "Fearfully, fear . . . " Her eye caught Lady Whisklively's frozen one and continued in a different strain. "You couldn't find anything more fully expressive."

"What do you say," said Phoebus, "that I shall paint a portrait that will outshine all portraits? I'll do it of you. Never shall there be such a portrait."

Miss Dashit was enthusiastic. "How delicious! When do I sit? And where? I'm as excited as a girl."

Phoebus met Miss Dashit at the door of his apartment. There was a most evil smell of paint.

"Dear Aelfreda wants to know if you'll do one of her," Miss Dashit cried, "And so does Laura Filbert."

Phoebus looked grave. "Very well. But there's one condition, you know. You can't see them until they're finished."

Miss Dashit's face fell. "Wicked boy!" she bellowed. "Can't I have a wee peek now and then?"

Phoebus remained firm with Miss Dashit. Also with Lady Whisklively and Laura Filbert. At the end of each sitting he bore the canvas into an inner room, while the model stormed the door. At the end of a month, Phoebus announced that all three were ready to be shown before the world. Lady Whisklively planned a reception of gigantic proportions, and it was rumored that no end of personages were expected to attend. Characteristically, Phoebus was late, quite late. His arrival, as he appeared in purple and fine linen, was greeted with little shouts. Miss Dashit made a gesture as if to strew biscuits in his path.

"Now, Phoebus dear, just when you're ready " Lady Whisklively said briskly.

Phoebus smiled boyishly. "I'd like tea," he said.

Twenty-seven ladies brought Phoebus tea. He drank it all and gazed about for more, not without speech. Laura Filbert answered his questions feverishly, and Lady Whisklively rattled her pearls until they rang again.

When he had done away with the last lettuce sandwich, he arose and bowed to his hostess. She rustled to the canvasses and pulled the cord. The dry flop of the covering was the only sound.

Finally Minna Dashit spoke. "It's I," she cried, and then more dubiously, "It is I, isn't it?"

She gazed upon herself dressed in a flowing species of robe, standing on a hillside and stretching out her arms to a large number of apes. Underneath was neatly written: *Miss Dashit with Marmosets, or, Girls Together.*

Laura Filbert strode to the next canvas and jerked the covering. "Oh," she said—and again, "oh." There was her head, her eyes closed as if in slumber. The rest of her was completely covered with a hay stack.

"*A Summer Idyll,*" announced Phoebus, waving a teaspoon. "You've no idea what a time I had finding just the right haystack. No mere one would do, you know. But then, that's the kind of thing we artists have to cope with. I hope Lady Whisklively will like hers, too. I'm so fond of that."

Lady Aelfreda Whisklively sat, her arms and head ablaze with jewels, in full evening dress, in the branches of a tree. There was a largish bottle in one hand.

Phoebus smiled tenderly. "That's *Woodland Scene*, simply," he said. "Note the sunshine filtering through the leaves and the richness of the dress. That shaft of light striking her bracelets, now. It's a symbol. D'you like it?"

Sir Parsifal Parsloe mused to himself before expressing his opinion. Then he turned to his hostess. "I should like," he said, "to buy your portrait."

Lady Aelfreda wet her lips. "I wouldn't consider it," she said with dignity. "I want it to hang in the parlour "

"Oh," said Phoebus, "I was going to exhibit it at the Spring Opening. But if you really want to put it in the parlour "

"I must keep it, of course," said Lady Aelfreda.

Woodland Scene hangs at Whisklively Hall. Lady Whisklively has spoken rather tartly on the way Phoebus has of popping in unexpectedly.



Wheat

SUZANNE MACKAY

I COME from the land of wheat. All about my home there is wheat—endless fields of it. It stretches away on all sides to meet the sky, and I know that beyond the place where the sky touches the grain, there is more wheat.

At night there are stars in the sky. Sometimes there is a moon, too, and then the wheat looks white, like frost, and the stars are pale. But after the moon has set, the stars brighten up, and seem to come nearer to the earth, and the wheat turns dark as the night.

When there is a breeze, the wheat rustles. Corn rustles, too, and so do plane trees, and silk dresses, but those rustlings are not like the rustle of wheat. In wheat fields, the breeze cuts through the stalks with a little whistling sound, and knocks the wheat heads together, and brushes them back and forth against each other. And the brushing and knocking and whistling make up the rustle of wheat.

When there is a wind, the wheat bends. In perfect rhythm, and with a geometrical exactness of degree, every blade bends down. Sometimes they all bend together, and sometimes they follow one another in light succession, like chorus girls falling forward on the stage.

Young wheat is yellow. Baby wheat is green, but wheat in its best youth is yellow—uniform yellow. In older age, the wheat heads turn brown, but the stalks still cling to their yellow. Middle aged ladies, who were blondes in their youth, wear yellow dresses. The color does not become them, but they looked well in it as girls, and they wear it still. Wheat, until the end of its life, wears a yellow dress.

All about my home there is wheat—endless fields of it. I know that no matter how far I run, I will still be in the wheat. If I were a bird and could fly, I could not go beyond the wheat. I come from the land where the wheat fields are endless. Everywhere I go—as far as the sky—there are fields of wheat. Yellow—swaying—rustling—endless—.

Bast

Elizabeth Selden

MOST of the tombs of Egypt with their adjoining temples have been robbed and looted during the thousands of years that have passed since their erection and these present times. Sometimes fortunate explorers will find one intact. Then they will carry away to a museum the great carved god or goddess and the gold and silver and precious stones. Everything will be carried away and the temple left bare. For aren't the old gods dead?

But back in a country that has nothing to do with Egypt there was a man who had a fierce hatred of felines. At a zoo he would stand outside a cage while he and the tiger within glared at each other sullenly. Often the tiger would growl and slap at the bars and the man would turn away hastily. Sometimes the tiger would slink off into its farthest corner, cowed. Cats fled from him, but he craved them.

The man's demand for cats was a cause of surmise around the neighborhood. Some said he considered cat meat a delicacy. Others said he was a vivisectionist and was benefiting humanity by experiments. Sometimes when pedestrians had passed the man's house at odd hours in the night they came back with tales of blood-chilling noises. But the general attitude was that the fool paid well for his cats, and sometimes a little money was convenient.

Meanwhile the man sat before his fire and thought deeply. He was growing sick of this torturing and tormenting. With one final gesture he would rid himself of his obsession. Cats hereafter would be to him domesticated animals instead of devils walking about on four legs. But tonight he would have a last burnt offering.

He piled the large fireplace high with logs and heaped up more on the hearth to replenish it. The heat became intense. It scorched his face when he bent to add still more wood to the flames. Finally he crossed the room and reached inside a wire cage and with gloved hands grasped a spitting, scratching cat. With a large nail he then proceeded to tack it up by its left back leg directly in front of the fireplace. He repeated this performance until seven shrieking cats hung there, head down. Soon the room was filled with smoke, and the smell of burning flesh rose up like incense.

.

The moonlight shone whitely on the open court. It made black patterns with the columns in the hypostyle hall. It shone through the sanctuary full into the emerald eyes of Bast. She yawned and stretched herself once. Then she bounded off her pedestal and with tail switching angrily, she glided through the door.

.

The man was discovered the next morning wandering far down the road. Someone recognized him by his clothes. He was quite insane and there was not much left of his face.



NOCTURNE

Mary Stuart Kelso

There are candles, and flickering shadows
Dance across the wall;
Outside the wind is softly beguiling,
And my thoughts wander away.
The moon shines through the window,
And tries to speak to me;
The trees bend their heads in the night breeze
And seem to be mysteriously crying;
Breathlessly I listen till all grows
Soft and far and silent.

A One-Act Play

SALLY AINSWORTH

(The scene is a luxurious library, dark panelled, softly lighted. The curtains are drawn. Before a huge fireplace at the extreme right is seated Mr. Cummings-Thwaite. He is in dinner clothes and is smoking a cigarette. The door to the extreme left blows open suddenly, bangs back against the wall, and swings violently on its hinges. Enter St. Peter, followed by Gabriel, hugging to him a large ledger. St. Peter walks up behind Mr. Cummings-Thwaite and taps him on the shoulder. Gabriel gazes about him admiringly.)

St. Peter: "You, there."

Mr. Cummins-Thwaite: "Eh?"

St. Peter: "Come on. You're dead."

Mr. Cummings-Thwaite: "Eh?"

Gabriel: "Dead. Dead, you know. D as in deceased."

Mr. Cummings-Thwaite (belligerently): "Who's dead?"

St. Peter: "You are, my good man. Come now, what's the name?"

Mr. Cummings-Thwaite (struggling up): "I'm Reginald Cummings-Thwaite, sir. I'll have you know, sir, that in the privacy of my house, sir, I do not allow any mummers, any charlatans "

St. Peter: "Listen. You're dead. And you're to come along with us. Look at me." (Takes a step closer.)

Mr. Cummings-Thwaite (after an instant): "I believe you're right. So I'm dead! Is *this* the way it feels? Well?"

Gabriel (plaintively, writing in ledger): "D'you say Cummings-Thwaite, Reginald; or Cummings, Reginald, Thwaite, or——"

St. Peter (over his shoulder): "Right the first time." (To Mr. Cummings-Thwaite): "If I remember correctly, you're a special case."

Mr. Cummings-Thwaite (obviously flattered): "Am I, now?"

St. Peter: "Yes. Special judgment. Unusual method."

Mr. C.-T. (paling): "Judgment? I've done nothing——"

St. Peter: "Ah, one never knows." (To Gabriel): "Call them in." (Gabriel goes to the door by which he entered and shouts off stage.)

Gabriel: "Here's your author man." (To himself): "Deuce of a name."

(Enter a motley crowd of people—old and young, big and little, men, women, and children. They troop in, chattering to themselves. When they see Mr. Cummings-Thwaite, they stop short. There is an ominous silence, during which Mr. Cummings-Thwaite totters and clutches at St. Peter's shoulder.)

Mr. C.-T. (in a hoarse whisper): "Who are they? Why do they look at me like that? What have I done to them?"

St. Peter (blandly): "The characters of your books, I believe." (A young woman steps forward and plants herself before Mr. C.-T.)

Young Lady: "I'll tell you who *I* am. I'm Rosemary."

Mr. C.-T.: "Rosemary? Rosemary? Good God!" (Appealingly) "Yes—not—"

Rose: "Exactly. From 'Rosemary: Her Girlhood'." (Rapidly) "And it's all your fault, you beast!"

Mr. C.-T.: "Take her away! Take her away!"

Rose: "Oh, no, you don't. You'll stay right here. Now, hark to this." (She pulls a mauve, limp leather volume from her pocket, turns the pages, and fixes Mr. C.-T. with a malevolent eye. Reads): "Rosemary came in, bringing with her a gust of autumnal freshness. Her bright hair curled in tender, damp ringlets about her glowing face. The fog hung in wisps, as if loath to leave her, on her eyelashes. She leaned back against the door, laughing a trifle breathlessly; her eyes shone like the purple asters of autumn itself. She was a scarlet and gold leaf blown in on the mist. 'Grandfather, darling, I found a violet down by the tarn'!" (She closes the book.) "Now! What have you to say for yourself?" (She stalks back to her companions.)

Cries of: "Good, Rosie my girl! Well played! It did my heart good!"

(A timid voice is heard from the depths): "Please, I want to see him. Please, may I see him?"

(The crowd makes way for a small, very lovely girl, who gives one look at Mr. C.-T. and immediately bursts into tears. A young man comes forward and puts an arm around her shoulders. His jaw is thrust dangerously forward.)

Young Man: "You low cad!" (To the weeping girl): "There, there, dearest. I'll speak to him."

The girl (forcing herself to stop): "No, I'll—I'll try to bear up." (To Mr. C.-T.): "You see what you've made of me! Without one grain of sense, I am. Violet, you called me. You said—" (She

weeps afresh.) "I was a lovesome wee fairy." (She buries her head on the young man's shoulder.)

Young Man: "The only decent thing you ever did was to make me marry her. I'm Lord Ronald Beverleigh." (Bitterly.) "Yes, I'm that 'stalwart young noble', dash it! Come, Violet, darling."

(A boy in wild attire steps forward. He has a broad grin on his face.)

Boy: "Aha, you abject scribbler! I'm David, that 'dreamy, sensitive boy with the high, pure forehead of the imaginatively artistic'. You had me write charming little bits about nature, did you? Remember the one beginning, 'Oh, it's Spring, it is, and the blossoms burst'. I'm still writing poetry, and I'm writing what I please." (Declaiming):

"There once was a bishop named Bertie
Whose chins numbered twenty or thirty,
They fell to his chest
And the top of his vest;
His neck was, in consequence, dirty."

Gabriel (sweetly): "He's gone from bad to verse."

(There is a cry from the crowd.) "Bill! Where's Bill?"

(A very large, well-built young man rushes in and stops in front of Mr. Cummings-Thwaite, who endeavors to efface himself behind St. Peter's skirts.)

Bill: "Aaaaah! So this is the man! Why, I could lick him with one hand and write a letter with the other!" (Roaring): "So it was *you* who wrote that rot about me!"

Mr. C.-T. (faintly): "You must be fearfully mistaken. I never wrote about any Bill. Let me assure you, sir——"

Bill: "No, you didn't. That's the burning crime of it. You called me (brokenly) 'Robin Adair'." (Throwing his head back): "But I'm Bill to everybody here. If I ever—" (rolling back his sleeves) "ever hear anybody—" (he rubs his hands) "anybody call me—" (he measures his victim with his eye) "call me Robin, I'll clump their heads!" (He makes a move as if to choke Mr. C.-T., but lets his hands fall to his sides.) "No, you're too little. But I'll read you this and make you eat the words." (He whips a piece of paper from his pocket and holds it in two fingers. (Reads) " 'Robin Adair stood etched against the sunset. His blue eyes sparkled with living. His brown cheeks were ruddy with the good red blood coursing healthily through his veins. His white sweater opened at the neck, disclosing

his bronzed throat. He was the wholesome sturdiness of Youth. He was a veritable young god—' " (He breaks off, crosses over, and casts the paper into the fire. To St. Peter): "Take him away before I harm him."

(There is a scuffle in the group. A small boy is thrust forward. His sailor suit is dirty, his long curls are tangled, and his face is one smear. In one hand he clutches a long feather. He sees Mr. C.-T. and stands amazed.)

A man in the crowd: "Go at him, kid."

The child, shrilly: "Say, I'm Laddie. Yes, you heard me. Say, doggone you anyway."

St. Peter, (interrupting): "See here, Laddie, is that a feather?"

Laddie (sulkily): "Yes."

St. Peter: "This has got to stop." (To Gabriel): "Keep an eye on him and see that he lets the angels' tail feathers alone."

Laddie (passionately): "Well, I have to have some fun, don't I? That man," (pointing to Mr. C.-T.) "he never let me play at all. I never even had a slingshot. He made me die when I was seven years old," (Reads from a crumpled sheet): " 'Laddie lay in his little coffin, his bright hair about his chubby face. His bright eyes were closed forever. Ah, the pity of it, the pity of it! His mother laid a hand softly on his cheek, and whispered, 'Goodbye, my little Laddie, goodbye!' She glanced up at her husband, who was pulling violently at his moustache, and, her eyes swimming with tears, said, 'We must smile, Hubert. Laddie would wish it'. I ask you! You *are* a rotter." (He begins to wander around the room moodily.)

St. Peter: "Listen, all of you. Hurry up and decide his fate."

Gabriel: "Yes, what are his short-cummings? We can't Thwaite much longer." (Giggles.)

Bill: "We've decided long ago. It's Purgatory for you, my giddy author."

(The crowd closes around the cowering Mr. Cummings-Thwaite and produce volumes which they hold over his head.)

The Crowd: "Heavy, heavy, hang over your head. What have you done to redeem them?"

(The stage gradually grows dark. St. Peter takes Mr. C.-T. by one arm and Gabriel takes the other. They go out, cheering lustily. Laddie alone remains behind, sprawled before the fire. He is absorbed with a heavy fowling-piece, happy at last.)

(Curtain.)

Mr. William J. Murray, Sr.

BETTY GREENE

IN FRONT of me lay a pile of cards, address books, and scraps of paper. On the top there was a yellowish card. It read:

WILLIAM J. MURRAY, SR.,
Department of Public Buildings,
Capitol, Albany.

The handwriting was scrupulously done, too much so. The slight and frequent quavers indicated the weakness of senile attempts. I recalled the excuse that the old man had offered.

.

It was on my last visit to the Capitol. I had been coming there quite regularly.

"I suppose you are about to leave us," he said.

"My last time," I answered.

The elevator went slowly downward. I looked at the old man, the elevator man. Soft aristocratic features lay beneath an abundance of wavy white hair. He was a stocky man, evidently about seventy-five years old. I was studying him as one studies a mere passerby, another old man. One has to think, and I was thinking in an absent-minded way of this elevator man, an appealing old fellow. The elevator stopped.

"I'll be right back."

In a few minutes he returned and handed me the card. He read it to me.

"It isn't written very well. It was dark and I hurried. But would you do me a great favor?"

"Certainly," I answered, just as a politeness.

"Do you suppose you could send me a post-card? I used to live in Virginia. All the folks down there want me to come back. I want to go back too, but, well, financial conditions prevent the trip." He turned his face, now slightly flushed, in the other direction.

I considered the man before me. As usual, I was abruptly discarding reality for an imaginary interpretation of the occasion. My imagination continued. It seemed quite natural that suddenly William J. Murray was in a big armchair before an open fireplace.

There were children all about him. I was one of the children. Grandpa (William J. Murray, Sr.) was smoking a pipe and telling Uncle Remus stories. He turned to me and asked a favor. I answered yes. Inside I was all a tingle to have this honor come to me. A fantastic picture, but much more appropriate than the reality.

We had both been silent. William J. Murray spoke, "I'm goin' to miss your comin' here."

The elevator stopped. His hand was on the latch, but the doors remained closed. He was reluctant. Instead of opening the doors he turned to me.

"You know a gentleman can always tell a gentleman. It was the same way with you. I knew you were a well-bred girl the minute I saw you. Yes, sir, I did When one wants to wish another person good luck the best way is to ask the good Lord to bless them. That is what I do now. May the Lord bless you. May he keep you prosperous and happy and return you again to us."

I was amazed. I didn't know whether to say "Thank you," or "Amen." I remained silent. A bell impatiently ringing made me start.

William J. Murray, Sr., said: "Some folks is mighty hurried, I reckon."

I smiled and answered, "Yes."

He opened the door. I left.

Mr. William J. Murray, Sr., was a silly and sentimental old man. I would write to him.



Dancio

MARJORIE J. SMITH

DANCIO went insane. Juan, the wood-cutter, gay Chiquita, Pepillo, and all of his friends pitied him. I pitied him. He lived in a little gray hut far up the hill, and an old soldier with one arm went to live with him and keep his house. Poor Dancio was as happy as the day was long and he played in the sun in front of his door all day, like a little child. Juan and Chiquita and Pepillo, the merchant, and I used to see him thus, and we sorrowfully shook our heads in pity for him.

Then one stormy winter day, Juan was lost in the pass above the village, and when he came in, his ears and toes and seven fingers were so frost-bitten that he lost them. In February, Chiquita's little boy died. Then fire came to Pepillo's shop and left him a beggar.

Trouble came also to me; Carminia, my beautiful wife, whom I loved more than anything else under heaven, left me for a strolling pedlar. When I came home from my work she was gone, and I knew not where; I waited. Then, one day as I sat on the bench by the door, I knew she would not come back. I could no longer stay in the cottage. I went out, walking sometimes, sometimes running, not caring whither I went. All at once I was at Dancio's gray hut on the mountain side. He sat on the ground under the little stunted pear tree; he was cutting tiny men from soft pine fagots, and there were bits of bark and slivers of wood tangled in his graying beard. I stood and watched. He finished a soldier with a carbine in its arms and set it down among its fellows. He laughed with joy, and I envied him.

The Modestia Murder Case

"MODESTIA, MODESTIA, what aileth thee? Why tarryeth so?" quavered the querulous voice of Athaliah, for the tenth time in ten minutes. It was Saturday night, the tenth of May (8:42 P. M., Eastern Standard Time) and Modestia was taking her bath in preparation for the Quaker meeting.

Athliah was becoming impatient and tapped her genteelly black-buttoned shoe irritatedly—even anxiously.

.

Athaliah rose stiffly from the straight-backed chair in which she had been sitting.

"Thee art here at last!" she quavered querulously at the dashing young man who had just breezed into the room.

"Better late than never," said he, carelessly shrugging his shoulders. One would never suspect that this flippant young man, his black and white checked suit garnished with a red carnation, was the cleverest detective in Philadelphia—Robert Lovelace. The inheritor of millions, he preferred to ferret out the hideous secrets of the underworld, rather than live the life led by the idle rich.

Athaliah led the way upstairs and stood silently before the fatal door—.

"It's locked—-" she said.

He stepped back lightly and thrust his spare frame against the massive oak door of the bathroom. It yielded immediately. A pathetic sight met their eyes . . . there, lying in the porcelain tub was the *wet*, still form of Modestia. *But the tub was perfectly dry*

Athaliah gave one unholy shriek and fainted.

.

Robert Lovelace crouched beside the tub, closely regarding the spotless bathmat . . .

"Humph, no foot-prints! 'A ring around the bathtub,
Isn't so pleasant to see,
But a ring around the bathtub
Is a clue to me ' "

The autopsy showed water in Modestia's lungs . . . so there must have been water in the tub. Some person, preferably the murderer,

let the water out of the tub, and carefully replaced the stopper. Therefore it must have been a murder instead of a suicide.

.

The inquest was in session, but so far nothing new had been discovered. The thing that most mystified the detectives was the fact that the door of the bathroom had been locked from the inside, and the window, a mere slit, was entirely too small to admit egress. How had the murderer escaped?

A timid knock on the door startled all.

"Come in," ordered the coroner.

An age-gnarled darkie entered.

"Excuse me, Miss—" she hesitated.

"Mandy, dost thee not know better than to interrupt at a time like this?" querulously quavered Athaliah.

"Ah'm sorry, Miss Athy, I was a-washin' that thar tub upstairs, but ah jes' wan' to tell you that that stoppah ain't no count, honey . . . it lets all de watah run out."



AT PARTING

Mary E. Swift

No matter how dark
The shadows cast by leaving you,
The laughter of long sunlit hours
Will dull the ache
Of broken bonds at parting.
Blue-shadowed hills and
Paths through pine woods
Whispering softly in the wind
Will claim a corner
Of my thoughts and heart.

Mirrors

BETTY BOYER BRYCE

OH, fascinating mirror, that has reflected human beauty for centuries of time! In you are interwoven romance and history. In a clear, translucent pool, you gave to Eve her first glimpse of her beauty. It was you who caused the death of Narcissus, vainly loving his own inanimate counterpart. Reflected in your polished copper, Cleopatra saw her lovely image.

Are all the pictures once mirrored in you retained in some visionary world "behind the looking-glass"? Then what tales you could tell! Imagine the variety of the everchanging images if all the people who had once looked into a mirror might reappear for a few seconds. From behind an ornate hand-mirror might glance coyly the china-face of a young woman of the eighteenth century. Her hair is piled high on her head, and on one cheek, just below the eye, is a minute black star. This is a dainty, brainless creature, made for the gallantries of some be-wigged gentleman.

Out from behind a large gilt mirror, a hideous atrocity, would step a lady of the Victorian era, her waist drawn in till she could scarcely breathe, frizzled bangs on her forehead, and flounce after flounce upon her billowy skirt.

And another vision appears. In a low-cut satin gown, a poised figure nonchalantly walks out and stands gracefully before the futuristic mirror.

For countless ages, in every shape and form, you have reflected the faces of women. Whence this fascination, oh mirror?

November Morning

Virginia D. Hall

THE harsh insistence of the alarm clock. The sudden, abrupt return to consciousness. The protesting voice from the other side of the room. "For Lord's sake turn the damn thing off!" The terrible silence when you did. The forbidding drip-drip from the wet trees as you tip-toed to the window and looked out. The proverbial darkness of the hour before the dawn. The brave light that barely showed through the heavy darkness that gripped the campus. The compensating knowledge that the weather at home was never like this. London was, maybe.

The stretching and yawning. Inevitable preliminaries to dressing. The inviting comfort of your warm bed. The prolonged squeaking of the closet door. The regular breathing from the other side of the room while you held your breath. The stickiness of your clothes. The hook that would not fasten. The cold water on your face. The faint tracing of the road below your window. You shudder at the thought of walking through such oppressive thickness. The early train Mother would have to pick. Your final preparations. The fuzziness of the coat buttoned about your throat. The steps groaning as you marched resolutely down. Your relief at finding it lighter outside. The dampness. The faint drizzle and the smoky denseness of the fog. Puddles in the road with oil standing in them. You thought them ugly. You remembered how pretty they had once seemed. The one lighted window visible at intervals between the gusts of mist that bellowed past you. And the banana. The floury sweet banana. Its welcome tastelessness. You were glad to eat something—eat anything. To forget your antipathy for the dark and the fog—but listen! The labored throbbing of a car. The gradual slowing and stopping. Men's voices. Their heavy footsteps approaching. The banana skin careening crazily into the unexplored grayness. The tune you hummed. Your insane thought that it was like a movie. Now you would be grabbed; then your screams would split the fog like a knife. Two figures taking shape. Big, hulking forms. Your fists clenched and shoved far down in your pockets. You wondered if they noticed your nervousness. "Good morning." The detached quality of your voice. Firm, unshaken. "Good morning, miss." Polite, humble, gone. Your men-

tal chuckle. Silly to have been afraid. But you really hadn't been frightened a bit. No, of course not. How foolish to have thought so!

The increased light, though you walked through the woods. The rain beginning to replace the fog somewhat. The forlorn, continual drip-drip on the thickly fallen leaves. Wet leaves plastered on the road. Long breaths, squared shoulders, as you decided that it wasn't so bad. Good for one, walks. Your surprise at finding it so light beyond the woods. Almost day, you thought. The lights still on at the gate. The bugs and moths beating about them. The stern regard of the withdrawn trees when you glanced back. The hill up the road to the station. Almost there now. The ecstatic little squeeze you gave yourself. Mother's visit. Damn the rotten weather! Sweet Briar's beauty on a clear day. An autumn day.

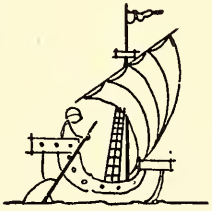
Lights gleaming in the station. You must ask again about the train. Your terrible memory. 7:00 something was all you remembered. The unlocked station door. The closed ticket window grinning spitefully at you. The emptiness of the waiting room. The dirty baggage carrier outside. You could sit on that. The handkerchief you dusted it with. The nice, high seat it made. Your legs swinging back and forth in time to your whistling.

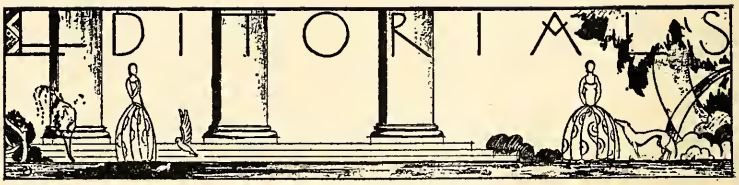
The slow train! Yesterday's trains listed on the board behind you. Idiotic! The station-master should have posted today's trains before he left. Ought not to leave anyway. The steady downpour the rain had become. Bus Rhea. Suppose he didn't come. Apologetic—"I'm awfully sorry, dear, we'll have to walk. I can't imagine why " Of course he'd come. He always did.

Bus Rhea's car driving up. Splash, splash! through the water that ran in tiny streams down the road. Relief. Bus Rhea appearing around the corner. "Bad morning to be out," he said. Weather. The unfailing subject of conversation. Well, it was a bad morning. It was a terrible morning. Chatter with Bus Rhea. More weather. The coldness of a Virginian winter. Damp cold. Your inquiry. The emergence of his huge watch from a tiny pocket. Fifteen more minutes to wait for the train.

The drain pipe from the roof that bubbled over. Stopped up, Rhea said. Shaking. More shaking. The water continuing to flow out. Vigorous shaking. The piece of pipe that came off in his hands. Loud laughter. Jolly old Bus Rhea. The silly water spurting about. The train whistle in the distance. At Amherst now, Rhea said. The little shivers up your back. Mother's visit. Rhea trying to put the pipe back. His disgust at failure. Well, who cares about

the silly pipe anyway! Mother's visit. Train in the distance. Heart beating fast. Here she comes. Mother. Train slowing down. Lights piercing the mist. The panting of the engine. The immaculate porter far up the track putting down the little step. You run through the rain up the gravel path. Mother stepping down in a new black coat. Her anxious look down the track. "Gin!" The tears you knew would come. "Oh, Mother, I'm so glad to see you!"





Sweet Briar girls are often criticized as being immature. Although the criticism rankles we are afraid that it is just. We do not wish maturity and that suave air of sophistication that some colleges seem to specialize in to be confounded. Sweet Briar girls, as a whole, are charmingly natural. But this quality can be kept and still a greater degree of maturity attained.

Why are we immature? For the simple reason that we are treated like children. As Freshmen we are greeted as a group of helpless infants. Perhaps we are, but the best way to change us is to expect and demand a change. We are told when to study, where to study, and how to study. And through the remaining three years the same attitude, with a few exceptions, is maintained toward us. Our elders make our choices and decisions, for they are much wiser. Perhaps they are. Certainly there was never an older person who didn't think so. But is this attitude of the faculty going to develop anything but nincompoops in the student body? Isn't one of the reasons for a college education that it develops a sense of values? And a sense of values certainly implies some wisdom of choice. But we are treated as if we had very little power of choice, and in the end we have very little. With the exception of the Founder's Day Honor students, we have a definite system of class cuts. Most of us take them all. If the two upper classes were given unlimited cuts, we think the girls would develop enough sense of responsibility to use this privilege sanely and wisely, probably more sanely and wisely than they use their cuts under the present system. The question arises, how about the girls who can't develop this sense, whose families send them to college expecting them to be carefully directed? It is our opinion that girls like this shouldn't be in college. Is Sweet Briar an institution to coddle weaklings or to more fully develop the average and above average girl? We had always supposed it was the latter. We want to be allowed to attain maturity of mind and choice. We believe that one way of doing it is to have the faculty, from the day we first enter Sweet Briar until we graduate, treat us as if we were young women with some common sense, and not lovable but stupid children.

As We Pass By

The dim man was now again approaching our table, and this time he made up his mind to pause in front of it. "You don't remember me," he said in a toneless voice.

Rothenstein brightly focussed him. "Yes, I do," he replied after a moment, with pride rather than effusion—pride in a retentive memory. "Edwin Soames."

"Enoch Soames," said Enoch.

"Enoch Soames," repeated Rothenstein in a tone implying that it was enough to have hit on the surname.

—MAX BEERBOHM, *Seven Men.*

The hostess, all smiles and sparkles and small abortive dance steps, led the young man with the side burns across the room to where sat the girl who had twice been told she looked like Clara Bow.

—DOROTHY PARKER, *Laments for the Living.*

There was an old man of St. Bees
Who was stung in the arm by a wasp,
When asked, "Does it hurt?"
He replied, "No, it doesn't,
I'm so glad it wasn't a hornet."

—W. S. GILBERT.

VI

Manger est bon. Avoir mangé est meilleur. Car l'ennemi qui vous épie pour prendre votre nourriture est prompt et subtil.

III

L'odeur des chiens est délicieuse.

X

Méditation. J'aime mon maître Bergeret parce qu'il est puissant et terrible.

XI

Une action pour laquelle on a été frappé est une mauvaise action. Une action pour laquelle on a reçu des caresses ou de la nourriture est une bon action. —A. FRANCE, *Pensees de Riguet.*

Holding the Ace, King, Queen of Spades, the Ace, King, Queen, Jack of Hearts, the Ace, King, Queen, of Diamonds, and the Ace, King, Queen of Clubs, Mrs. Eli Culvertson naturally bid one club.

—ARTICLE ON BRIDGE, *Some Daily Paper.*

I don't know what I am. I don't know if I am or not. Jewel knows he is, because he does not know that he does not know whether he is or not. He cannot empty himself for sleep, because he is not what he is and he is what he is not.

—WILLIAM FAULKNER, *As I Lay Dying.*





We wish to thank the Musketeer Book Shop of Lynchburg for so kindly lending us the books which we review.

MAURICE GUEST

Henry Handel Richardson

W. W. NORTON & CO., INC., NEW YORK, 1930

I close the book and sit perfectly numb for a moment. Whew! This may be a tribute to it. I cannot tell.

It is depressing. Sometimes it drags. There is no light touch upon it anywhere. It is the story of the slow dying of a man's soul —of as much soul as Maurice Guest could have, comparatively speaking, since he did not have the wild, free spirit of the German musicians about him at the Conservatorium in Leipzig. His soul was that of a middle class Englishman, with principles from a country town. And why did it die? Because of its "morbid possession by a woman's face"—the face of Louise Dufrayer, whose eyes are brought to mind by the passage: " laid the costly yellow rose on the piano: beneath the gas light, it sank a shadowy gold image in the mirror-like surface." And those eyes were black— the only living thing in her face, which drew men as to a lodestone. Yet through it all Louise cared only for the violinist Schilsky, wild and rotten, who spurned and kissed her by turns, and went away and left her to Maurice Guest and his "eternal self-justification." Guest would try to remake her nature and correct it. But what could one do with such a nature? Its keynote was a beast-hunger for passion; and Louise was a very incarnation of selfishness. Witness Guest: "You don't care enough for me to be interested in that side of my nature which has nothing to do with you." This last was Guest's constant reproach, typical of his predicament. And then there was always her past: her life with Schilsky, and later, Krafft.

Krafft's is the best character delineation. We have never known a man like him and hope we never shall. He is "hideously cynical." He comes and goes, "leaving his elfin laugh behind him in the air, like smoke." He will insult everyone; "For if I am a book, you are a poster, a placard . . . No, there's no such thing as absolute truth. If there were, the finest subleties of existence would be lost. There is neither positive truth nor positive untruth; life is not so coarse-filtered as that. Truth? It is one of the many miserable conventions the human brain has tortured itself with, and its first principle is utter lack of the imaginative faculties." And Krafft says of Louise: "Lulu stupid? She has a touch of the other extreme—of genius . . . Some women have a genius for loving . . . Such a woman has no soul, and doesn't need one . . . What does any beautiful woman want with a soul, or brains, or morals? . . . Do you really think a man asks a soul of a woman with such eyes and hands as these? Good God, no! . . . I think a man makes a good exchange of career and success and other such accidents of his material existence, for the right to touch these hands at will. The one thing necessary is that he be fit for the post. I demand of him that he be a gourmand, a connoisseur in beauty. And it's here, mind you, that I have doubts of our friend," the friend in question being Maurice.

That is Heinz Krafft. The picture of him is splendid. In contrast to him, whom we nor anyone else shall ever know, is Maurice, whom everyone knows. In his weakness lies the strength of the book: the inevitability of the sequence of events. Richardson's style medium is a sure and flexible instrument in his hands. We feel that he says what he wishes to say, in a way that we shall understand for its meaning to him. And this we *know* is a tribute.

—ABIGAIL SHEPARD.

AS I LAY DYING

William Faulkner

JONATHAN CAPE: HARRISON SMITH, NEW YORK, 1930

Mr. Faulkner's latest contribution to literature is a very unusual and original book. The story deals with the death and burial of Addie Bundren, and all the difficulties involved in transporting her body to a town thirty miles from her home. The plot is ugly and

unattractive, but the idea is clever and the novelty worth while in that it is supported by other more stable and lasting factors. The picture of the father, his four sons, and his pregnant but unmarried daughter riding in a wagon with a coffin in the rear and buzzards flying overhead repels and yet amazes by its very boldness. Such incidents are told through the minds of the husband and children of Addie Bundren and their neighbors and friends, and it is the characters that these people reveal through their own words, which are of real excellence in this novel. Their illiteracy and complete lack of any civilizing influences do not prevent their actions from being human and normal, fundamentally, although seemingly strange in the light of our own environment. The half-sentences and phrases in the dialect of "run-down" whites present a well-rounded and vivid portrait in the case of each figure. The only discrepancy here lies in the somewhat large vocabulary which they display on occasion. The author, himself, was obviously aware of this as a difficulty, but his desire to put into words emotions too complex and too deeply felt for easy expression overshadowed his desire for consistency so that the latter is sacrificed in a small degree. The excellencies, however, far outnumber the weaknesses on all scores, and as a result, the latter constitute no serious objections. The mode of expression gives the most vivid impressions in this case and is the only means of conveying the story to the reader convincingly and forcefully. However, the book in its entirety leaves the reader somewhat numb and deadened because of the futility and hopelessness of the lives of these people and the pathos of their existence. The psychological consideration of habit and environment display a true knowledge of human nature and constitute the basis for the judgment of Mr. Faulkner's work as an artistic achievement.

—MARGARET FERGUSON.

RUDOLPH AND AMINA

Christopher Morley

JOHN RAY CO., NEW YORK, 1930

Most of us know Christopher Morley for his delicious verse and prose. After two years of literary silence he has produced a book which is the most delightful bit of fiction we have read in many a month.

Beside his other literary talents, Morley was one of three who produced the two musical comedy fantasies of the Gay Nineties last year. One of these, "The Black Crook," which drew the first-nighters from Broadway to Hoboken, has been turned into a delightful story.

The style is the best of which Morley is capable in his lightest vein. Rudolph, poor young painter, loves Amina, the pretty village maiden. The story which Morley unwinds is a fairy-tale for grown-ups. We thrill at the wizard's devices, laugh at his simple servant, enjoy the bad Count's escapades and chuckle at the modern touch when the old-fashioned "good fairy" has been replaced by a shining troop of Girl Scouts.

Throughout this whole witty book sparkles Morley's priceless sense of humor. In the end, the two Dresden figures on the cover, of Rudolph and Amina, are as real to us as were Hansel and Gretel in our childhood. —LOIS W. FOSTER.

THE VIRGIN AND THE GYPSY

D. H. Lawrence

ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK, 1930

Lawrence's last novel fully justifies his established reputation for excellence of theme and treatment. It is smoothly written, with an easy mastery of technique and is possessed of some deft characterization. It is realistic but has not that pessimism so often included in realism. There is a certain lack of detailed description in the book and the effect created is almost entirely through insinuation.

We see Yvette against a background of drab English rectory life, which threatens to stifle her, and watch her slip into her true charm by force of the gypsy's magnetism. We are gripped by that magnetism and cannot forget it. The man and Yvette are the only characters who really live; the others merely exist.

As Arnold Bennett says, "It is a work to keep and read thrice."

—JANE HAYS.

Exchanges

Far be it from us, who struggle beside you in the surging torrent of unexplored Creative Efforts, to praise or condemn your endeavors. It is rather for those who have succeeded in getting a firm grasp on some great Truth—who have hoisted themselves up on to firm land and can look down on our blind clutching. Perhaps we pass by one as lost, who in reality has grasped a strong branch—perhaps we envy and applaud one who has clutched unwittingly a dead twig. We can only pause breathlessly a moment in the midst of our own gaspings and splutterings to take note of those whom we think have a grasp on something firm.

A NEW YEAR

By Helene Hirsch, '33

Wellesley College Literary Review

I step outside the house.
I can see them through the window,
In there, clinking glasses in the harsh light.
A wild gaiety is in their eyes,
Happy New Year!—and mad embraces!

The air is cold.
I shiver and look at the stars,
Far away in a vault of serenity.

I shut my eyes for a moment,
That I may be alone with myself,
Myself and the dead year:
Its ghost comes to me and laughs.

Happy New Year! Will they never stop?
I suddenly remember the glass in my hand;
I hold it up to the heavens, then drink—
To the ghost, because he has left me the stars.

WHEN YOU RETURN

By Mabel Mercer, '33

The Winthrop Journal

When you return I'll not be common-clad
In green or purple; nay, nor flaming red;
But I shall wear bright wisps of dreams I've had,
And strands of lovelight wound about my head.
Upon my shoulders trailing scarfs of tears
Shall softly lie, to tell you of the fears
I felt, awaiting your return. My dress
I'll fashion of a clinging, soft caress.
Upon my feet black sandals shall I wear;
But they with brightest ribbons will be bound;
The soles of them will be of dark Despair,
And I shall dash them harshly 'gainst the ground.

INFINITY

By Hilda Jane Walters

The Distaff, Florida State College for Women

Sunset and hills
And a lone bird crying;
Silence and stars
And a black moth flying;
Mist and the sea
With its tide just turning—
Infinity
Echoes a soul's sad yearning.

Over the hills
In exile from the sun;
Deep in silence
When night had begun;
And lost in mist
That moved over the sea—
For a moment
I touched Eternity.

BALLAD OF YOUNG MOLLY

By Constance Mercer Klugh, '31

The Mount Holyoke Monthly

The grass is sweet, the grass is shining,
And young Molly sits a-spinning;
Windy girls go out a-sinning.
Life is short and so is beauty,
I will spin and do my duty.
Windy girls are soiled and sooty,
Men are faithless, men are fickle,
Death is constant and his sickle
Whispers through the shining grass;
I will work until he pass.

So she sat and so she span,
Nor gave a glance to any man;
So she sat, her bobbin threaded,
Other foolish girls were bedded,
And their children came to play
On her doorstep every day,
Till she shooed them all away.
Now the grass is sweet and shining,
And old Molly sits a-spinning.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Distaff—Florida State College for Women.
Pharetra—Wilson College.
Cargoes—Hollins College.
The Sullins Silhouette—Sullins College.
The Mount Holyoke Monthly—Mount Holyoke College.
The Chimes—Shorter College.
Pine and Thistle—Flora Macdonald College.
Lasell Leaves—Lasell Seminary.
The Echo—Furman University.
The Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Mary Baldwin College.
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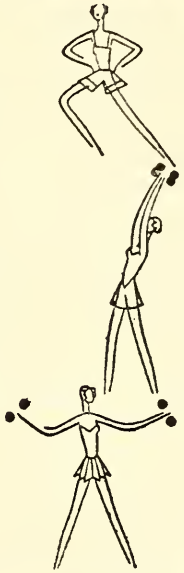


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1931

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Spring

JEAN MYERS

YOU can always tell when it is spring in the Vieux Carre, not because the young man's fancy turns to love, but because the negroes on the wharves begin to sing, begin to get shiny and hot as they work, and last of all, they begin to laugh. The heavy, white ferries head farther upstream each day, in order to counteract the effect of the quickening current. Nearby, in the French market, the vegetables and fruits no longer have a dead, uninteresting look, and now there is everything from rich, red strawberries to nice, thin onions. The garlic hanging from the rafters has a sad, withered air in comparison with the bright green parsley lying beneath it. Alligator pears and green peppers are found side by side. Just below them sit large artichokes. The fat, dirty Italian proprietor, with shiny, black hair and a very dirty apron, discourses at length on how much better his things are than his neighbors'. "Si! Si!" he repeats in excited tones. Although as far as you can see, his stall differs not one whit from the others.

Small boys, holding enormous bouquets of Cape Jasmine, accost you on every side and you buy, even though there are probably just as lovely ones in your own courtyard. That is spring. Everywhere wistaria is out—small bits of color seen on a patio wall. The fragile, lavender bunches, nearly hiding the few pale leaves, move gently in the breeze. On the ground, mixed with pale wistaria blossoms, are the bright pink ones of the crepe myrtle, which looks like a large, round nosegay.

Two strangers, each with a red Japonica in his lapel, smile brightly at each other. The children's voices have a gay, lilting ring, as they pass in the street. The sky is an unforgetable blue, the sun a clear yellow, and a slight warm wind blows fitfully. By all these signs you know it is spring in the Vieux Carre.

Cats

BETTY CASSIDY

I'M beginning to believe I'm getting as horrible an obsession about cats as Chatham Markham himself had. I've gotten so I never see children playing with kittens or helpless little old ladies feeding sleek toms cream, without feeling I've got to rush up and save them—before it's too late. It's absurd, of course, but you've no idea how a thing like that can get you, and common sense doesn't seem to enter into it.

Take Markham. He certainly wasn't the kind of man one would picture as being afraid of cats—or anything of that sort. Splendid mind, you know, and all Yale, Heidelberg, and the background he had and years of travel could do for it. He'd probably have been one of the giants of business if he'd had to do that kind of thing, but he started, so to speak, on the top, and staying there didn't require much effort on his part, though he managed his affairs well. I remember when I first met him,—the first summer I took the cottage at South Cove. It's a sleepy kind of place, nothing but a country village, and the people, good hearted but simple. You can imagine running across a man like Markham there. I believe my first impression was that he was one of the most self-possessed men I had ever met. Poised, well-bred, alert, interesting, and yet there was always something about him that puzzled me, even after we got to be rather friendly. He'd a delightful old place down there, and I got to dropping over after dinner for a glass of Port and to talk. One can rest quite well in a place like South Cove, but Lord, it's boring, and too, I always felt I was taking advantage of an opportunity—getting to know him as I did. He was so essentially fine, somehow. I was surprised to find he wasn't well liked among the village people. I believe Mrs. Butts was his only real friend down there. She always looked out for him, since his man, Smith, wasn't all that could be desired in the capacity of a country house manager. The fact that he didn't employ even occasional help among the villagers was resented, too. I found out later it was all related to cats.

It was late in the summer when I met him, and it wasn't until the following year that I found out about the cats. We'd come back from a morning's walk on the beach and were down town for something or other, when a little stray, old alley kitten ran out to us and

brushed against Markham's legs. He stopped short. I don't think I've ever seen a man quite so frightened. It was ludicrous somehow —that tiny, bedraggled cat, and that great, splendid fellow literally shuddering and sweating in cold fear. I've seen men afraid before, but I swear I've seen men face ghastly deaths during the war with less horror in their faces. It was so amazing; I couldn't get the thing away, and he'd gone all to pieces. We managed to get on some way, but he was really ill for days afterward. I soon found that he poisoned cats as often as possible and that was why the kids in the village hated him so. He didn't employ women from the village for fear they'd bring cats out with them sometime; he could always depend on Smith to see that none got around. I could never understand it, of course. It would have been disgusting if it hadn't been so amazing. One didn't even pity him. He wasn't that kind. Even after he knew I knew about his fear, he seldom referred to it—treated it almost as one would treat a deformity of some kind—and I guess it was a mental one. He usually ignored the subject entirely, but having witnessed his stark terror once and knowing what he must always suffer, I really respected him, although the whole thing never seemed quite credible. I'd decided what the puzzling feature of his personality was, however; it was the vague air of constantly watching and waiting for something you're afraid of. I've seen it since in criminals' faces.

The few times he did talk to me about it—but he never did often, for he realized how stupid it must seem, and too, he never could for very long, since it was so real to him—the few times he did, he told me that he'd always feared cats. It was one of the first things he could remember about his childhood—being afraid of cats, and he'd studied a lot, trying to find an explanation for it, but he never had. He'd gone through his whole life with it dragging at him, and it was torture for him, but he kept it well concealed unless one knew to look for it. Yet, as I said at first, common sense and intelligence don't enter into it. He feared cats with a deadly, sickening fear that never for a moment left him in all his life.

The first thing I thought of when I heard he'd died of heart failure was that at last he'd escaped the thing. I didn't know what kind of a heaven or hell he'd found, but I knew he was happy to get away from that fear of cats. I was terribly upset, of course, and as my sister was desperately ill at the time, I'd more than I could manage. They planned to take the body north the following day. I did as much as I could, but there wasn't much. Smith arranged things

largely. I'd planned to get over that night, but my mother-in-law was calling me, and as there was a wretched storm, connections were bad, and I spent most of the night trying to get the call. I knew Smith, with capable Mrs. Butts, wasn't greatly in need of me, anyway. It seems he had trouble with an important call from the north, though, and decided to go downtown and try to get it through—he always felt afterwards that he'd deserted Markham somehow.

* * *

As she sat rocking, May Butts thought about the man lying dead there. Poor soul. Such a fine man, and so funny to be afraid of cats. Young to die, too, but it was probably better. The Lord certainly wouldn't let cats haunt a man in heaven. She'd always felt sorry for him. An important man, and he knew so much, but he was like a child—afraid of cats—really afraid, too. There never was anything—was the door opening? She was getting jumpy in her old age. Silly, getting to imagine things, sitting up with poor Mr. Markham. And then the cat was in there. It stood just inside the door, waving its massive tail and staring at her with mocking green eyes. She wasn't a fool, but the thing looked larger than any cat she had seen. She knew that it wouldn't help much to get between it and Mr. Markham. It'd go right up her, quick as a flash, and be on the bed, and then cats always went mad. Mr. Markham—he was so afraid, and now he could help himself less than ever, poor soul. Well, she'd got to stop it, somehow. And all the time she sat rocking and staring at it, and the cat stood staring at her, waving that massive tail—purposefully, it seemed.

* * *

We found poor Mrs. Butts in the morning, terribly scratched and torn, sitting rocking by the bed, and stroking a large black tom which lay sleeping in her lap. It was still gory. She never regained her reason. I've been down to the institution where they put her a few times, and she only sits and rocks and smiles and strokes "the lovely cat"—except at times when she screams horribly about Mr. Markham. The most ghastly part of it all, though, was the expression on Markham's mutilated face. It had in it the horror I'd seen on it that day on the street. But it was worse—the watching air was gone—just the waiting remained.

Mud Pies

KATHERINE MEANS

ON one of those brilliant blue afternoons in April, when the air is heavy with the smell of warm ripe oranges and sickish-sweet blossoms, I walked through the orange grove, stepping carefully to avoid the clumps of nettle. Ahead loomed a eucalyptus windbreak, cutting off the long rows of orange trees between which I was walking. As I drew closer to it, the mountains sank below its high, waving line: first the rounded foothills, then the tall, cone-shaped, snow-capped peaks. It had rained the day before, and father, looking at the lowered clouds, had said, "It is snowing in the mountains." Now, as the last bit of white disappeared, I stopped to suck the nectar from a blossom, and laughed when I found that a bee had been there first, and the needle-shaped white petals clung to my moist lips. But I picked an orange, the very largest, roundest, most glowing orange in the whole grove; at the wind-break I gathered a handful of nut-like eucalyptus buds with their circle of feathery yellow threads, stripped off a ribbon, longer than myself, of the scraggly bark, revealing the silvery smoothness underneath—and slipped through a gap between the trees.

On this side sat a child, making mud pies. He regarded me in silence with a solemn intensity, and went on, patting, shaping, moulding the mud into little rounded cakes, into tall, cone-shaped cakes. When they were done, he left them in careless disarray and ran to the back door of a yellow stucco bungalow. I heard him call to his mother for sugar to ice his cakes, but she must have given him flour, for it was soft and powdery. It displeased him, but he sprinkled it over the tops of the cakes, and looked at them for a moment. Then petulantly, he seized them in both hands, flung them to the ground again, and ran screaming into the house.

I stood and watched as they lost shape and returned to the dirt from whence they came. My orange, the largest in the grove, the eucalyptus buds with their feathery decorations, and the strip of bark as tall as myself dropped from my arms. I turned and passed through the windbreak. Down the long path again; nettles stung my bare ankles; I smelled the dust raised by my feet; I remembered that I had found the blossom tasteless; I was afraid to turn and look for the mountains, but moved steadily on . . . down the long path . . .

Rosa

Anne Brooke

IT was exciting to be moving into a new house in a new city. Fanny wriggled all over with suppressed excitement as she ran up the front stairs and down the back, peeped into every closet, stuck her head out of every window and squealed, and leaned so far down the laundry chute that she almost fell. Soon she was getting into everybody's way.

Daddy had taken off his coat right away and had started opening crates. He made a dreadful noise wrenching out nails and breaking slats. Fanny sat down with her hands over her ears to watch him. It was so lovely to see Daddy again. And at the station she had been the first to kiss him. She still had a warm feeling of pride about that. They had all tumbled off the train and there had been Daddy hurrying down the platform towards them. She and Morton had started running to Daddy, screaming, and he was ahead because his legs were longer, but he tripped and almost fell, and she got there first. She was gathered all up in Daddy's arms, wonderfully happy and triumphant. He carried her to where the others were grouped, Herbert looking important about the baggage, Mother radiant with smiles and with pink roses in her hat, but with tears in her blue eyes, too. And Suzanna, prim and proper, trying not to look envious of Fanny for kissing Daddy first. Suzanne thought herself too old to run. Then they had all piled into a cab, and Fanny had sat on Daddy's knee with Mother beside them. Daddy and Mother held each other's hands, and Mother looked so happy, even with tears in her eyes. Fanny wondered why Mother was crying. Finally the cab stopped at a big red house with a yard with a fence around it, and Daddy smiled and said, "Here we are at home!"

Fanny's breath, as she sat on the packing case, came in hard little gasps. She was flushed and warm from her ecstatic explorations. She was still for a whole minute, thinking about the lovely new house and about Daddy. It had been so long since she had seen him. All at once her love for him swelled up within her and she had to run to his side and try to help him. She pulled at the nails in the crates and tugged at the groaning slats and thought she was being very helpful. Then she got a finger in the way, and the hammer came down on it sharply. She grabbed her hand back and shut her eyes

very tight to squeeze back the tears. Daddy told her she was a brave little girl not to cry and kissed her finger to make it well, but he told her to run along now and see what Mother was doing. Fanny felt small and rebuffed.

Mother was upstairs giving directions to a stubby Irish woman with a ruffled dust cloth and with eyes like a pig's, little and black. Mother's face was flushed and her hands moved in vague, impotent gestures so that Fanny knew that the Irish woman was not doing just as Mother wanted her to. Better run away and not bother her now, for when Mother's hands fluttered like that she was cross if one bothered her.

Fanny went off to find Suzanne, who perhaps would read to her. She had read her a very nice story on the train. Maybe she would read it again.

"Sue, Sue, read to me!"

Suzanne met her on the stairs, but hurried on by her and said impatiently, "Don't bother me now. I'm busy." And she waved her hands in flustered gestures copied from Mother. She had a dingy dust cloth tied around her head to keep dust out of it, and another one in her hand, and there was a long smut on one side of her nose. She thought she was very busy.

Fanny went away to look for Herbert. He was on the back porch unpacking his bicycle. He had a little frown of concentration between his eyes like Daddy had when he was showing one how to work arithmetic problems.

"Go 'way," he said to her without looking up. "Can'tcha see I'm busy?" His face was very red.

She went sorrowfully into the back yard, calling desolately, "Morty, Morty!" She looked out the back gate and saw her brother sneaking down the alley. She called to him, "Morty, wait for me! Let me go too." He looked back over his shoulder and scowled. He shook his head and motioned her back, but she started to follow him anyway, so he began to run and disappeared around the corner. He was always running away from her. She knew she would never catch him so she went whimpering back and sat down beside the highboard fence. She was very sad. Nobody wanted her.

Then she heard some one say, "Hello!" She looked around and then up. A girl was leaning over the top of the fence. She had pink cheeks and brown curls.

"What's your name?" asked the little girl.

Fanny stared at her unwinkingly for a minute.

"What's yours?" she said finally.

"Rosa," said the girl. She smiled and showed dimples in each cheek.

Rosa! What a beautiful name. The girl looked like a rose.

"Mine's Fanny," said Fanny very low and with her head down. Because Fanny was an ugly name.

"Come on over, Fanny."

"I can't," said Fanny. Mother would not know where she was.

"Come on. I'll help you." Rosa leaned way over the side of the fence. Fanny stole a glance at Bert on the porch. He was not looking at her. She gave Rosa her hand. The fence was high and there was nothing to hold to but Rosa. They strained and tugged and got very red and Fanny scraped her knee, and finally they fell on top of each other on Rosa's side of the fence. They both laughed.

Rosa's back yard was beautiful, all smooth and green, with lots of rose bushes. There was a white fountain in the middle. They ran hand in hand all over the garden and played tag around the fountain. Rosa picked a pink rose and gave it to Fanny and kissed her and said she was glad to have someone to play with her. She never had had anyone before. How dreadful not to have anyone to play with, thought Fanny. She told Rosa all about living at Grandmother's and the turkeys and the fat pony she and Morton used to ride, and the little colored girl named Claribel whom they used to play with.

A lady came out on the porch and called Rosa to come in. She was Rosa's mother. She was beautiful but her voice was not nice. She was not pink and gold and fair like Mother. She had big black eyes and a white face and lots of thick black hair. She was very tall and her dress rustled when she walked. She looked proud.

Fanny climbed back over the fence with difficulty and went into her new house. They were all at dinner; even Morton had come back. Mother looked worried, and said, "Where have you been, you naughty girl?"

After that Fanny and Rosa played together every day. Sometimes Rosa would come over and play in Fanny's yard. They would pour water into the sand pile and make mud pies. Or if Morton were not off exploring he would swing them in the hammock and they would squeal delightedly until they went so high that they were frightened and begged him wildly to stop. On rainy days Suzanne would read to them on the back porch if she were not feeling cross.

Sometimes when they were playing in Rosa's yard, Rosa's mother would come out in one of her rustling dresses, walking with a man.

She was much nicer when a man was with her. She would put her hand caressingly under the children's chins and talk to them in a sweet, cooing voice. Fanny did not like it. She did not like Rosa's mother.

It was not always the same man who walked with Rosa's mother, but there was one who came most often. He was handsome and had a gentle voice, but his hair was white so he must have been old. Fanny thought he was Rosa's daddy, but Rosa said she had no daddy, and sighed. Poor Rosa, not to have a daddy. The other men who walked with Rosa's mother were young.

Once when they were playing in Rosa's yard, a young man came running out of the back door. Rosa's mother waved to him from the window as if telling him to hurry away. She looked scared. Then she dropped the curtain and turned away quickly. The young man stopped for a second and gave them each a quarter and told them not to tell which way he went, because he was playing hide-and-seek. He looked scared too. He ran on out into the alley. They heard him running very fast on the cobblestones.

Fanny told Mother about the young man, and Mother looked troubled. She told her not to go to play in Rosa's yard any more. She must play with Rosa in her own yard. Fanny was sorry she had told Mother. She liked Rosa's yard better.

All the ladies in town came to see Mother. They came in their best clothes and carried little white cards. They sat for a few minutes on the edge of a chair and then went away. They were mostly older than Mother and they talked stiffly. One lady was big and fat. She stayed for a long time talking, and she sat far back in her chair. She laughed a lot and she made Mother laugh, too, and feel comfortable. One lady asked Mother to a party. The fat lady came for her, dressed all in white. Sue whispered that she looked like an elephant and made Fanny giggle. The lady rode in a funny electric automobile. Fanny had never seen one before, but Suzanne had, so she was scornful of Fanny. The fat lady let the children ride up to the corner in the electric automobile, although Mother protested, because they were so dirty that she was ashamed of them. Mother looked very beautiful. Her cheeks were pink and she was smiling happily. She had on a frilly pink dress and the hat with roses on it.

It was dark when Mother came back from the party. She came upstairs very quickly. She called Fanny and took her into her bedroom and shut the door. Her cheeks were not pink any more and her blue eyes were dark and disturbed. She fluttered her hands in

vague gestures. She told Fanny not to play with Rosa or speak to her any more ever. It was because of something the ladies had told her at the party. Not play with Rosa any more, not speak to her! Fanny felt as if she could not stand it. She began to cry. Mother gathered her up in her arms and held her on her lap, so that the frilly pink frock got all rumpled. Mother told her not to cry, but Mother was crying, too. But she was firm about Rosa.

The next day Rosa appeared at the top of the fence. Fanny did not speak to her. Rosa said, "What's the matter?" Fanny shook her head. Rosa looked bewildered. Fanny peeped in the kitchen. No one was there. She went close to the fence. She whispered, "My mother says I can't have anything to do with you." Her whisper sounded cold and superior. Rosa began to cry. Fanny felt like crying, too, so she turned and ran into the house, leaving Rosa leaning over the fence with her pink face all puckered.

That night they were all sitting in the living room, except Daddy, who was away on business. They heard quick steps on the porch and a sharp ring at the bell. Morton went to the door. There was Rosa's mother. She had Rosa by the hand, small and frightened. She brushed right past Morton and asked for Mother. Her face was terribly white and her eyes seemed to be on fire. Mother went out into the hall. Rosa's mother began to shout at her, and call Mother dreadful things. She was shaking all over, so that her dress rustled more than ever. Fanny had never seen anyone so angry.

Mother stood before her quietly. She did not say anything. Her head was high and her face flushed, and her hand squeezed tight shut. She held her lower lip firm with her teeth to keep it from trembling. When Rosa's mother's rage choked her so that she had to stop saying those dreadful things, Mother said, "Go now, please." She said it very low, but her voice was cold and cut like an icicle. Fanny shivered and was glad Mother was not talking to her. Rosa's mother's lower jaw dropped. Suddenly all the rage seemed to leave her. She turned and walked out the front door without a word, pulling Rosa after her. And her dress did not rustle.

It was lonely not having Rosa any more. Fanny was lonely and whined about the house. Suzanne read to her lots and was not cross as much now. And even Herbert took her riding on his dicycle occassionally. Once when Morton ran away he let her go with him. They went far away across the railroad tracks and played with coal and got black all over. It was fun. But no one could take Rosa's place. Fanny wept every time she thought of Rosa's shining brown

curls and pink cheeks and dimples. She could see Rosa peeping through chinks in the fence at her sometimes, but she was afraid to speak because someone might see and tell Mother, and Mother would spank her if she disobeyed.

One Sunday, towards the end of summer, Suzanne was teaching Fanny her catechism on the front porch. They saw a big, shinny automobile drive up and stop in front of Rosa's house. It came there almost every day, but Fanny always got excited when she saw it. Very few in town had automobiles. It belonged to the white-haired man who walked in the garden with Rosa's mother.

The white-haired man got out of the automobile and went into Rosa's house. Suzanne and Fanny went on with the catechism, droning like bees. Then all at once there was a sound like a shot. It came from next door. Fanny knew what shots sounded like, because often she had heard the guns of men shooting in the woods back of Grandmother's house. She and Sue looked at each other and got up and rushed into the house. They shut the door and clung together trembling.

After a while they crept to the window and peeped out through the curtain. They saw policemen going into Rosa's house. In a few minutes the policemen came out again, and they were bringing a young man with them. It was the young man who had been playing hide-and-seek that day in Rosa's garden. He was struggling and his hair was rumpled up. Rosa's mother was running along beside him. She was striking and scratching the policemen and saying dreadful things like those she had said to Mother. But the policemen shook her off and took the young man away, and left her standing there, screaming and shaking her fists at them.

When Mother and Daddy came home from church, Suzanne told them all about it. They looked grave and told the children to stay in the house.

Later on in the day, men went into the house and came back with something large covered up with a sheet. The Irishwoman, who had taken an awfully long time over the Sunday dinner dishes, was standing at the window with Fanny, watching.

"It's the body," she said in a whisper. Her eyes looked as if they were going to fall out on the window sill.

"What body?" asked Fanny, whispering too.

"The old man's," said the Irish woman.

So it was the nice white-haired man who had been shot. Fanny was sad. She had liked the man, and his hair had been pretty like

snow. And the young man had shot him. What would they do to the young man? Fanny liked the young man, too. She still had the quarter he had given her hidden away. She shivered and felt sick. She went out and sat in the hammock.

It was a very warm day. She lay back in the hammock and went to sleep. When she woke up it was almost dark. She heard someone calling. She got up. She thought it was Sue calling her to supper. And then she looked up and saw Rosa leaning over the high board fence. It was she calling. Fanny looked to make sure no one was watching her and then clambered up to the wall to Rosa. Rosa put her arms around Fanny and held her tight. She kissed her, too. Rosa was crying. Her face was all wet. She kept saying, "Goodbye, Fanny," over and over. Then someone came and pulled Rosa away. Fanny heard the voice of Rosa's mother, low and harsh and hurried. She heard her skirts rustling faintly. She heard their back gate shut, cutting off the sound of Rosa's weeping. The thud of horses' feet clattered down the alley and died away in the dusk. Fanny stood by the wall crying. She would never see Rosa again.



Psychology of a Girl

ZANE-CETTI IRWIN

SHE was one of the most unconsciously flirtatious girls I ever knew. She could say, "What shall I bid?" at you over the bridge table so that it made you wonder if, after all, there was any use in—bidding.

She caught sight of her figure in the mirror. She liked this figure. Somehow she had never really connected it with herself—the self other people saw. It was the figure that had amused her when she had been so ill in bed, and Mother had been gone. It had made faces at her and laughed and talked to her. Sometimes she was passionately in love with the figure, and would "act" for hours in front of the mirror.

She stood there looking at it—its fat, round face—too fat, she thought, at times, but now nice and companionable. The eyes were greyish blue, or maybe bluish grey, she didn't know—at times they were a greenish blue and this often disconcerted her, and she would squint and wink to make the grey come back, or lower or raise a shade.

She saw the figure have a startled look. It was almost time for dinner, and there it stood with only the tie and top button of the shirt loosened. That top button was the only one on the blue shirt—that's why she wore the sweater with the round neck so only the top would show. It was so convenient to take off the sweater and unbutton the button and "ally-oop!" you were undressed.

But then it was near dinner and the figure disappeared. She loved bathrooms—clean, white, fresh-toweled bathrooms with their Pepsodent toothpaste and bathpowder air. You could be just you in the bathroom, she thought. In the kitchen you are the cook. In the bedroom you are either hurrying to get made up to go somewhere or hastily getting undressed for bed. But in the bathroom, you could leisurely take a bath, lying there with the warm water gliding over your shoulders until it tickled. And in getting out, you almost invariably forgot the full length mirror and would always get a shock at seeing yourself standing there with only a towel.

When she came in she slapped the medicine bottle down brazenly in the middle of the dresser. Heretofore she had always put it obscurely on the dressing table, for she hated rooms or people to have an "I am sick" air.

She hated those shoes—hated them. They were too short in front, and gaped on the sides, making her look like a very large charwoman about the feet. Whenever she wore them, they were worn viciously with the idea of "wearing them out," for it always gave her a thrill to think that she was economical and that the shoes were not in vain. The durn sassy shoe clerk, she'd show him, and with that she began skipping—hard skipping, too, bearing down hard on each skip—she'd show him.



The Orchid

SALLY AINSWORTH

"I TELL you," said the professor. "I tell you that the contents of this vial, poured into the reservoir of a city such as this, would smite the citizens within half an hour with a disease so virulent that the streets would be white with bones, nor would there be pigeons in the square to flutter about them. It disintegrates the body as it does the life."

The visitor smiles, and touched the bottle with the tip of his cane. "Hardly, my dear sir," he said, still smiling, "is that yet necessary. But what exquisite satisfaction you must get from the knowledge that you hold destiny encased in glass. I surely perceive that such possession imbues you with an inexplicable sensation of power. But think you that this weak race has reached the omega? Or are you too engrossed with scientific pursuits to have dealings with the stream of humanity that flows about your feet daily?"

He drew the professor over to the one window in the room, a large one, but completely covered with a curtain of purplish substance that granted but little entrance to the sunlight. The only light in the laboratory was furnished by jets of flame that spurted fitfully upwards, lapping the rounded bottoms of crucibles with blue and red and yellow fire.

The visitor pulled the curtain with a fine, white hand, and the disclosure showed his long, thin, melancholy face, beside that of the earnest little professor, whose round eyes blinked behind thick spectacles at the pale sunlight.

The visitor sighed. "Spring," he said, "of which too much has been said. Personally, I do not like spring. There is something depressing in the thought that there is no death. The cruel cycle continues, slowly the year makes its weary round, and over again. There is no rest," he said, fixing the professor with a stern, dark eye. "The world is doomed to live. But this," he said, dropping the curtain to, and stepping into the interior of the room, "is beside the point. My object in coming here this day was not to gaze upon your weapons of destruction. I came to obtain your advice on a horticultural matter."

He drew a packet from his pocket and laid it on a table. It was neatly wrapped in water-proof silk, and tied with a curious gold

cord. Carefully he unwrapped it, and revealed a shrunken brown bulb, with long, black roots resembling human hair. The professor bent over it, rounding his stooped shoulders the more.

"Very curious," he muttered, turning it over. "Very curious. Undoubtedly a specimen of the Orchidaceae family. And where, may I ask, did you obtain this?"

"An explorer gave it me. He came back from the African jungle, knowing he had only a few days of life. Before he died, poor wretch, he pressed this into my hand, saying that it would produce a bloom so exotic, so magnificent, that the swamp lily would appear dwarfed in comparison. Naturally, I am anxious to see the results."

"Naturally, naturally," repeated the professor. "And what have you done to achieve your end? From the particles of matter adhering to the fronds——"

The visitor threw out his white hands in a gesture of forced lightness. "My dear sir, I have tried everything. I have immersed it in a mixture of Burgundy and sifted sand. I have put it in a pot of the choicest white clay in a dark closet. I have planted it in my rose plot, sacrificing my choicest cuttings. And all to no result. I entreat you, sir, to deliver yourself of your opinion."

The professor shuffled off to a shelf ladened with musty volumes. He took down one of them, and as he opened it a faint cloud of dust arose from the yellowed leaves. He ran a finger down a page and studied it intensely for several moments. Then he arose slowly and laboriously put the volume back in its place. He turned to his visitor and dusted his hands together, lifting his bushy eyebrows in interrogation.

"Have you," he asked, carefully enunciating each syllable, "tried potash and pulverized bones?"

The visitor laughed sardonically. "Great God, man, there is nothing with which I have not experimented. Do not attempt to solve my difficulties so simply. Answer me to the point, tell me by what means the bloom may be achieved."

The professor fell to studying the root once more. He disposed of his spectacles and inserted in one eye a magnifying glass. The visitor gazed at him intensely, biting his lip with impatience, his eyes burning with a maniacal fire. Finally the professor took out his glass and laid down the bulb.

"There is no life in it," he said, smiling at the stranger. "No life at all."

"Monster!" shrieked the visitor, leaping upon his victim. There was the flash of steel in the air, and the professor slid down in his chair, lying quite still.

The stranger gave a glance of malevolent satisfaction about him, then he bent over the corpse. Hurriedly he lifted the arms over the head and pulled the body from its seat. Then grasping the grey hair, now dabbled with blood, he dragged the body out of the laboratory into the dark hallway. Down the steep, black slope of stairs his burden thudded on each step behind him until he reached the cellar. Here he seized a trowel in frenzied haste and began to dig.

It was clammily cold in the cellar, but during the digging of the hole the visitor discarded his coat and vest. At length an aperture was completed. He wiped his high forehead on his ruffled cuff and pushed the body into the grave. With a ringing laugh, he flung the plant in after the corpse, and began refilling the grave.

After half an hour of work, he threw his trowel away and stood looking at the flattened mound. Then, even as he looked, he saw the earth stir. Before his distorted face there arose a flower, strangely and wondrously beautiful, glowing like a jewel in the dankness of the cellar, its petals mottled like a snake, and filling the close air with an overwhelmingly sweet perfume.



Diary

Margaret Austin

I

I HAVE been sick in bed all day, but the day has not been in vain, for I have discovered the nicest thing. You know how dark and shiny the head-board of my bed is, and how it catches all the reflections about the room. They become shimmering, distorted streaks or balls of color. When I hold up my clenched fist its image merges with the colors and there is a picture—revolution, flames, the mad mob. Or when I fold my hands lightly like the Italian Madonnas there is religion with tapers, and incense, and cathedral depths.

These same lights become a tall, white sail, head lights and nickle work, or a ballroom when I hold my hands like John's.

II

I had just blown out a fuse and crept downstairs to report to the office. The girl sputtered impatience, then turned with a smile, "I thought it was about time you blew another." My spirits slowly returned from the amoeba stage through the worm to the human. I breathed deeply. She understood my love for wires. The bright copper ones especially delight me. The tough, gnarled kind—they make me stamp and cry with rage!

But the glorious fence-wires—many a night before going into the warm, lighted library, I have shivered in the dark to strum on them. Their weird music fascinates me.

III

Crowds of people. They stream ahead, and they stream away behind. Hard, sordid people. Hard pavements. Hard walls. Hard curbs. Hard glass windows. Hard straight lines. They all shift and move on. But I am constant. That dull ache does not move away. It and I go on together.

These people, I don't know them. They don't know me. We never see the others' faces as we pass. There is only one that neither goes ahead nor falls behind. He stays with me. Hard, bickering, menacing. But I am hard, too. Hard on Death or he will be hard on me.

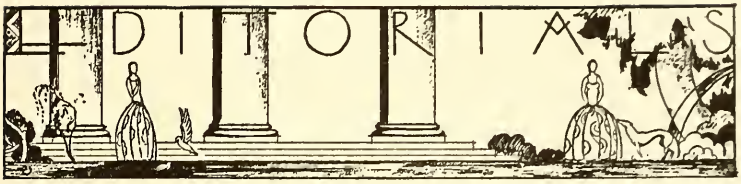
A Refutation

STUART GRONER

I HAVE always heard that Chinese philosophers were very wise, and do you know why? Because, when they had a vexatious problem in their minds, which ought to be solved, and solved in a judicial and weighty manner, they would sit down and fix their eyes on a bowl of goldfish (conveniently kept in every properly conducted Chinese home) and in the peace and calmness of the goldfish's steady movements, all incompatible thoughts would be swept away; the shift of attention could be focussed on the vexatious problem, and, lo, in the full concentration of consciousness, the answer would be immediately forthcoming.

Now, although I am not a Chinese philosopher, I, too, have problems in my own small way, and sometimes they will not work out. So, I determined to emulate the good old Chinese custom, and note results. I procured a bowl of goldfish and I sat in a comfortable chair before it, and I concentrated on Infinite Courage. And the goldfish swam round and round and round and round and round and . . .

And now, I do not think the Chinese were so very clever, after all, except in the original way they thought up an excuse for a quiet afternoon nap!



SENIORS

We have come to college for four years. We have gotten good grades. We have studied and learned by heart everything our teachers told us. We are the American, good, little girls. Thus we came, and thus we leave. And what can we say we have gained? Nothing, if we are honest, absolutely nothing.

But we will think of our several dozen notebooks of cold, hard facts—which may contradict each other or require entirely different basic conceptions—and a feeling of pride and superiority will sweep over us, most of us. This odd assortment of so-called facts won't bother us any. These facts are each in its own little compartment. We have never assimilated them, tried to make them part of ourselves. They are college knowledge—and whoever heard of applying that to everyday life, of fitting that in with the rest of ourselves? We came to college a certain type of person, with certain ideas—mainly our fathers', or perhaps our mothers'—and we, those same little replicas, are leaving. We have done four years of fairly hard studying. Our families would have been very disappointed if we had gotten bad grades, and after all, we do owe something to our families. A few of us, and let us emphasize the few, have taken courses, lived with them, suffered mental anguish over them, and after thought, destructive and constructive, accepted them and made them part of us, or rejected them as not fitting into the scheme. But these few are suspected by the rest of us as being peculiar—surely the type that men don't like. Oh, horrible, oh, devastating condemnation! Soon both the normal and the peculiar of us will graduate. Perhaps we will travel, and have many and wide experiences, and what will the normal girl do? She will take the experiences and the sights, and very, very neatly put each one away in another drawer of the filing case of her mind, labelled "My European Tour," or "Dinner Table Anecdotes."

And so we graduate, another considerable group of walking filing cases let loose in the world. Does it have to be this way?



We wish to thank the "Musketeer Book Shop" of Lynchburg for lending us the books to review.

BLUE GHOST

Jean Temple

JONATHAN CAPE, HARRISON SMITH, PUBLISHERS

"And in an age which has been deluged with biographies, the only excuse for another study is that of an attempt to rediscover Lafcadio Hearn's fine and strange utterance." And Mrs. Temple's book is a study—that is the right word. We love to read over with her his pages—the pages of a man who, "through a blue glass, saw life not darkly, but steadily and whole, and with no myopic inner vision"—and to linger over the lovely passages. There is no sense of rushing on with a narrative, to find what happens next; we are content with what is before us as we read.

The book is a construction of Hearn's personality, of his inner life, from these "fine and strange utterances," rather than a biography of his life as men around him would see it. The author's style reflects something of Hearn's, so that throughout the book runs uninterrupted and delicate clear-cutness and fairy mysticism of Hearn himself.

But first of all, it is the title Mrs. Temple has chosen which interests us. We think, if we do not know him, that perhaps Hearn is the "Blue Ghost." But no. It is his universe, in all and through all, wrapping the world, yet something which will wear away, leaving the world to circle, blank as a skull. Then there is her sympathetic interpretation of his understanding of the East, such an understanding as few, if any others, have had; of the passionless Oriental, of his Buddhist doctrines of racial memory, his belief that "an aesthetic experience is the recall of an infinitely complex racial experience of beauty," and that "perhaps the destiny of all is to be molten by that mighty Image-maker, Death, into some great, sweet, passionless

unity." But this is the core of his understanding: "We of the present West do not know: we merely dream. But the ancient East believes."

Always we return to the style: through its medium we see a little man, all of whose life "was devoted to the focussing of the instant of ghostly beauty," swamped in the America of the seventies; we wander in old French New Orleans, through mossy green stone mansions where banana trees grow in inner courts; we watch the seasons pass in Japan: "red maple and cricket of autumn, a white cotton winter, cherry and plum flower of spring, lotus pool of summer," until the candle burns lower and lower, "down at last to the deep, essential Blue."

—Abigail Shepard.

BACKGROUND WITH FIGURES

Cecilia Beaux

Houghton Mifflin Co., 1931

Cecilia Beaux' autobiography, which she calls "Background With Figures," is apt to be disappointing to the reader who expects to find in it an intimate insight into the personality of America's foremost woman artist. Only the first part of the book, which gives an account of her family and childhood, is autobiography in the true sense of the word. The rest might more accurately be called "Memoirs," so restrained is her account of her education and experiences as a painter.

To the person who knows the language and problems of painting, however, the book will be a novel experience. Its descriptions of people and places and studies in light and shadow, color qualities, form, and composition, and the experiences related are in terms of art values. There are, too, frequent criticisms of classic and modern paintings and comments on contemporary artists.

Any reader will enjoy Miss Beaux' account of her experiences painting the portraits of three of the great war figures, Clemenceau, Admiral Beattey, and Cardinal Mercier. The vantage point necessarily gained by a portrait painter is seldom granted to those who would write about famous men, and few people observe as carefully as the person who seeks to transfer the character of a man to canvas. Consequently, these pen sketches are fascinating in their intimacy and in the freshness of their point of view.

—Mary Lynn Carlson.

IMPERIAL PALACE

Arnold Bennett

DOUBLEDAY DORAN, 1931

"All the eighty-five speaking characters in this novel are entirely fictitious, except one, which is a very partial portrait of a man now dead," read the note prefixed to Arnold Bennett's latest novel, "Imperial Palace." Eighty-five speaking characters. I was floored before I even began the book. 85 . . . The first chapter was entitled "4 A. M." This was also unusual, particularly since the hour was not in relation to an evening ending at four a. m., but the beginning of a day. Arnold Bennett's latest is (that popular word) different. It is the story of Evelyn Orcham, Managing Director of that last cry in luxury, the Imperial Palace Hotel. Evelyn Orcham has equipped the hotel with the finest, in carpets, in wine, in linen, in hors d'oevre, in porters and laundresses, in all of which he is inordinately bound up. He has made the hotel a personal thing to its patrons. Arnold Bennett reveals in the minutest detail the intricacies of hotel life. A quarrel between the housekeepers of the sixth floor and the seventh floor is enough to create a war in the hotel. In fact, the chief objection of some critics is to the extreme detail. Yet in this detail lies a great part of the fascination of the book.

The private life of Evelyn Orcham, the demi-god (or perhaps he isn't even a demi-) of the hotel world, is sphinx-like, until Gracie Savott gayly and successfully breaks through his reserve. The spoiled daughter of a millionaire, she overcomes Evelyn's calm even to the extent of becoming his mistress in a Paris flat. One woman seems to lead to another, for the recluse becomes also interested in Violet Fowler, a protegee floor housekeeper. "Nothing on earth so interesting as the reactions of sex on sex," so Evelyn discovers, and so Arnold Bennett shows in this story. And through it all, like a bright ribbon wound in and out, runs the life of the Imperial Palace, human and perplexing, with its petty wars, politics, and scandals.

Arnold Bennett's style is precise, clever, seeking the exact rather than the merely descriptive word. His imagery is modern and attractive. The most charming characteristic reminded me of "Strange Interlude," for the author uses Eugene O'Neill's device of printing the speech plus the thought of his characters. He *said* so and so, but he *thought* such and such. The book has a peculiar charm, but if you are afraid of long books, find yourself in the midst of this one and can't put it down, don't say I didn't warn you.

—MARY PAULDING MURDOCH.

Exchanges

The Exchanges this time contained an unusually large amount of excellent material. We wish we had space to quote more; instead we have selected the following bits as being perhaps more unusual and mature.

EXPLANATION

By Kathryn McFarland, ex-1924

Printed by permission
From The Mount Holyoke Monthly

I made a little god for me;
I shut him safe away.
Within a crystal flask he lies,
And there he turns and twists and writhes
Like smoke on a windy day.

On carven jade the crystal rests,
Strange blues climb high, but gold runs back,
Remote, serene, and cool.
About it float white mists, and dim,
Like drifting clouds upon the rim
Of a still, reflecting pool.

Within the flask the colors flare
And change before my eyes;
Spiral flame, and lacquer black,
And grey of twilight skies.

But one sad thing about my god;
I cannot set him free,
For he dissolves at a curious stare
And his colors fade at touch of air,
So mutable is he.

ADOLESCENCE

BY K. IRENE GLASCOCK, 1922

From Poems by Irene Glascock, Garden City Press

I am so much a child that without end
I play at games and childishly believe
My own pretendings—ever fill my days
With changing faiths and loves and strange young griefs
That I invent—and though I quickly tire
Of each toy passion, still, with eagerness
As keen, I turn to the next game, and cry
"At length I love!" or "This time I believe!"
—And yet I know (sometimes) that I have found
No God who was not tenuous as smoke
Of fragrant, futile incense—never love
Of which I could say certainly: "The years
Will not touch this"—nor any grief a month
Would not suffice to mend. And to my youth
The thought is terrible that age or death
May find me still absorbed in child's pretence—
Stretching vain hands to touch reality.

TODAY BE STILL

ELIZABETH WENTWORTH SEAVER, 1933

There are other days for laughing . . .
Today be still . . .

With things unspoken
Crowding our thoughts,
We'll wander
Through mute, familiar places,
With pale clouds
In the tall sky
And a still wind
On our faces . . .

From *Cargoes*, Hollins College, we quote this extract from "The White Christmas," by Mary Adams Holmes, '31.

> And yet it was not only of those men
> I spoke; their's is an opiate madness
> All of us cannot know, and little kin
> Is their bright pain to sultry, flat despair
> Of men who wake and cannot weep, but lie
> Staring into the dark. They feel no hurt
> Close to a sweet wild joy, but in its stead
> Dull bewilderment. Their lives, it seems,
> Are but a grasping after wind, a clutch
> At running water.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

The Mount Holyoke Monthly—Mount Holyoke College.

The Pharetra—Wilson College.

The Acorn—Meredith College.

The Tattler—Randolph-Macon Woman's College.

Wellesley College Literary Review—Wellesley College.

Sequence—Smith College.

Lasell Leaves—Lasell Seminary.

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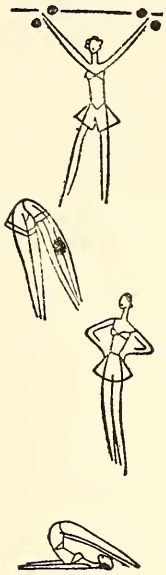
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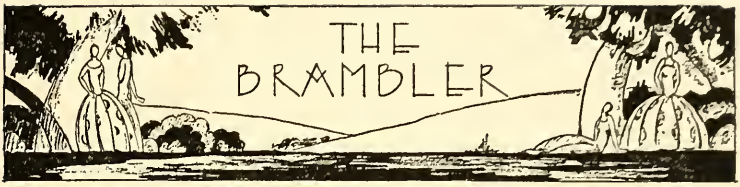
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the BRAMBLER



may 1921 number

Sweet Briar College



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A POEM

ELIZABETH MOORE

Four years she lay upon
Her narrow bed;
Four years she fought for life;
Now she is dead.
 Never will she hear again
 Raindrops tap her windowpane.
 Spider-hearted tulips will
 Light no more her windowsill.
 Never will there come her cry
 Of joy at limbs against the sky
Surging with a summer storm.
Flinging fraily aside,
Gallantly as she lived,
She died.

And So They Lived

WARWICK RUST

"ALWAYS want to be going—always want to be going," said Mrs. Thomas, as she sat rocking her chair in little jerks. "I don't know what will become of this younger generation—never stay home. Why, Louise doesn't even know what the inside of this house looks like!"

"Yes, Gaga. It seems that way to you," Anne Daniell replied, "but you know that the world has changed. Louise must have some recreation." This was not the first time she had heard Mrs. Thomas speak in such a manner.

Mrs. Thomas had led a hard life. Her husband had gone insane when her children were very young, and had died in the state asylum a year ago. She never mentioned him. It had been a queer thing to have the one whom she loved still living, but really existing in another world. Gaga's manner was bitter. Seventy-five years hung heavily on her hands. She said she wanted to die.

Both of Mrs. Thomas' children were now in their late thirties. They had not married, but had given up their entire lives to her. Louise, the elder, occasionally became very odd and many of her friends would not have been surprised had she gone insane at any moment. Paul had been working in a bank in the small town in which they lived for about twenty years. He was a fine boy, but drank. This drinking was only to relieve him from the "bedlam" at home. The family quarreled continually. Because of his drinking, the girl to whom Paul had been engaged had broken her engagement a number of years ago and had immediately married someone else. Paul now turned his attention to a young teacher in the public school near his home. No one knew whether Paul was in love with her or not. Gaga would not allow the girl to enter the house. She was a public school teacher!

Louise thought that she was virtuous. Gaga thought that she was virtuous. Paul thought himself long suffering. In other words, each one thought that the kingdom of heaven was right at his door.

However, in this family there was a great thing. They quarreled incessantly. Each one did the thing which he or she thought would aggrevate the other. Thus they lived, but there was probably no greater love in the world than existed between these three human beings.

As Anne Daniell rose to leave, she invited Mrs. Thomas to walk home with her.

"One of the children would be glad to bring you home in the car, Gaga," she said.

"I won't go if they are going to bother to bring me home! No, I won't go! I'm not an invalid!" Gaga shouted.

"Alright, Gaga, we won't do it if you say not." So Gaga slung an old black hat sideways on her untidy, white hair and they walked out of the door into the street.

When they arrived at the Daniell's home, Mrs. Daniell's daughters came out to greet their great aunt. Because of the nice day they had changed to some cool, spring dresses.

"You girls will freeze in those dresses," Gaga said.

"Why, Gaga," Marjorie replied, "We're nice and warm, and you certainly cannot complain about these being short."

"Pooh, child, just because they're long doesn't mean a thing. I can see straight through you now."

Five years ago Gaga had lost her eyesight almost entirely. At the present time she could not write, and it was impossible for her to read anything but a Bible with large print.

Gaga talked and fussed and finally it was time to go home. The car was out of the question, so Mrs. Daniell asked Marjorie to walk home with her. This was opposed, but Marjorie went. They had not gotten a third of the way when Gaga said, "I can go the rest of the way alone. Go home, Marjorie."

Marjorie could not argue with Gaga, so she consented to let her go the rest of the way alone. As Gaga trudged up the road, Marjorie sat partly concealed in some bushes and watched her until she had safely crossed the road and entered her gate.

That night Louise was staying at home and at eight o'clock Paul came down stairs.

"I'm going out, Mama," he said. As the door closed Gaga called, "That Drewer woman again?"

Paul walked down the steps and out into the road. He was very tall and slightly hump-shouldered. As he walked along with long strides, cigarette in hand, his figure gave a lonely appearance. What he was thinking of no one would ever know—he did not know himself. This period of walking from his home was always blurred. The world to which he was going was so different—laughter, dancing, and fun.

A few minutes later Paul and Mary Drewer were speeding along in the rumble seat of a car. She liked him a great deal. He knew it.

"Let's stop here," Paul said, as they neared a public dancing pavillion. The car swung in and stopped. For a moment they sat in the car and finished their cigarettes, laughing voices—strains of music—automobiles starting and stopping. They climbed out and a few minutes later the couples were on the floor. Before entering all of them had had drinks.

Paul trudged along the road. His foot was not so sure this time. His mind was blurred, but with a different kind of confusion. Presently he climbed the steps to his home. A few minutes later he was in bed.

Breakfast came. Louise and Gaga sat down. Paul was not there.

"Where's Paul?" Gaga asked.

"I don't know. Maybe he's feeling badly. I'd better go see." Louise left the table.

As she opened the door to Paul's room everything was still. He was lying in bed—sound asleep. Or was he sound asleep? She drew back. His face was blue.

"Mama!" she called. Gaga came running.

At eleven o'clock that morning Anne Daniell, Mrs. Delly, a next-door neighbor, and the doctor, felt a great relief when Paul moved voluntarily. They had been rubbing him alternately for two hours. Then his eyes opened, and it was not long before he was sitting up. The doctor had ordered silence. Gage sat, white as a sheet—her eyes were on Paul. Louise was holding one of his hands.

Paul appeared to recover from this spell very quickly. The doctors could not say definitely what had been the matter. Some said poisonous whiskey, others that it was a stroke.

The one who really suffered from this was Gaga. Two days after Paul recovered, Louise came home from work and found Gaga lying unconscious on the floor. The doctor arrived and pronounced it a stroke. This was Gaga's second one. Her throat was so paralyzed that she could scarcely speak. Everyone was kind to Gaga. They liked her in spite of her manner.

In about two weeks Gaga began to improve. Her speech was becoming clearer and her stubborness was returning. Louise walked in the room one morning.

"Mama—here's your medicine," she said.

"I don't want any medicine," Gaga replied, and she would not take it. Louis was overjoyed. She rushed down stairs and rang the phone.

"Doctor," she called, "Mama is better. She won't take her medicine."

And Gaga was. In a few days it was difficult to keep her in bed. She soon recovered entirely.

One night soon after this Paul and Mary Drewer were out together. The conversation drifted and finally, as they were driving along, the subject of love arose.

"Paul, why is it that you have never said you love me?" Mary began, "and yet you go with me all the time? I like you so much, but it isn't my place to say it."

But Paul hushed her. His thoughts seemed far away, and in a pleading voice he said, "You know why Mary—please. Let's drop it!" and then with a blurt, "I love you—but, if we were married—oh, don't you remember father?"

Louise was invited by some friends to come and stay with them in their cottage at the beach the following summer. She was very excited when she left. A really good time seldom came into her life. She was so happy. As the car in which she was riding neared the beach the smell of the salt air put a new life into her. The first thing she did was to go in swimming. The waves were not too high. The temperature seemed just right. Everyone seemed inspired by the atmosphere of the sea.

That night they walked up the boardwalk and had a good time spending their money on foolish things. Finally, they went to watch the people dance in one of the large hotels. Billy, a son of Mrs.

Kelly's, Louise's hostess, danced with a friend of his. Finding himself left out he came over and asked Louise if she would not like to dance. She did. She had always been a good dancer and it was heavenly to be swept over the floor again. Late that night Louise crawled into bed.

"Louise, wake up, please," was the next thing she heard. She opened her eyes—it was dark.

"What's the matter?" she said.

"Gaga is sick—but don't worry, because she'll be alright," Mrs. Kelly replied.

Louise did not cry. She was too stunned. Getting up automatically she dressed and walked to the waiting car. After telling everybody goodbye she climbed into the back seat. Mr. Kelly was driving. They wanted her to sleep—sleep?

As the car drove along Louise wept almost silently. What of Gaga? Would she live?

When Louise arrived early the next morning, she found Paul sitting by Gaga's bedside. Gaga was ill—a third stroke—in fact, she was dying. Louise walked into the room and knelt down as she clasped Gaga's hand. Paul patted her head softly and stared into space. It would be only a short time now. Within the hour Gaga's last words were uttered.

"Ashes to ashes and dust to dust," the minister said, as the coffin gradually slipped down into the red earth. The crowd began to disperse. Louise and Paul were weeping. Gaga had left them.



August Night

CHARLOTTE LEE

THE white bed that once looked so cool and inviting has turned out to be a bed of hot coals. Each new position I take, every time I move, it gets more wrinkled, and unbearable. The air —no, it can't be called air—it is thick, soft cotton, pressing down and smothering me, so that even to breathe is too much of an effort.

I lie staring into the darkness. A drop trickles slowly down my neck, and I impatiently wipe it away with an already damp handkerchief.

Perhaps the electric fan might stir up a cool breath, but no, the wind it blows is as hot, or hotter, than the still air.

Over the high brick wall floats a soft murmur of voices, accompanied at intervals by the slap slapping of a palm-leaf fan to drive away mosquitoes, and the creaking of a wicker chair. The Chinese know that sleep is out of the question, in their little holes of houses. They will sit in the street and talk to pass away the hours of night. Sometimes I hear low laughter. How can anyone be so disgustingly cheerful? They must be like flies that thrive in the heat.

I close my eyes and lie quite still for a moment, and then there is a faint buzz, which becomes louder and more insistent, and a mosquito lights gently on my cheek. Stealthily I raise my hand and slap, but she is an agile young mosquito! After sleeping all day on the ceiling of my room, she is just waxing eloquent, now in the wee, small hours and is quite prepared to be the life of the party.

I sit up and switch on the light and pick up the most recent *Saturday Evening Post*, now just a month old when it reaches this interior city.

The first picture I see is a tall glass of ice tea and a huge electric refrigerator. In disgust I hurry on to the stories—the first shows a picture of a slender girl in a most abbreviated bathing suit, skimming over waves on a surf board. No, that is not what I want to read. But the next story is no more suitable—a schooner, trapped in by ice in the arctic regions, and the crew, the proverbial hard-boiled bunch, about to mutiny.

In despair I throw aside the magazine and wander out onto the porch. Gazing up at a cloudless sky, I see a million stars, and they, alone, seem cool.

Thoughts

Charlotte Lee

THEY have always told me that it's wrong to be envious, but I am, nevertheless. You see, my sister is going home.

She has finished the dirty, monotonous, noisy trip across the continent. She has sailed on the majestic, palatial "Empress of Japan." She is on the high seas, and every day she is nearer home. Of course, she has been seasick, and I would be too if I were in her place, but that makes it all the more a relief when you get your "sea legs."

There is a bustle of excitement at home. Clean linen and fresh flowers, and mother joyfully presiding over the preparations. Betty and Mary Cary will be allowed to stay up late—maybe till half-past eight, that very important night when she gets home.

She will take the afternoon train from Shanghai and at night she will ride home from the station in a rickshaw. She will see the shop-keepers beginning to put up the board fronts to their shops, leaving open only one narrow panel for late customers. She will hear the night noises—tired calls of venders on their last route, the gentle tinkle of rickshaw bells, and the soft, rhythmic flap flap of the coolies' feet, bare or in straw sandals. She will smell the rich, hot smell of restaurants, the musty, woody smells of coffin shops, and the sickening, stagnant smell of narrow, crowded streets.

She will wake up of a morning and hear the home noises. The click, clicking of father's razor blade against a leather strap, or Mary Cary crying because Amah is combing tangles from her curls. She will hear the excited murmur of the servants voices.

"Yes, Mr. Lee's second Miss has come home. She is taller now, and very thin. Yes, it is hotter here at home. In America they have black people for servants. Big Sister, your rice is cooked soft already."

Yes, I am envious because my sister is going to China.

She will watch the stars at night, and sometimes, perhaps, wish she were here, for she has, I think, left part of her heart in America. I shall watch the stars at night and often wish I were there, for I have left much of my heart in China.

Hirundinidae

SALLY AINSWORTH

THE sunlight fell in golden patches on the table, melting the butter. The walnut tree dropped twigs into my milk, and I put my hand over the top, which made drinking awkward. That was very inconvenient, for I was hungry after a morning of sailing.

Every one relaxed over the salad. I dropped an olive seed on the grass and pushed it into the turf with my heel. Rollo was absently shredding phlox blooms onto his plate, and trying the result with French dressing. It was Cousin Isabel who broke the silence.

"Rollo!" she said. "Call this horrid beast off. He keeps sticking his nose in my lap."

Rollo laid down his fork. "Elizabeth! Come on, dear old girl."

"Her name," said Aunt Laura, from the head of the table, "is Lively."

"It ought to be Elizabeth," Rollo said, gazing down at the silky black spaniel that grinned up at him. "Look at those drooping ears and that sensitive mouth. Exactly like the pictures of Elizabeth Barrett Browning."

"Who's she?" This was Cousin Stephen Douglas, a lad of nine troubled years. I had been quite fond of Stevie ever since I learned that he had refused to recite his Boy Guide slogan.

"She said, 'I thought once how Theocritus had sung—' "

"Who's Theocritus?"

Aunt Laura leaned in his direction. "When your tutor comes, you'll learn all that."

Stephen sighed. "Have I got to have a tutor?"

"Of course you do. It may be all very well for you, but we don't like to have the idiot child going about."

"But this is the best part of the summer," quoth Stephen, "and he is probably a booby at sailing and shooting."

"From all accounts," said Aunt Laura, graciously, "Mr. Herbert Woodford is an estimable young man, and one that may prove a delightful companion for you, Rollo. I expect you to meet him this afternoon."

The four-fifteen, by some grave mishap, arrived at four-fifteen. There descended from the rear platform, with a brisk step, a man whom both of us took to be Herbert R. Woodford. I thought that if he were not, it were a great pity, because then there would be two persons in this world of that same earnestness instead of one.

The introductions were performed, and Mr. Woodford took his seat in the motor. We started out along the pike. He sat forward and thrust out his jaw at the surrounding landscape.

"That," said Rollo, waving his hand to the left, "is the trap-field. And those are the stables. I say, here's Madame now."

Mr. Woodford peered over his shoulder. "The governess?" he asked.

"The cow, the white one." He stopped the car. "Do you want to get out?"

"Yes, please." I said. He opened the door and I got out. I climbed up rather neatly on Madame's broad back and sat there, greatly at my ease.

"I'll see you at the house," I called, cheerily waving my switch, and made my leisurely way over the lawn.

When I arrived, Rollo and Mr. Woodford were standing on the terrace. Stevie was on the farther end, absorbed in kicking pebbles with his boottips.

"These are the boxes," Rollo was saying. "They were brought over by Hengist and Horsa. Charles II spent the night in one. Over there's the bay. I can't say where that came from."

I went in the side entry and up the stairs, where I needs must meet Aunt Laura on the way down.

"I'd like you to show Mr. Woodford the house," she said, "and see that he's comfortable, will you?"

I joined the group outside, and led the way to the rose garden. My heart was heavy within me, for I knew that I might visit here no more. It was my particularly favorite part of the place—a brick walled enclosure, opening down a path bordered by poplars, with rosebushes all about. Over by a smallish pool was a two-room summer house. This house had been recently done over for the occupation of Mr. Woodford.

I took a key from my pocket and opened the front door. "This is your room," I said, "and this is the school room."

Mr. Woodford strode after me. "Excellent! I trust, Stephen, that we shall spend many a happy hour here."

I broke in as I saw emotion gathering behind Stevie's freckles. "Tea's in half an hour on the lawn. You can find it, can't you?"

We lingered out late that evening, for night was long in coming. Mr. Woodford was busily talking to Aunt Laura. Her ecstatic comments and the sharp twittering of the chimney swallows was the only sound. I watched them wheel in the air and drop one by one, each with a terse comment to its follower, into some retreat hidden by the trees.

Lessons began next morning. Rollo and I went away soon after breakfast for tennis with the Fosters. As we left the table, we dropped a sympathetic hand on Stevie's head.

We came home just in time for dinner. Jock and Margery Foster were with us. We had invited them to view Mr. Woodford at close range. While we put our racquets away in the oak chest, we saw teacher and pupil enter. Mr. Woodford had his arm around Stevie's shoulder, and the boy was wriggling under the embrace.

It was Mr. Woodford who monopolized most of the conversation. "I should be interested," he announced, "in visiting that small island not far out in the bay which Stephen pointed out to me today."

"You mean Prawn's Cove?" asked Rollo. "We call it that because the man who used to live there looked like a prawn."

"You see, I'm writing a book. A modest volume, but one which I hope will do its small best. The name is the 'Birds of the Empire; Their Habits and Their Habitations.' I should be happy to observe the gulls which I believe are there." He grew enthusiastic, and went on. "I am planning to go to Canada in a few months to find traces of Arctic species, and on to Australia to study the emu."

"What's an emu?" Margery asked Rollo.

"It emu-lates the ostrich," Rollo replied. "I'll take you over there tomorrow, if you like."

The day was bright, and the breeze was splendid. The *Nellie M. Pawla* went easily over the sparkling bay, the canvas whipping in our faces. Mr. Woodford sat in the bow, a large lunch box in his lap, quoting to himself:

> " 'Approach the islet of a thousand joys,
> Pristine, primeval, as the Druids left it,' "

he announced, his spectacles gleaming, as he clambered out on the shore.

"And he's the island's prime evil," muttered Rollo, throwing the rope over the stump. "We'll be back for you around four o'clock."

Stevie tugged at my shoulder. "Can't we maroon him?" he asked wistfully.

"I wish we could," I whispered back. "Keep up the spirit, Stevie my lad."

When we went back for them, he related his woes to me. "That badger kept me on those hot rocks, the sun blisterin' by neck, all day, takin' notes for him in a giddy portfolio."

Mr. Woodford, however, was in high spirits. He stood, tipsily enough, by the rudder. He wore a large straw hat, with a handkerchief pinned to the back of it, that made him look like the picture of little Buttercup.

That was on a Tuesday. The following Saturday, Jock and Margery and the Brandons were at the house for dinner again. Afterwards we went into the bowling alley. It was then that Stevie found us, and his face was that of an old man. He sat down beside Teddy Brandon and myself on the counter's bench.

"D' you know what he's up to now?" he asked in a loud, clear voice. "He wants to start The Wembley Boys' Bird Club, for the furtherin' of his blasted enterprise."

The others grouped around him to listen. "He wants to do it right away, and I'm to be president. We'll probably use his Birds of the Empire, Their Habits an' Their Rabbits, for a textbook. I can stand the man's Caesar, an' I can stand his everlasting William Blake, but I will *not*," he went on piteously, "be president of any bird society, no matter how many corbies' eggs I get or how many grouse I snare."

"This man," said Jock, "is the two-groat Philistine."

"We'll all be pulled in on this next," said Rollo, half to himself. "Never fear, Stevie. Has your Uncle Rollo failed you yet? He has not. So, I shall deliver you."

As they said good-night to Aunt Laura, she spoke to Margery and Adela Brandon. "Won't you bring your dear mothers and aunts to tea tomorrow? I haven't seen them in so long."

"I'm sure they'd like to come," Margery answered. "I'll give them your invitation."

As we were going up stairs, Rollo stopped in the hall on the second floor. "Corinna," he asked, "are you game?"

"Fiercely loyal," I replied.

"Good. Now listen. We've got to do this tonight. You meet me outside in back in—" (he looked at his watch) "—in twelve minutes. Gird your loins for the fray. I'll be waiting."

"How'll I come? By the way of all flesh?"

"Right you are. Twelve minutes, Abercrombie." He ran up the steps to the third floor.

I went to my room and put on an old cotton print and tennis shoes. Then I went down the hall, past the night-light, to the first landing. Level with this there was an ancient oak tree, whose branches rubbed the casement and made terrifying sounds on wet and windy nights. It was known to us as the "Way of All Flesh," a designation that sounded both vulgar and mysterious.

I slipped the bolt, crept out on a branch, and dropped down. Rollo caught me and set me on my feet.

"Did you leave the window open? Good girl. Come along."

The grass was sharp and wet against my ankles, as we walked towards the stables. They reared, black and ominous, against the stars.

"You say here," Rollo said, when we reached the carriage house. "I'll be back in a mo—." He turned the corner and was gone.

Whatever he was doing, he did it very quietly. I listened intently, but except for imagining all manner of sounds, I heard nothing. When he returned, he carried something under his shirt.

"Rollo!" I said, catching his sleeve. "Rollo, you're not going to put a rabbit in his bed?"

"Rather not. Mine are superior brutes, and besides, he might hurt it."

We walked on the grass by the driveway in the direction of the rose garden, careful to keep off the gravel. Just inside the gate, Rollo stopped.

"What I want you to do is to stay here. I'll be over by the summer house. See that beacon, over on the lighthouse? When it swings around this way in its perusal of the elements and gets about to the highest tree, you whistle, so I can cave before it reaches me

and shows me up like a ripe banana in a coal scuttle to whomever happens to be lookin' out of any window. Good egg!"

I sat down on the brick edge of the path and fixed my eyes on the searchlight. The night breeze blew in my hair and brought the smell of the roses to me. Slowly the beacon revolved, far out over the sea at first, then gradually piercing the night that hung over the bay, blotting out the stars. Nearer it came, showing up the windmill, then the housetop, then the cock on the stable weather vane. I waited until it turned the top of the highest poplar into a strangely bright green mass of leaves, and whistled, ducking as I did so.

When I sat up, it was out over the ocean again. Three times I watched the great arc of light wheel about, and three times I whistled before Rollo suddenly appeared at my side.

"Hello," he said, dusting his hands together. "Here we are. Now we shall go to bed like the dear little children that we are and sleep the sleep that comes from an unsullied conscience."

I did not know what he had done. I did not ask him. That, I knew, would be revealed most marvelously in due time. We kept a prudent silence until we had entered through the window again, had bolted it, and were on the landing.

"Thanks no end, Corinna. All sereno?"

"Quite," I replied. "Goodnight, Rollo."

All during church next day I watched Rollo's face. He wore a gentle, almost tender, smile; and I knew that empires were being torn down. I glanced with pity at Mr. Woodford, who sat with his arms folded on his chest, listening to the parson with a bright and beady eye.

The Fosters and Brandons were largely on the horizon that afternoon. Mr. Woodford was introduced, and it was even as I had known. He proved a great favorite with the ladies, and talked brilliantly away at them. I was near Mrs. Brandon, and heard him at intervals.

". . . Geography," he was saying, "and Caesar and history, of course. We learn at the mouths of the masters in a sunny school room, where every prospect pleases."

"Wouldn't you like to see the house?" asked Aunt Laura. "We can stroll over there now, if you like."

In little groups we left the table and sauntered over the lawn. Rollo was escorting Margery and her mother behind Jock and myself.

"Don't you find him delightful?" asked Mrs. Foster.

"Oh, very charming. Trés spiritual," answered Rollo gravely.

"That is my room," said Mr. Woodford, when we reached the steps, "and this is the schoolroom." He opened the door, and we stepped inside.

At first I did not know what was happening. Instinctively, with a little cry, I covered my head. The air was black with flying bodies, and the noise was terrific. I felt Toddy clutch me and pull me out of the room. I looked back and saw a bird, then others, and then many more fly out of the open door. The inside of the house was quite dark, and I could hear Rollo and Jock and Mr. Woodford inside, bumping over furniture and shouting. I saw the window thrust open, and instantly a swarm of birds shot into the sunlight. They spiralled up into the sky, twitternig furiously as they flew.

Of a sudden it came over one what had happened. I put my hand over my mouth and ran blindly away. Fleeing down the path to the gate, I bumped into another hustling object. It was Stevie. Without a word, we joined hands and made for the barn.

It was there, safe in the hay, that we dared look at each other and draw breath for a cry of triumph. Before we could embrace each other, Rollo dove in upon us, and rolled Stevie and himself over and over in the straw. I drew gasping breaths that hurt my lungs, and the tears streamed down my cheeks. For many minutes we sat there, our shoulders shaking with something finer than ordinary joy. I was beginning to believe that I should be sick in a minute, when Rollo staggered over and began shaking my shoulders.

"Wasn't it holy? Wasn't it celestial? Did you see Herbert the Turbat flapping the maps about? And Mrs. Brandon's face? Birds on the wall, birds behind the furniture, birds everywhere! Oh, Saint Andrew, help me!"

In a moment he was almost sober. "It was so simple, too. All I had to do was to put wire-netting from the rabbit warren over the chimney top last night after feathered folk were in. I say, Corinna, did you see Aunt Laura?"

I sat up. "No—what happened?"

"Superb! Purely colossal!" Rollo wiped his eyes. "She thinks he did it, with devilish purpose, to study the beggars! Told him so, and marched away. I heard her order the car to take him to the station. Listened as long as I could stand it, and then bolted. Red as a rose was he. Couldn't say a thing—just danced up and down an' spluttered. Feathers in his hair! Mouth full of down! Stevie, my boy, we will remember this day."

We joined arms and went forth, up the road and over the lawn, singing "John Peel" at the top of our voices.

NOTE: Hirundinidae—The Latin for chimney swallow.



My Coat—And Me

ZANE-CETTI IRWIN

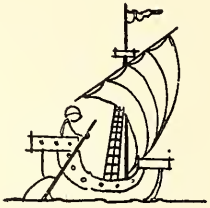
LITTLE brown checks on the outside with a faint blue stripe—huge red plaid on the inside—that's my coat.

I can change my coat. Someday I will. Someday I'll wear the huge red plaids and every one will stop and look and say what a striking, goodlooking coat.

Now there are only the little brown checks with the blue stripe—the plaid showing around the cuffs and throat and around my knees when the wind blows. Only when the wind blows does the red plaid show, the right kind of wind—the kind that whips up the color to your cheeks, adds a sparkle to your eyes, clears your brain—that wind shows the plaid.

"You ought to change today so people will know—so people will see that there is more red plaid than just the touches around the cuffs and throat—that there really is much more plaid than they think—beautiful red plaid, striking and goodlooking."

No, someday I'll change. I know it's there. People may pass and laugh at the little brown checks with the light blue stripe, but let them. If they only knew about the red plaid they wouldn't laugh. Someday they'll know. Someday I'll change. Someday the red plaid will be outside and people will think how striking and goodlooking. They will say they never dreamt it was all under the little brown checks with the blue stripe.



She Arrives

Zane-Cetti Irwin

"YOU'D better take a taxi, Zane, it's pouring down here."

"O. K.," she shouted down the telephone and stumbled out into Grand Central. She picked up her bags, bought a paper and scrambled with the other hundreds to the exit. For a brief moment they all hurried there together before being filtered out into subways, L's, busses and taxis.

"Taxi, lady?"

"Yes. One, please," she said absently, and climbing in, sank into the leather seat with the paper on her lap.

"Say," said an irritated voice, "where ya goin'?"

She looked up. The voice apparently belonged to an enormous nose on the front seat.

"Oh—25 E. 10th."

The nose nodded and emitted a large sudden snuffle, aided by a dirty forefinger run over the upper lip. "I get it."

She glanced back at the paper and skimmed over the article all about how Carol Lyons, popular movie star, had just received her divorce and had been seen lately with Rex Mix, also movie star, playing in—

"Say, April chure started off mit a bang, didn't it?"

It was the nose again. This time two small black eyes could be seen blinking around it.

She looked out at the rain. "It sure did—with a bang," she heard herself say, and she watched the lights come on and flash and stream past her window, making little Chinese figures on the wet pavement. The gleam caught an answering sparkle in her face—it turned up the corners of her mouth and added an excited light to her eyes. New York—mad, exciting New York in the rain.

Polo Game

ANNE BROOKE

SHE was going to see Uncle John again. It had been a long time since she had seen Uncle John, but Fanny remembered him quite clearly. She remembered his loud, gay laugh, and his yellow curls, and his strong, red cheek that he would hold her's pressed hard against. She remembered that she loved Uncle John very much. And now she was going to see him again.

They were all going to see Uncle John play in a polo game. Fanny had not the least idea what a polo game was. She asked cook, but cook did not know. She asked Suzanne, and Suzanne told her vaguely that it had something to do with horses. Fanny did not think she would like to play polo. She was afraid of horses.

She wanted to ask Mother about the polo game, but she knew it was best not to. Mother was flushed and flustered, and she fluttered her hands nervously. Fanny knew that when Mother fluttered her hands like that she was cross if one asked questions. Mother was worried about what to wear. Her new white suit would be smart for the polo game, but they would have a two hours' ride on the train first, and the suit might get dirty. A dark suit would look better for the train, but not nearly so smart for the polo game. Yet, if she wore white, every one would think her dressed inappropriately for traveling. Daddy settled the question by saying that if she wore her smart white suit, people on the train would guess that she was going to the polo game. Mother said, "Oh, do you think so, dear?" and brightened happily again.

Suzanne was so excited that she would not hold still while Mother combed her long black hair. She had a lovely new hat with a feather on it. And she could not wait to wear it. It was a very sporty-looking hat and Sue liked to look sporty. She put the hat on and strutted up and down before the long mirror, admiring herself.

Herbert was excited too. His face was deep pink, just like one of the peonies in the garden. He forgot to talk in his deep man's voice that he used since he came back from boarding school. His voice sounded shrill like a girl's.

But Morton was not excited. He did not want to go to the polo game because he did not want to wear shoes. Mother said he was a bad boy not to want to go see Uncle John. Monty said he did want to see Uncle John, but that he knew Uncle John would not mind if he was barefoot. Mother made him wear his shoes anyway, although Monty kept making horrible faces to show that the shoes hurt his feet.

Riding on the train was lots of fun. They did not stay on the train long, Fanny thought, but Mother and Sue kept saying they wished the train was not so slow. Mother's hands were fluttering continuously like poor little birds with broken wings. Most times when Fanny rode on trains, she and Monty looked out of the windows and counted the sheep and cows in the meadows that they passed, but this time she sat on Daddy's knee while he told them about polo games. Fanny did not understand, but she liked just to sit on Daddy's knee and watch his big white teeth when he smiled.

When they got off the train they took a cab out to the Fair Grounds where the polo game was to be. It was almost time for the game to start. Mother was afraid they would be late, but Daddy said not to worry because polo games never started on time. They were going to sit in a box, he said. Fanny thought it would be funny to sit in a box. She had never seen a box big enough to hold them all. She was sure they would be crowded and uncomfortable.

There were a great many people going to the polo game, so the cab had to go very slowly through the crowds. Fanny never before had seen so many carriages, and there were some automobiles too. The people in them were talking excitedly and cursing because they had to go so slowly. Fanny thought their cursing was very wicked, but Monty repeated what they said under his breath, over and over, as if he were memorizing it.

The game had not started when they got to the Fair Grounds. They went straight to their box. The box was not at all like any box Fanny had seen before. It was a square place with six little chairs. Mother kept looking anxiously all around and out on the big green field in front of them, where some men in white were walking around, and she kept saying, "I wonder where John is?"

And then all at once there he was. He came striding into their box, laughing his gay laugh. He had on a black and white striped

blouse and white breeches and tall black boots. The yellow curls all over his head looked pretty in the sunshine. He picked Mother up in his arms just as if she were a little girl and kissed her hard. Mother's cheeks were rose pink, and she laughed happily and said, "John, you darling baby!" Fanny thought to herself that it was silly of Mother to call great big Uncle John a baby when he was holding her up in his arms like that. But she did not say so out loud.

When Uncle John finished kissing Mother, he kissed all the rest of them too, except Daddy. He even kissed Bertie who did not like to be kissed, and turned red because he thought he was too old to be kissed. He kissed Fanny last, but she did not mind, because her kiss was the longest. She loved to feel his hard red cheek and his soft yellow curls. He had a funny little white hat in his hand, and he let them try it on. It felt odd. Sue would not try it on because she did not want to take off her new hat with the feather, but she looked envious while Herbert and Monty and Fanny tried it on.

The polo game was going to start in a few minutes, so Uncle John had to go. The game was supposed to have started ten minutes ago, but just as Daddy said, they never started on time.

After Uncle John had gone Fanny look around her at the people. She had never seen so many people. The men all had on white suits, and the women had on white and pink and blue dresses, and feathers in their hats. They looked sporty. Sue sat back in the box and played with the feather on her hat and looked sporty too. Fanny wished she had a feather in her hat like all the grown ladies had.

"Look, look, Fanny, here they come!" said Sue, punching her.

Fanny looked out at the green field. There were lots of men riding on horses. They all carried things that looked like croquet mallets, only with much longer handles. They all had on shiny high black boots and white breeches and funny white hats. Some had on red blouses, and some had on striped blouses like Uncle John's. Mother cried, "See, there's John!" But Fanny could not tell him from the others because he had on his funny white hat and his yellow curls did not show. The men rode up and down the field and Fanny thought they were playing the polo game, but in a few minutes Daddy said, "Now the game's going to start!"

Fanny watched the game very closely but she did not understand. The men kept galloping up and down the field trying to hit a little

ball with their great long mallets. The ball would fly from one end of the field to the other and all the men would gallop hard after it. Fanny did not understand at all, but she liked to watch the horses. They were beautiful, all shiny black or brown. Fanny liked horses when they were not too close to her.

Mother was very excited. She stood up high on her tiptoes and held tightly to Daddy's arm with both her hands. Her cheeks were very pink. She uttered excited little cries. Looking at Mother made Fanny excited too, so that she shook all over.

The horses galloped up and down faster and faster. The men hit at the little ball harder and harder. They were all crowded up together.

A horse fell down. It was a big black horse. It fell and rolled over on the man who had been riding it. Horse and rider both lay very still, black horse and white rider. Mother screamed and turned pale and fell against Daddy. Daddy turned pale too. His lips looked gray. He said, "You children stay here." He and Mother left the box, Daddy almost carrying Mother. Then Fanny knew that it was Uncle John who had fallen with the black horse.

Men were carrying Uncle John off the field. Fanny saw him when they carried him in front of the box. He was lying perfectly still. All the red had gone out of his cheeks and they were white as his hat and breeches. His yellow curls were all covered with red. It was blood. Fanny felt faint and sick all over. She looked at Suzanne and Bertie and Monty. They were all three white and looked sick too. She heard a woman in the box next to theirs ask, "Is he dead?"

Dead? Was Uncle John dead? What did it mean to be dead? Monty had a little brown dog once that died. Monty had cried and cried, and they had put the little brown dog in a box and put him in a hole in the ground and covered him all up with dirt. If Uncle John were dead would they put him in a box and cover him up with dirt? No, no, not Uncle John, with his loud gay laughter. She knew that Uncle John could not be dead.

Daddy came and got them all and took them in a cab to the station. Mother was not with him. Fanny wondered where Mother was. Daddy put them on the train and said that cook would meet them at home. He and Mother would not be home for a few days, and they

must be good children and mind cook. He kissed them all and turned to go.

"Daddy," said Sue, "is Uncle John dead?"

Daddy nodded his head and went away.

Sue and Bertie and Monty cried all the way home on the train. They were crying because Uncle John was dead. Fanny wondered why it was they cried. Did it hurt to die, she wondered. She thought of Uncle John with his cheeks white and blood on his yellow curls. Were they crying because it hurt Uncle John to die? She touched Sue softly on the cheek. Sue's cheek was wet.

"Sue, does it hurt to die?"

"No, I don't think so, Fanny. No, I'm sure it doesn't hurt." Sue's voice trembled.

"Then why are you crying, Sue?" said Fanny.

"I'm crying because we'll never see Uncle John again!" said Sue, and began to cry much, much harder.

Never see Uncle John again? Did one never see people any more after they died? Fanny thought of the little brown dog. They had put him in a box and covered him up with dirt and they had never seen the little brown dog again. Fanny thought of Uncle John's loud, gay laugh. She loved Uncle John. She loved his soft yellow curls and his strong red cheeks pressed hard against her's. And she was never going to see Uncle John again.

Fanny began to cry.



A SONNET

Nancy O'Brien

How far I've drifted since I thought to write
My soul on paper! Life and I great songs
Would sing of beauty's truth and worth; the light
Of time would shine through me, and all its wrongs
Be righted by my pen. My mind would fly
With thoughts of gallant men and valiant deeds,
On wings of love, to realms beyond the sky.
But now I know my dreams are wind-blown reeds.
The human heart alone holds what I seek—
A joy that sees its goal in simpler things,
A joy that shields the gentle and the meek,
But finds its greatest source in man, and clings.
My soul in eager youth strove for a star;
My heart with clearer vision cries, "Too far!"

Souvenir

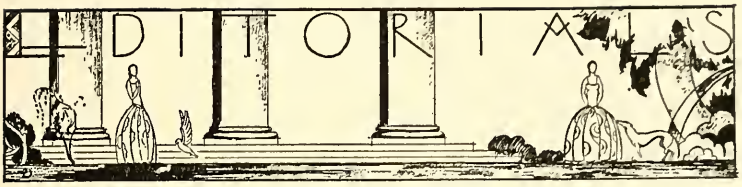
ELIZABETH MAYFIELD

WE were very gay when you left. You handed me a purple pansy from a great bowl beside you. "Remember me like this," you said, and laughed. I took the little thing and sniffed it thoughtfully. Silly of me, pansies don't smell. And then I laughed too, and told you that pansies were "heart's ease" you hadn't known.

I carried the flower about with me for an hour or two, maybe more. I never knew what had become of it. I probably laid it down somewhere. Later, when I went home, I remembered it and was sorry. I had intended pressing it, or something. It didn't really matter, because, you see, I remember you another way.

I can shut my eyes and see you as you were that last evening. You stood on the stairs below the window nook where I sat and talked up to me. Your bright head and blue dress were silhouetted against the grey wall, and the last little rays of light that streamed down, stirred against your hair, making it gleam like fire. There were little crinkles of fun in your blue eyes, and I could watch them until it grew dark.

Yesterday, I turned to the dark forest, following the pine path through the dense trees. A bright bird flashed before me, faired for an instant on a bough above my head, and then was gone. And that is how I remember you, my dear, like a splash of color on a gloomy horizon; like the last penetrating rays of a winter sunset, before the darkness falls—swiftly, completely.



FAREWELL

This is the farewell issue of the staff of '31. We welcome the new staff and wish them all the luck in the world. A month ago we would have finished this remark by mumbling under our breath, "and they will need it." But it is surprising how rosy things look when the last issue is ready for press. We puff with pride and finger tenderly and possessively the last five issues of The Brambler. This publishing business is very interesting, not a bad thing to go on with. We like to talk officially to the new staff about "cuts," and "spacing," "dummies," and "tail pieces," hoping that we sound impressive, and that they feel as ignorant as we did this time last year. But suddenly, as we leaf through the pages of our first Brambler, we come to the Editorial. It is idealistic, very idealistic, and full of important plans. At first we laugh and feel what poor, innocent fools we were just one short year ago. But we read it again and see that we were feeling pretty puffed up over nothing at this stage in the game. There certainly are a lot of things that we always meant to do and never got around to. And so we sneak rather shame-facedly out of office and try to assume a cynical sneer about the idealistic editorial we know the new staff will publish. But don't be fooled, we don't feel cynical, we just feel a triffle subdued and a little silly when we compare our results with our intentions. But it is a great business, this publishing.



We wish to thank the Musketeer Book Shop of Lynchburg for so kindly lending us the books which we review.

FLOODMARK

By Jamie Sexton Holme

HENRY HARRISON, NEW YORK, 1930

On the shelves of the browsing room in the library of Sweet Briar College, in an honored position, stand two volumes of verse by a former Sweet Briar student, Jamie Sexton Holme. The later volume, *Floodmark*, is linked with the earlier one, *Star Gatherer*, by characteristics which give zest and charm; and it adds, moreover, its own fresh power. The elemental sense of oneness with nature recurs in *Sea Burial*:

> When life is over, give me to the sea;
> I loved it more than ever I loved the land.
> Let my stripped bones grow white as salt and sand;
> Let water be a winding sheet for me.
>
> Great tides shall swing above me like a bell;
> My requiem shall be the waves' slow song,
> And all the centuries shall not seem long,
> Where I lie lulled by many a murmuring shell.

The quest for freedom cries out again in *Silver Wings*:

I watched a frail young moon this morning,
As I lay still in the sun,
And a white bird rose on wings of silver
Till the bird and the moon seemed one.

Oh, to be a bird on a blue morning—
A white bird, on a golden noon,
With the wide untrammeled sky for a pathway
And wings of silver beating the moon.

Love songs with the throb of pain once more bear witness to the sensitiveness of the poet's nature. For example, *The Test For Love*:

I think love's truest measurement
Is in its power to deal a hurt.
It is not pleasure and content
That keeps each quivering sense alert.

But if there's one whose casual glance
Can pierce you like a savage dart—
Whose unconsidered word's a lance
To split your undefended heart—
Whose coldness is the taste of dust—
Whose tenderness renews your fears
Of losing it—whose lightest thrust
Draws fiery blood, and scalding tears

That leave fresh anguish in their wake—
For whom you starve, and freeze, and ache
With wretchedness that none can slake—
Who strips your nerves of every cover—
Oh, this is your appointed lover!

And the title-poem, *Floodmark*, has a stanza which haunts one with its knowledge of the values of suffering:

The sea-wall crumbles far below—
Its feeble strength was spent in vain,
And still the waters lift and flow,
Bitter and bright and clean as pain.

There is no wavering in loyalty to orthodox metres. *Free Verse* gives the writer's code:

No snowflake falls that does not bear
A pattern intricate and fine;
Each velvet wing of moth must wear
Some strange and delicate design.
If wings and snowflakes thus must be
Why should a little verse be free?

There is no star that does not prove
Obedient to a changeless law;
No sea whose rhythms do not move
In measured beat, without a flaw.
Then why should one small verse alone
Obey no impulse save its own?

Spring Song, to those who love its prototype, Meredith's *Love in the Valley*, rings like a confession of faith in the "measured beat."

Warm wind, south wind, delicate and dewy,
Whisper through the wild grass, whisper through the rushes;
Whisper through the marsh land, whisper through the forest,
Wakening the redbird, the bobolink, the thrushes.

Whisper to the world that the young spring is coming,
Jade-girdled, crocus-heeled, with blossom-woven hair.
Warm wind, south wind, tell us you have seen her;
Sweet wind, south wind, say that she is fair.

.

Warm wind, south wind, herald of her coming,
Long my heart has slumbered, sluggish as the rest.
While the slothful earth is rousing from its silence,
Break the buds of beauty folded in my breast.

A new force sways the poems on themes of social interest. In *Retribution* there is a dramatic thrust which is strong and fine:

Before the last great words were cried,
The day that Christ was crucified,
Swift hands of hatred carved the Cross
And struck the blows of which He died.

With my own hands I made my cross,
And drove these nails into my side.

In prison courts that have no shade,
With chains that bruise the iron ground,
The captive walks his weary round.

I walk there too; my feet are bound
With fetters I myself have made.

A lover of loveliness, Mrs. Holme sings most often of beauty; and her poem, *Beauty*, illustrates very happily what one feels to be her authenticity in content and in music.

BEAUTY

Beauty stirs and aches in me
As the sap stirs in a tree.
Like the flash before the thunder
Beauty tears my soul asunder.
Like the gold beneath dark earth
Beauty would be brought to birth—
Crushed and melted—wrought in fire
To the shape of man's desire.

Beauty whispers in the night,
"Poet, wake, and learn to write!
All the songs you never heard
I will sing you while you wake—
Talk of tree and voice of bird—
All the sounds that waters make—
Murmuring river, lisping lake—
Hungry tides that suck the sand,
Brooks that tumble down the mountain,
Waterfall and soaring fountain . . . "

Like a tide that will not rest,
Beauty surges in my breast.

—MINNA D. REYNOLDS.

BEDTIME BOOK OF TRAVEL

Richardson Wright

Richardson Wright's "Bedtime Book of Travel" is the first bedtime book of travel that I have chanced upon which is really a bedtime book of travel. It can be picked up for one minute or five, put down for two days or ten, retaining its flavor and never assuming that certain air of an abandoned book. This is due, no doubt, to the chatty informality of the author as well as to the wide scope of interests to which he appeals.

The book is made up of comments on everything from how many people you pick up at a bar turn out to be nice, and how many of the people your wife selects as nice are not, to comparisons of quaint Dutch villages to shining strings of colored beads. Parts of it assume a travel-guide air, which I would not read were I following the given routes, but which, following any others, I would probably enjoy.

Scattered throughout the book is a chain of short stories, presumably told by the members of one of those inevitable traveling cliques, that form inexplicably at the beginning and dissolve just as inexplicably at the end of every journey. These make up the nucleus of the book.

The stories are subtle enough to flatter the reader without being obscure. "Rain on the Grand Canal," for instance, is the story told by Miss Elizabeth Montague Dyer Hall, a not-so-young-anymore English girl. It is about another young woman from the English country-side whose one big moment of life, in Venice, had been spoiled, when she learned, upon entering the gondola, that the young man in question was only an Episcopal minister on leave. When she met him the next day, chaperoned, he gave her a crystal heart, in remembrance of what—I don't know (unless it was her frustration). At this point the teller of the story drops her bag, a crystal heart clatters on the floor, and is returned to her by the young man of the party.

The style of each story adopts itself to the personality, and nationality of the teller. The stories range from "Thugs" to "August Disappointment," from "Diplomats" to "Chinese Warriors." Each is a unity, each a link in the chain, each a whole, yet each alone not

quite satisfying. There is something there for everyone; in fact, it might be better if it were not so all-inclusive.

It is, I warn you, a bedtime book of travel; apt to be too much of a good thing, if taken in too large gulps; perhaps to be mildly stimulating, but rather to lull you to sleep than to give you a new idea. It must be picked up here and there, read, and forgotten—with bits to be recalled, only as after-dinner anecdotes.

—MARY FRANCES RIHELDAFFER.

"JUAN IN AMERICA"

Eric Linklater

JONATHAN CAPE AND HARRISON SMITH, NEW YORK, 1930

Eric Linklater's "Juan in America" gives us a very amusing and rather caustic parody on not only Byron's "Don Juan," but on America as well. The book comprises a preface and four subsequent books, and seems to consist mainly in analyzing various seductions and seducees with America as a side issue. The preface traces Juan Motley's ancestry from the original Don Juan to Hildebrand and Charlotte Motley, cousins, English and American, father and mother to this strange young man whom the book concerns.

Young Motley's loves are varied to say the least: Leonie Ramper, an American collegian; Dora, a fruitful early love half-heartedly renewed; Olympia, an "operacrobat," magnificent super-woman, and Lalage, blond and fragile, the daughter of a Chicago gangster, who subjects their love to scientific analysis and paper.

We even see Juan bordering on bigamy, trifling simultaneously with two Hollywood prototypes, Jill and Genevieve.

A spoiled precocious young man, he lands in America preparatory to entering Motley College, founded by an ancestor, and the last resort of an exhausted family.

A gang-war, football heroism with a flippant disgrace, an intimate friendship with a bootlegger who adores ice cream, an affair on an island as desert as America offer, a position in a mad director's soundless symphony orchestra are only a smattering of this gentleman's collection of Americana.

Then comes a strange longing for normality, until a realization of its utter stupidity comes to Juan and he goes tearing off after a lovely Chinese girl. Quite typical in *Child's* is this soliloquy:

"I might have done a very foolish and ill-considered thing," said Juan to himself. "Good God, I might even have gone into a bank."

The book is pleasantly pointless and really very entertaining. Mr. Linklater has a facile way of spreading an aura of humor, subtle and delightful about his hero so that even in Juan's most distressing moments, we find ourselves suppressing a giggle. We recommend "Juan in America" for that hour of reading when one indulges in the purely frivolous.

—MARJORIE LASAR.



Exchanges

Out of an unusually large number of Exchanges, we have chosen the following poems as most worthy of printing. So many inexperienced writers are carried away by the beauty of mere words. Their shining poems, plucked of the brilliant, many-colored plumages, reveal little body beneath. Some amateur poems, though, are sincere—and these we pass on for you to appreciate too.

From *Sequence*, The Smith College Literary Review:

POEM

Charlice Olmsted

There are things I should have said
Now you are gone,
Little words and phrases pound
A wild dance in my head.
Red and yellow,
Red and yellow,
In a drumming, mad bolero
All the things I should have said,
Dancing round inside my head.

From *The Aurora*, Agnes Scott College:

TO A FRIEND

Kitty Reid

Casually you sit and watch the evening star
Move very softly in the evening sky;
Or listen cheerfully to winds that cry,
And smile and tell about a racing car
That runs so well and that will go so far;
Sipping iced tea and eating chocolate cake,
You stare unseeingly at life and take
A lump of sugar from a china jar.

But your trained hands have known that the swift touch
Of calm red velvet was exquisite, and
Silver bowls, too cold for flowers, were such
Fine ware as fitted your necessity;
Perhaps if moondust were preserved and canned,
You would pay its price indifferently.

From the *Wellesley College Literary Review*:

UNDERSTANDING

PHYLLIS STRAWS

A life alone,
And then another life—
As shadows that have met across the night,
Inexplicably drawn
They touch and drift apart—
But have they not that moment for all time?

From the *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*:

POEM

AGNES JUNKIN

Why don't you gather me up in your arms
 And lay me down in the grass,
Put the cool black cloth smooth over my face
 And let what will come to pass?
Why do you take what is life to me,
 And leave me living still,
With a stone for a soul to hold me down
 And an overstretched spring for a will?

From *The Mount Holyoke Monthly*:

SLEEP

ELIZABETH WENTWORTH SEAVER

Not yet! A little longer let us sleep;
Give us these foolish dreams another hour.
We are drugged, with sleeping fancies on our eyes,
As bees are drugged by fragrance in a flower.

An hour this still forgetfulness in slumber
(God grant that it may be hushed and deep!)
Before we wake to rise, and walk again,
To sigh and shake our heavy heads from sleep.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges:

Sequence—Smith College.
The Aurora—Agnes Scott College.
Wellesley College Literary Review—Wellesley College.
Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Mary Baldwin College.
The Mount Holyoke Monthly—Mount Holyoke College.
Vassar Review—Vassar College.
Goucher Kalends—Goucher College.
The Winthrop Journal—Winthrop College.
The Sullins Silhouette—Sullins College.
The Acorn—Meredith College.
The Distaff—Florida State College for Women.
Pharetra—Wilson College.
Pine and Thistle—Flora Macdonald College.
The Hampden-Sydney Magazine—Hampden-Sydney College.
Lasell Leaves—Lasell Seminary.

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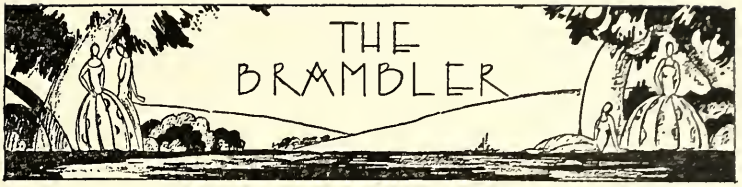
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june number

1931

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TO FATHER

(When the Spring is Coming)

Nancy Tucker Wilson

You flattered me by telling me my feet
Could keep apace with yours when I was small.
In places where the forest streams were sweet
With blown anemone, you told me all
The names of ferns and flowers; how of old,
Before the people hurried them away,
The fairies bathing in the rapid, cold,
Clear water tossed the petals in their play.
The butterflies were fairies. You and I
Believed in them. For us the mocking bird
Was magic. Songs he carolled to the sky
Were songs of all the birds we ever heard.
You chose for me the blood-root with its white,
Loose petals. So, I long for you tonight.

Claude and Eustace

To Be Read in a Contemplative Humor

SALLY AINSWORTH

ROLLO and I deposited the groceries in the back of the station-wagon. The eggs and the milk on top. The butter in a corner.

"Where now?" quoth he, telescoping himself behind the steering wheel.

I consulted my list. "The shoe store," I announced. "Ede left a pair of shoes to be resoled. It's only across the way. You needn't drive there."

To my surprise, Rollo sat still, pulling at his lower lip, and frowning. Then he turned to me, and I was taken aback to see a hunted look in his eye, aquivering of his chin.

"Sally," said he, "do you mind if I don't go to the shoe store with you? There's something about a shoe store . . . I'll just sit here, if you don't really mind. There's a good girl."

"I don't mind," I said mildly, climbing out of the front seat, "if that's the way you feel about it."

It was not until we were on our way home, the shoes in my lap, that Rollo unburdened himself.

"Sally," he began hesitatingly, "you wouldn't laugh at me, would you, if I were to explain myself? I don't want you to think that I'm afraid of the clerk in the shoe store, nor yet of the store itself. It's—well, it's myself I'm afraid of. I'm afraid"—and his voice sunk lower—"I'm afraid of what I might do."

He was watching me out of the corner of his eye, to see if I were laughing. I was not laughing. I was beginning to have a glimmer of great self-revelation. The moment was almost awesome.

"Rollo," I said, as gently as I could, "you are afraid of doing what?"

"I'll have to tell you," he said, steering the station wagon perilously near a truck. "It's this: every time I enter a shoe store, I am overwhelmed by an insane desire to—" here he broke off, and bit his lip. Then he continued in a broken voice, "to pull the bottom shoe box out, just to see them all come tumbling down. I cannot

tell you," he went on, his words coming rapidly and more rapidly, "how sweet would be the bliss of seeing the whole stack totter and crash! How jolly the noise would be! Consider the mess upon the floor! The shoes, the paper, the cardboard!"

There was a glory in his eyes, and a ring of triumph in his voice. He had half arisen from his seat. But I was not afraid. I laid my hand upon his arm.

"Rollo," I said, simply, "I can pretend no longer. You have touched the strongest chord of my being—the nucleus of my dreams. It is even so with me."

Across the years of hardship and trial, across the great abyss of pain, our eyes sought each other. We smiled tremulously, and at that instant the clouds rolled away, and we saw Eternity.

The rest of the ride home, replete with holy sweetness, was broken only by sentences uttered in hushed tones, such as, "Sally, oblige me by thinking of the confusion!" or, "Rollo, for my sake, reflect upon the chivvying of the clerks!"

Clearly, something must be done about it. The pity of it is that there are two kinds of minds in this world: the Inspired, and the Uninspired. The Thirsting, and those who are blind, stolid, stupid, smug, contained—the narrow-minded, who refuse to see *our side.* Take this example:

"Of what are you thinking?" asks Claude of Eustace at the dinner table.

"Of how I should love to sweep this tablecloth quite off the table," replies Eustace. Ah, there spake a brave soul! The Claudes clutch each other. The Claudes tremble with scorn. The Claudes observe in icy chorus: "Of all the driveling, contemptible, pusillanimous, unworthy ambitions, *this* is the most outrageous!"

But what of Eustace? His heart is pierced with many daggers. His soul aches with pain. He is crushed, a martyr to misunderstanding. There's the great unfairness. Why must we have our lives ruined, our prayers unanswered, our happiness impossible? It's not our fault. It was born in us. We are in Gaza, gagged and bound, and the Philistines hem us in. Now, all this may sound like the Memoirs of an Animal Mind. It's not. I'm sane—saner than the Claudes, did they but know it. My first experience in this line was when I was eight years old. I was in church, and suddenly I

was inundated by a desire to break into The Ancient Mariner, with the greatest clarity and earnestness. Just to see the preacher stop short, the congregation turn as a man, and my Cousin Evalina become apoplectic. Of course, I restrained myself. I stuck it out, but at dinner I could not eat my Yorkshire pudding.

It is a terrible thing to be afraid of one's self. It loosens the morale. It breaks down character. It breeds inferiority complexes. Take this as a sporting proposition: the next time you see two men walking down the Strand, one clear-eyed, the other with downcast head; the one with Control writ large upon his brow, the other with Yearning stamped upon his features; the one smirking, the other with dumb misery in his eyes—you may safely bet your last crown that it is a Eustace and his Claude, who has just prevented him from dashing in a store window. As Wodehouse prettily expresses it:

"And then suddenly—well, you know how it is, I mean. I suppose everyone has had that ghastly feeling at one time or another to do some absolutely blithering act. You get it every now and then in a crowded theatre, and something keeps egging you on to shout 'Fire!' and see what happens. Or, you're talking to some one and all at once you feel, 'Now, suppose I suddenly biffed this bird in the eye!' "

I have my own theory on the subject, which I modestly put forward: I believe that once a desire were put into action, it would vanish, or at least be appeased. That is, if a Eustace were to let himself go—just once. Supposing he were at the theatre, and in the middle of the performance—preferably during the love scene—he were to grab at the curtain rope, swing himself upon it, stay suspended for an instant, gibbering at the audience, and then leap onto a balcony and out of a door. The gods, aroused from their lethargy, would provide a fire-escape. They would clear the alleyway of bobbies, and have a hansom ready. Ay, that is what would happen were Eustace to say to himself as he spied the rope, "*Now, if I were half the man I think myself*——"

He would never regret it. On the contrary, he would thrive upon it. As an old general, after his fighting days are over, dreams of his former victories, so Eustace might creep into his shell and mull over his blaze of glory. What says the poet?

"When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone bewail my outcast state.
.
Haply I think on thee
And I would scorn to change my state with kings."

Or words to that effect. Anyway, haply Eustace would warm himself in the glow of the memory. He would walk with head thrown back and with ringing step. He would be a man from whom the Claudes would do well to stay away.

There is a charming little fairy story about the king who went about searching for the happiest man. As I remember it, it turned out to be a beggar, or a poet who had found a daisy, or something like that. The author of that little tale is wrong, dreadfully wrong. The happiest mortal—the man who is so idiotically radiant that he is transformed withal—is the Eustace who has just buzzed a hymn book at the bishop's nose.



AT EVENING

NANCY TUCKER WILSON

She was wondering—
She often did—
If he ever enjoyed looking at the evening
With himself out of the way.
There was a mountain, cold, blue, silent,
Cut into shapes by a tree's empty branches.
Down through wide, white sky
The sun fell into round boxtrees,
Shattering on the small dark leaves;
There were round shadows placed beside them.
But the wind blew the broken sun
Here and there,
So the shadows, left behind, were darker and broader,
Even under some of the bare trees,
Where the juncoes stumbled over broken nutshells.
There was the house behind turreted evergreens,
But the sun did not shine through it;
The slow wind had gathered
The shattered sun together
To take it away.

She thought she wanted to have a castle—
Only a small one—
To hunt for things in.
It was what a little girl dreams,
But maybe she was still very young.
She wanted someone to laugh with her
At the robin
Who put his head on one side.
It all had to do with the sun
She was sure;
Night would come with a strange tangle of stars
Far away.

The house might seem a castle then;
She might even think it was hers.

She wondered if he ever thought of things like this
When he looked at the evening,
And if he saw
How keen the eyes of a robin were.
She would like to ask him—
She was part of the evening, after all;
He would be, too, if he were there—
To ask him if night was like death,
Where things that were not true became true,
Like her castle,
With someone (who might be he)
To look at the robin.



Briggs and the Beast

ELIZABETH MOORE

HE was only an inch or two over five feet. He was dressed neatly and with atrocious taste. He was even wearing a cherry-red tie, which gave his inconspicuous hair a decidedly pinkish tinge. His eyebrows resembled an awning—not that they were bushy, but that they ran straight across his forehead and dropped suddenly at the ends to the outer corners of his eyes. His nose was undistinguished looking. But his moustache gave character to his whole appearance. A friend of his, a lady given to accurate statements, said she thought he must have tried to swallow a whisk broom and sneezed before he got it down. Finally, his name was Wilbur Briggs. And he was even less belligerent than he sounded.

Mr. Briggs drove slowly through the late June afternoon, enjoying the thought of a week-end of golf at Seventeen Pines. He paid little attention to the road until he nearly ran into a cow. After that he drove more carefully for some ten minutes. Then his thoughts reverted to golf. He wondered if James Smithson would be there. He enjoyed playing golf with James Smithson, in spite of the rash way in which he swung his clubs about. Wilbur Briggs expected to be knocked unconscious every time

He was jerked back to reality by an ungodly shriek—several ungodly shrieks, and by a strange animal noise. He slammed on the brakes so hard he almost turned the car over. Four children were standing in a ditch by the edge of the road. Each was clutching convulsively a little white goat. And each was jabbering fiercely through tears and pointing under his car. Mr. Briggs knelt down and looked underneath it. His first idea was that he actually had run over a cow. By degrees he realized that the thing was only another goat, but so large that his car was as firmly lodged on the goat as a boat run aground on shoals of sand. Mr. Wilbur Briggs began to push with all his strength. At last the car moved forward. Mr. Briggs continued to push it slowly forward until he tripped over the goat and dove without dignity under the spare tire. He picked himself up, shook himself furiously, dusted off his clothes, and prepared

for trouble. All the children were still crying, and all the goats still bleating. Mr. Briggs was thankful that the big goat, entirely uninjured, was content to eye him reproachfully from the ditch. He felt that he would have screamed if the beast had charged at him. He thought he could calm either the children or the goats. But he knew the combination would defeat his best intentions.

"I've been wanting to do this for a long time," said a voice beside him. Mr. Briggs wheeled about to look into the muzzle of a small black pistol. Mr. Briggs' friend would have said that the individual who was pointing the gun had swallowed a mop and sneezed. His enormous, drooping moustache was the only feature which impressed Mr. Briggs.

"Now, you get those goats off this road right away, or I'll shoot them and you."

Mr. Briggs did some quick thinking. He agreed promptly and drew out two crisp dollar bills from his pocket, taking care that the pistol owner should not see this. He walked diffidently towards the children, holding out the money.

"You can have this if you will get those goats out of the way at once," he whispered, in a conciliatory tone.

The children looked at him doubtfully. One of them snatched the money, and kicked the big goat. The sorry procession set out at once in an opposite direction from that in which Mr. Briggs was going. The owner of the enormous, drooping moustache turned to watch it. Mr. Briggs dashed for his car and started the engine. As he roared away he permitted himself the satisfaction of shaking his fist violently, though he was pacific by nature.

By degrees the comedy of the incident became apparent to him. He chuckled with the thought of how Smithson would laugh. He hoped Smithson would be at Seventeen Pines. He was a good golfer, even though there was danger of his annihilating you every time he touched a club.

Lucille Lenon

MARGARET AUSTIN

LUCILLE ANTOINETTE LENON woke before the alarm clock had its malicious chance to produce her terrorized bound out of bed. The novelty of deep relaxation filled her with grateful contentment. Every morning for all the nine years of her life as a teacher she had never waked to find herself in bed. She was always standing rigidly on the bare floor, breathing hard. The pounding of her heart was so much too powerful for her body that she used to wonder why she did not die. She could never become accustomed to the clock's loud clang, and hated it because she knew she could not do without it.

Lucille Lenon had passed a modest and eventless childhood in Riverdale. Her home was a ponderous General Grant house, surrounded by a tall board fence. Beyond this Lucille could not go.

Her father inspired in her the same fear as the large, dark house. He was French, and had a black moustache. This, and the newspaper, were the only things in which papa showed any signs of interest. The moustache was always well trimmed and brushed, and papa had a special coffee cup because of it. There were lots of things special for papa.

Sometimes, when business had been unusually good, Papa Lenon would move his head from behind his paper and ask Lucille if she had been a good girl. His roaring voice petrified her as a snake does a bird. Not until he was again covered by the paper could she flee to her room.

Mama Lenon was small and timid like Lucille. She never opposed papa in any way and told Lucille to remember always that her father was a fine man.

Once Lucille had climbed the fence and run away. Of course, papa had whipped her very hard, but she was comforted by reliving the breathless joys of freedom. The thing she could not understand was why mama had cried so. She would not stop even when papa told her to. Lucille wondered how long it took poor mama to save up so many tears.

The next year her parents died and she went to live with papa's sister. Aunt Louise looked like papa, large and dark. She taught Lucille that France was the most glorious nation on earth, that it was a great sin for the Lenons to have come to America, and that someday Lucille must teach French to atone for the wrong done when Papa Lenon became an American citizen. It was impressed upon Lucille that to try to be beautiful was immoral and unchristian. Her thick chestnut curls were wetted, combed and tightly plaited each morning and night. Aunt Louise vowed that the dusty air of Riverdale would kill them both eventually. To forestall this event the salt gargle became part of their daily life.

Aunt Louise died of heart failure, instead, and Lucille took a small apartment nearer her school. She was teaching French now, and life for her moved on in the same even way. Each day she tried to make as much as possible like the one before. She told herself that she could attain the godly, righteous, and sober life only by guarding against "foolishness." When Lucille guarded against "foolishness," she hurried past the lovely gardens of Riverdale's old homes, or kept her eyes sternly on the ground to evade seeing the majesty of fine elms. These things produced undesirable effects upon Lucille's peace of mind. They stirred up feelings she would far rather have kept buried. She would not admit to herself that the dread of these devastating moments made her cling so desperately to a hard, exacting routine.

Lucille turned over and pushed the lever to "silent." Her triumphant elation was the sweetest emotion she could remember ever having experienced. Her heart felt as though a hand were stroking it into tingling sensation. Lucille almost believed she saw the clock grow less shiny and proud, but still she had no pity for its defeat.

* * *

Lucille Lenon moved along Lombard Street with that cat-that-swallowed-the-canary air. I say she moved, because she was not aware of actually walking. In a way, she was conscious of the great grin on her face. But the rapid stares of the people who hurried by did not fluster Lucille in the least. She forgot to keep close to the high walls and hedges.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blaine." Lucille waved to the most dignified woman in Riverdale, also the most efficient gossip. Like a

dash of icy water, Lucille's shame almost suffocated her. That she should ever be so ill-bred, so rowdy! . . . O heaven! Mrs. Blaine was asking her in, she was entering the garden! She gazed slowly at the shaded lawn, the calm remote naiad by the pool, the Japanese quince tree.

"I repeat, Madamoiselle Lenon, it is indeed remarkable to see you at this time of day." Mrs. Blaine's usually blank eyes were alive with shrewd expectation. As Lucille turned to face her, she drew back her protruding head and lowered her lids to normal.

"Yes, you are right," said Lucille vaguely. She did not seem to be talking to Mrs. Blaine. "The alarm clock did it. It did not ring and it won't any more now. I was late to class for the first time in nine years. The children were in an uproar. They would not quiet down, although I did my best. Then I think I lost my temper. I can't remember what I said, but they were afraid of me. When I realized how I was talking, I told them to go. I stood on the platform and watched."

Mrs. Blaine swallowed and asked Lucille to sit down.

Even before her visitor had shut the gate, Mrs. Blaine was hustling her large person toward the house. "Oh, my! Oh, my!" she panted, "the poor girl losing her mind! What news—I must phone Mrs. Lane. Dear, dear!"

The name "Alexander" made Lucille slow down in front of a beauty parlor and hairdressing establishment. Alexander's—yes, where Mrs. Blaine said her "dear Gwendolyn" always went for facials and waves. Dear Gwendolyn was a scrawny-necked, bored debutante of some six or seven seasons past, and the idol of her mother's heart. Mrs. Blaine had sat and rocked, telling Lucille where dear Gwendolyn went for her evening dresses, for shoes, for hats, where she had her last permanent and how often she touched it up with a finger wave. How Gwendolyn danced! Why, all the nice bachelors were crazy about her. She really danced too much with them, Mrs. Blaine said, and sighed.

"An appointment, Madame?" Lucille nodded. She followed the white-linen girl down a long row of small rooms and was placed in one near the end. Another girl took her in charge and asked, "A shampoo and wave, Madame?" Again Lucille nodded.

While she was being washed and curled, manicured and mud-baked, Lucille was trying desperately to get herself in hand, to coax herself back into her normal frame of mind. Why, she had never in her life gone into a hairdresser's, and had looked with horror at the things she was now allowing these girls to do to her! But her heart still burned on in this strange way. She kept trying to remember the names of the other places Gwendolyn patronized.

Lucille had made up her mind! She was going to have and do the same things that Gwendolyn had and did. She was going to dance, sing, chatter! All her life she had tried to smother her longing to be one of that other world. She had attended her only dance at the age of fifteen. An embarrassed, awkward boy had spilled grape juice on her dress, so of course Aunt Louise would not hear of her going out with the barbaric young of Riverdale again. A flaming hatred of everything she had ever believed or thought shot up in Lucille. Above the white rubber covering around her, her cheeks were bright with anger at her parents and Aunt Louise. To think, what she had been all her life, even yesterday—a victim of other people's thinking, a slave to musty ideas, to an alarm clock!

Suddenly Lucille realized that there was no place in Riverdale where she could dance—no one to dance with her.

"Are you ill?" asked the frightened girl. Lucille shook her head, as the color slowly came back to her cheeks. She remembered Cousin Bernardin, papa's first cousin. He used to come to see them quite often when Lucille lived with Aunt Louise. He was a hearty laugher, and kissed Aunt Louise in the French style. This annoyed her exceedingly. Once he bought Lucille some chocolate cigarettes. That was the last time he came, and Lucille suspected Aunt Louise told him that she disapproved of him entirely. He was the proprietor of the Rumpus Club in New York now. He would laugh excessively when Lucille told him she was coming to New York that evening, but he would help her in every way.

* * *

Lucille was radiant. The flush and smile never left her face. The pupils of her eyes were large and dark. The drums, the laughter, the heat, the colored lights thrilled her to the limit. Cousin Bernardin was dancing with her. She had been right—he had

laughed uproariously when she told him she *must* dance. When she informed him he must teach her, he laughed more, and said:

"Little cousin, you shall dance like Titania before the hour is gone."

When she could follow with some assurance, he introduced other men to her. Lucille talked and laughed as she had done only in her very best, happiest dreams. As she wove in and out among the dancers she kept her eyes on a red-haired man sitting at a small table on the edge of the dance floor. His back was partially turned from the dancers, so that Lucille could not see his face. But she was sure he was Charles Snyder.

They had gone to the same Sunday school, and he had always walked home with her as far as the corner. One day he gave her half of his stick of chewing gum. When Aunt Louise found out about it, she took Lucille out of Sunday school and henceforth accompanied her to church, so that she could not associate with such "street brats."

Just as Lucille was being danced by his table he turned around and recognized her . . . Smiling broadly, he cut in. . . .



DISSERTATION

MARJORIE JANE SMITH

In a wide and roomy nation,
By a tiny railroad station,
Dwelt th' eternal poor relation
Waiting for an inspiration
To bestir imagination
To some brilliant versification
That would be the confirmation
Of his poetic reputation
In that wide and roomy nation.
And one day the railroad station
Near our hero's habitation
Burned, a roaring conflagration.
"Ah!" exclaimed the poor relation
In unbounded expectation
As he took an inhalation,
"This will be my inspiration
For my famous versification—
There is no misjudication!"
And he danced with animation.
But alas! in his elation
And his great exhilaration
He approached the conflagration;
To the firemen's great vexation
And his own disinclination,
He fell into the burning station.
Then up leapt the conflagration
And consumed the poor relation—
So the wide and roomy nation
Did not know his reputation
For that brilliant versification,
Since he had his termination
Ere he gained his inspiration.

Said Wickersham to Mr. Hoover,
"How do you like my last maneuver?"
Said Hoover then to Wickersham,
"It does not solve the liquor jam."

—SALLY AINSWORTH.

Countee Cullen

ANNE BROOKE

IN 1925 there appeared *Color*, a small book of lyrical poems by an American youth of twenty-three. It was received with enthusiastic praise by the critics, who were more enthusiastic because the young author was a Negro, and Negro poets are still something of a novelty. For this dark race, whose plantation songs and spirituals have been for generations a golden contribution to our American culture, has only in the past few years raised individual voices to demand acclaim.

Countee Cullen, who wrote *Color*, although himself highly educated and a graduate of Harvard, has not lost the realization of the tragedy of his people. This feeling finds expression in many of his lyrics. There is no bitterness of race feeling in them; no, rather a poignancy, a wistfulness, and with these a fierce pride and a sense of race equality. The majority of the poems, however, are universal in their viewpoint, appealing to man, black or white. In a group of short poems under the heading "Epitaphs," he reveals a fine appreciation of the work of other authors, and pays an especially beautiful tribute to Keats, for whose work he seems to have a passionate love. In this first volume, Cullen displays imagination, delicate humor, strength, sensitivity and skillful technique.

In 1927, Cullen published an anthology of poems by Negro authors, *Caroling Dusk*, and in the same year, *Copper Sun*, a second volume of his own lyrics. *Copper Sun* has much the same tone as *Color*, and shows no improvement in form or in depth of feeling over the earlier lyrics.

A year later Cullen attempted something different in his *Ballad of the Brown Girl*, patterned after the old English ballads. It is for the most part a successful imitation in metrical form and in expression, but it has been unfavorably criticized for being in some passages too literary and out of harmony with the ballad tradition. Yet, on the whole, it is admirable.

Black Christ and Other Poems, his next work, is noteworthy chiefly for the title poem. *Black Christ* is a narrative poem telling the story

of Jim, a Negro who is lynched for the crime of another man, and, like Christ, suffering for sin not his, he dies and lives again after death. The poem has strength, beauty and intensity of feeling, and is alone fine enough to excuse the other poems of this collection, which are inferior in vigor and imaginative expression to his former poetry.

In Countee Cullen the Negro people have found a brother who shares in their tragedy and who voices their grievances with yearning eloquence. In him, America has found a true poet, whose universality of outlook, whose sensitive artistry as a lyricist, whose sense of humor and feeling for beauty, place him high in the ranks among the poets of our age. Babette Deutsch, a contemporary poet, says of Cullen, " . . . the real virtue of his work lies in his personal response to an experience which, however conditioned by his race, is not so much racial as profoundly human. The color of his mind is more important than the color of his skin."



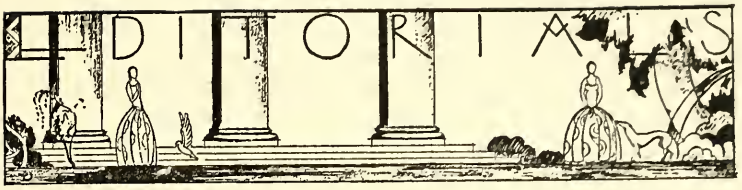
QUIET LADY

ALICE S. DABNEY

My lady, never smile nor speak,
 Nor shift your body's pure repose.
The dim translucence of your cheek
 Must never deepen into rose.
When once I see you breathe, the light
 Of wonder fades, the glamour goes.

My lady, never move your hands,
 Nor part your lips nor raise your eyes.
When a chance wind but stirs the strands
 Of your dark hair, the magic dies.
Let no stray shadow cross your mouth,
 Or this brief hour's illusion flies.

Inanimate as though a pall
 Already masked your deathless grace,
O lady, banish lest you fall
 Each mark of flesh, each mortal trace!
Look! silver streaming down the sky
 Behind the whiteness of your face . . .



Although much time, paper and ink has been expended in criticism of the "storm and stress" that characterizes our modern age, we feel a need for one more plea. At Sweet Briar, as the year progresses, there is such chaos as must well appear bedlam to any well-balanced outsider; and some of us, in a brave attempt to attain the impersonal viewpoint of that outsider, lament the disorder, even while we inevitably form a part of it.

Of course, our frenzy is understandable. Term papers, loafing, quizzes, and week-ends are well-nigh incompatible elements, but we jumble them together, shut our eyes, and trust in Providence. Our courses seldom, if ever, co-ordinate; our professors frequently ignore each other's requirements; and we ourselves ignore the courses as much as possible, without crossing the danger line of failure. A great deal of this is unavoidable; but some of it, we trust, can perhaps be remedied.

We suggest a saner attitude toward each of the many small parts that make up the mosaic of our college life. No course is as important as it seems the week before the examination, but neither is it as insignificant as it appears during stretches of comparative ease. A balanced viewpoint, which takes into consideration the possible benefits of any given course, would obliterate a large percentage of the denunciation which we lavish upon our oppressors, and thereby would do away with some of the wild-eyed expressions that haunt our faces at this time of the year. A similar balance of outlook would reveal to us the fact that although our professors' opinions are not infallible, they often approach truth more closely than our own; and conversely, if we looked the matter in the eye, we would find that many a dusty dictum that has been handed down to class after class deserves oblivion. The point is, however, that we, the students, should remain quite calm until we know whereof we speak

(and, if possible, even while we speak). When we are sure of the truth of our forthcoming statements, let the portcullis fall—but with less violence than it has of late been wont to show.

Our prayer, we realize, is more or less utopian. We do not expect to see the day when college girls do not make the welkin ring with their complaints, particularly when the year is almost over, and desperation and excitement are all too painfully intermingled. But a quiet yet active brain, born of a sane view of the situation can be the salvation of us all. Heaven grant that some day we shall be able to sing truthfully, in chorus,

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The hoots, the yells, the knells depart."



As We Pass By

So, when the crowd gives tongue,
And prophets, old or young,
Bawl out their strange despair,
Or fall in worship there,
Let them applaud the image or condemn—
But keep your distance and your soul from them.

—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, *John Brown's Body.*

And Gissing sat quietly, his throat resting upon the soiled knee of a very old and spicy trouser.

"I have found God," he said.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, *Where the Blue Begins.*

"Wery good," said Sam. "Now we look compact and comfortable, as the father said ven he cut his little boy's head off to cure him o' squintin'."

—CHARLES DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers.*

All children who are up on dates and floor you with them flat,
All people who are shaking hands, shake hands with you like *that*—
I've got 'em on the list—I'm sure they'd not be missed.

—W. S. GILBERT, *The Mikado.*

It is an illusion that youth is happy, an illusion to those who have lost it; but the young know that they are wretched, for they are full of the truthless ideals which have been instilled into them, and each time they come in contact with the real they are bruised and wounded.

—W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM, *Of Human Bondage.*

There we met with famous men
 Set in office o'er us
And they beat on us with rods;
Faithfully with many rods—
Daily beat on us with rods—
 For the love they bore us.

—RUDYARD KIPLING, *Stalky and Co.*

"If we attended the matches and yelled, 'Well hit, sir,' an' stood on one leg an' grinned every time Heffy said 'So ho, my sons. Is it thus?' an' said 'Yes, sir' an' 'No, sir' an' 'O sir' an' 'Please, sir', like a lot o' filthy fa-ags, Heff 'ud think no end of us," said McTurk, with a sneer.

—RUDYARD KIPLING, *Stalky and Co.*





We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop of Lynchburg for lending us the books we review.

FLAMENCO

Lady Elinor Smith

Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1931

Flamenco, by Lady Elinor Smith, is not a pleasant book. The story is that of Camila, a gypsy, who was taken into the home of an English family, when she was a very small child. The family is one living in a continual predicament—the master of the house, Richard Lovell, has been found cheating at dice in London, and has been forced to take refuge at the Manor House of Colereddy, in Dartmoor. His wife, once a great beauty, becomes half-crazed through the change of fortune, and is presented as a terrible witch-like person. The children are Harry, Evelyn and Celia, whose unwholesome and unnatural environment warps their senses, and particularly their sense of morals.

The first part of the book is concerned with Camila's family, and its wanderings that lead finally to England. Here she is adopted by the Lovells, and grows up to marry Evelyn, before she realizes that Harry is the real object of her affections. There is no solution; not even a half-hearted attempt at it. Not for one moment is a character definitely happy. Perhaps it is better to say that never is one of them even comfortable. Richard is the bully in every sense of the word. The sons are unscrupulous and wilful. Camila is the struggling victim of it all. Result: an unpleasant taste in the mouth.

The title of the book is taken from the flamenco music of the gypsies. "Mountain pirates become drunk, not so much on wine,

as on the wild, wicked flamenco singing that was howled to guitars from dusk to dawn." The music symbolizes the spirit of Camila, but somehow she does not march gloriously through the book. No one does; no one is ever triumphant, ever happy. Perhaps the best feature of the book is the description passages. Those of the seasonal changes are especially well done: "A winter silhouette of dark, delicate tracery of twigs and boughs against a cold calm sky of palest marigold, above the moors with its seas of rusty bracken."

The book is not enjoyable during the reading of it, nor yet on reflection. It is to be read, admired for its description, shuddered at for the complications, and hastily forgotten.

—SALLY AINSWORTH.

FATAL INTERVIEW

Edna St. Vincent Millay

HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK AND LONDON, 1931

Those who admire Miss Millay will be delighted to know of this collection of sonnets, dedicated to Elinor Wylie. We should not care to discourage anyone from reading them, for they are interesting. If only out of curiosity, we are led from one sonnet to another.

There is originality in them, but it is usually sensational. They are striking for the moment, but are not memorable. Some of Miss Millay's ideas may be unusual—as is that of her spirit wandering forever alive, since she had died already of the parting from her lover—but they are often superficial and sometimes even ludicrous. The general tone of the sonnets is morbid and fiercely passionate. They are exaggerated by the figures of speech that are used; there is too much weeping over the "noisy chains" of love, and brooding over "disdainful dust."

Yet, whenever we are able to pronounce unfavorable judgment, there will be a sonnet which makes us stop and consider anew—at least, modify our opinion. After sonnets too heavily laden with similes, there comes one refreshing in its spontaneity; one in which the idea may not be as striking as in some other, but which in the very naturalness of expression reaches purer poetry. The last sonnet

has been rightly placed, for it is the most lyrical of all, and leaves an impression which is lasting.

Some readers will excuse these poems, saying that a sonnet should be a light poem about love; the admirers of Miss Millay will probably like them, because they are quite characteristically written. For those who do not care for her extravagance, there will be some sonnets surprisingly free of that: these, we think, show Miss Millay at her best.

NANCY TUCKER WILSON.

SON OF WOMAN

John Middleton Murry

JONATHAN CAPE AND HARRISON SMITH, NEW YORK, 1931

This biography of D. H. Lawrence, written by Katherine Mansfield's husband, is the most unusual book of its type published in many months. Coming as it does shortly after the death of Lawrence, whose place in the literature of the day is hotly disputed, it is necessarily invested with great interest. But Mr. Murry has not only done well with his hazardous task; he has almost performed a miracle.

Anyone who has endeavored to study Lawrence's personality and work will realize how delicate a task the biographer had to perform. Lawrence was unquestionably a genius, obsessed with a tremendous abhorrence for the fetters of sex, which he thought limited all men. Since he was himself abnormal, he judged others by his own limitations; since he was tortured he wrote the terrible life-story that is included in some of the most revealing books ever printed.

Realizing the autobiographical value of these novels and poems, Mr. Murry says: "There is, and can be, but one true life of Lawrence, and that is contained in his works." *Son of Woman*, therefore, consists in large part of excerpts from Lawrence's writings, in chronological order. The book is purely psychological; it gives no names, no external facts, except for the essential outlines, and practically no dates. This method of treatment is more effective than any

other that could be devised, especially since Lawrence was what he was, a man whose inmost soul, rather than the bare events of his career, was all-important. And through *Son of Woman* we know his life as we could never know it if we read a mere relation of events, elaborately enlarged though they might be.

Lawrence's writings are keenly appraised by Mr. Murry, who has carefully considered the mental attitudes that lay behind their composition. The attempts by Lawrence to excuse himself for his misrepresentation of Miriam in *Sons and Lovers;* his heart-breaking efforts to free himself from shackles that proved inexorable; his despair at his inability to reject what he called the "crucifixion into sex"—these vital motives and many others are stressed over and over again by the biographer.

There is something appalling about this book, which lays before us the lifelong torment of a human soul. Yet Mr. Murry has revealed little that Lawrence himself did not reveal. "Lawrence," says the author, "belongs to the order of men who cannot be judged, but only loved." He was "a hero of love . . . a man whose capacity for love was so great that he was afraid of it . . . So he strove to kill his love; he fled away from it, he hid his face from it, he sought oblivion from it: in woman. The more avidly he sought oblivion from this consuming flame of love, the less he could find it, the less capable he became of finding it. And slowly and inevitably, the love turned into hate. Hate, first and last, of himself, who had feared his love and sought to kill it; hate, next, of woman to whom he had fled for refuge from the fire that consumed him, and from which he could not take the oblivion for which he hungered; hate, finally, of a world of men which had caused him to suffer as scarcely any man has suffered before."

—ALICE S. DABNEY.

BRIEF CANDLES

Aldous Huxley

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, 1930

This latest book of Huxley's contains three short stories and one novelette. I detest book reviews that go in for a resumé of the plot;

not that the unfolding of a plot ruins a book for me. No, not that, dear reader. It's just that your unfortunate book reviewer hates book reviews, and makes it her solemn pledge never to read them. Book reviews (the really good ones, you know) contain fifty percent praise and fifty percent blame. That's impartiality (according to Miss Nitchie, the prime requisite for a "really good" critic). All of which may or may not lead me back to *Brief Candles*. In short, I like the book (and now I ought to stop, for you will know no more about the book when I finish than when I began).

It is a compliment I hand Huxley, at that. For I was one of those poor, bewildered creatures who found that *Point Counter Point* didn't make sense. In fact, I am still trying to get my musical friends to explain the title to me. If all the Anglian authors go intellectual as Huxley did in *Point Counter Point*, I shall fall back on our own Harold Bell Wright with sighs of relief. But then I'm naturally a lowbrow, one of those exasperating people who prefers the McAlpin to the St. Regis. However, even my plebeian taste was delighted with *Brief Candles*, and I believe people with a scientific yen should also greet this book with open arms. For Huxley is one of the few novelists who possesses a solid scientific culture. If a man suffers from a persecution mania, Huxley calls it Paranoia. One has the feeling that Huxley knows whereof he speaks. He is not one of those pseudo-psychological novelists, vaguely generalizing on abnormalities and complexes.

The theme of the book is a favorite one with Huxley futility. But it is a futility laid bare with an abundance of irony and wit. Huxley is interested in looking at human beings as a scientist would. He has no use for any sentimental preoccupation, and his chief fault would seem to be that all his characters speak in the manner of their creator. And since Huxley speaks essays, so do the characters. The whole field of ethics, morals and philosophy, lies open for Huxley's people to dabble in. It is a little disconcerting to find the most ordinary characters talking glibly about deep intellectual problems, but it is equally true that few of Huxley's characters are ordinary. They all generally are either abnormal, precocious, or are ultra-sophisticates, surfeited with life.

Man, Huxley holds, is many diverse personalities. And no one is truly consistent who is truly alive. Thus Huxley accounts for

many of the contradictions of his characters. He accepts the current beliefs of the majority of psychiatrists that many neuroses are caused by physical ailments. If indigestion is the cause of a man's ill-temper, Huxley can be depended upon to say so. The fault lies, not in our stars, but in our liver.

Huxley is limited. He sees just what his contemporaries see, with no more profundity. He sees through the shows and descriptions of his age, but he fails to see deeper. He tears the masks from his people, and there is nothing beneath. He never gives them a prolonged scrutiny and his study of them is too brief. He fails to sustain them long enough to make them live and breathe. But above all, he interests.

—MARY HENDERSON.

Exchanges

The Mount Holyoke Monthly seems to be our source for quotation this month. We find, much to our delight, another poem by Elizabeth Wentworth Seaver, whose work we have so often printed.

SONNET

(To one who indiscriminately praises the dead)

Elizabeth Wentworth Seaver, 1933

Praise is forever rising from your lips
To these, the dull and unremembered dead,
As eager as a child's new tale there slips
From your quick mouth speech too unwarranted.
Remembering not these whom you call the brave,
No one will laugh nor dare to doubt your word—
Nor do we care, who see not past the grave;
Your words by us unfelt, by them unheard.

To those who are swift with life *my* praises rise,
Whose laughter is quick, whose loving proud and deep,
Before the dust has fallen in their eyes
And theirs the rebukeless chastity of sleep;
These—laughing souls, not angel heaven-tried
Nor mortals given wings when they have died.

The following poem—well, one can hardly say anything about it—one can only read it and observe how true it is.

MY CANDLE

HELEN LYNCH, 1933

Trembling, I lit my candle
 Lest anyone should see
It flickered, then the flame leaped up;
 It was my soul set free!

Breathless, I watched it burning,
 Steady and clear and white.
I had not known a soul could give
 So beautiful a light.

But someone knocked upon my door,
 And gave a friendly shout.
Hurriedly I lit my lamp
 And blew my candle out.

We are looking forward to reading more of Elizabeth Gardner's verse in the next issue of *The Mount Holyoke Monthly*, if this little bit is a sample of what is to follow.

POEM

ELIZABETH GARDNER

If you go tomorrow
my eyes will lose
your eyes' clear mirror
and my hand your hand.
Yet this thing of beauty
we have made, we two,
though we deny it,
it will not go.

We wish to acknowledge the following exchanges for this month:

The Mount Holyoke Monthly—Mount Holyoke College.
The Concept—Converse College.
Pine and Thistle—Flora Macdonald College.
The Echo—Furman University.

The Peoples National Bank

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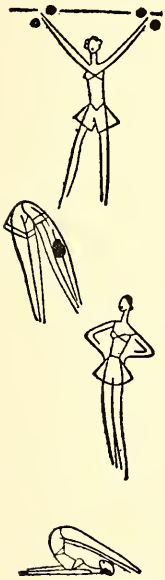
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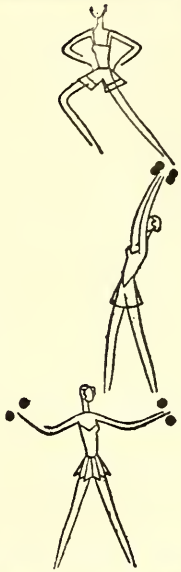
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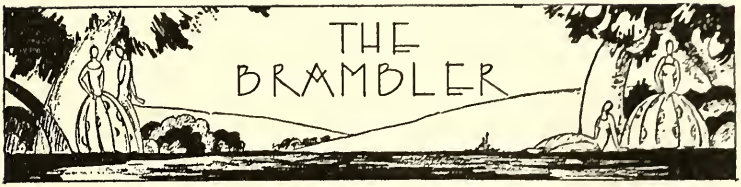
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LYNCHBURG, VA.

Sau. 47823 1904 1. Ed. 1





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Juggler of Words

Nancy Tucker Wilson

The wind is an artist, in Indian summer,
Skipping through woods
Where the dogwood branches roll red marbles down,
Where the falling acorns make a tiptoe noise.
It scatters gay leaves to paint the circling valleys
And juggles the sun.
With the live dancing shadows underneath the trees
Let me be the wind's companion,
A juggler of words:
Oh! Let me toss autumn across a white page!

The Villainy of Mr. Seymour

SALLY AINSWORTH

CAST OF CHARACTERS

ADAM SEYMOUR
JOHN BRIERLY
PRISCILLA NICHOLS
JANET NICHOLS
MADELINE HOWARD
HELD

ACT 1, SCENE 1

The curtain rises on a library whose dark panels, heavy furniture, and wine-coloured curtains give it the correct air. Trust Adam Seymour for that. The spectator can imagine its owner in various poses around the room—Adam Seymour reading a tooled volume, his pipe between his teeth and the famous Seymour legs stretched in front of him; Adam Seymour leaning against the heavy mantel, gazing into the flames; Adam Seymour by the window, the famous Seymour profile outlined against the drapery. As Held is moving about settling the breakfast things, we expect to see Adam Seymour appear on the landing, stand still for a moment, and then swing down the steps. But we are baffled this time, for it is John Brierly whom we see, clad in a dressing gown. If we are clever, we can see that he has only just arisen.

JOHN: "Good morning, Held."
HELD: "Good morning, Mr. John."
JOHN (*He has lifted one cover and puts it back sadly*): "Eggs. I like mine after they're grown."
HELD: "Has Mr. Adam risen?"
JOHN: "He's up there having his thought for the day."
HELD: "His fiancee called."
JOHN: "His what? Oh, come now, Held."
HELD: "So she insisted, sir."

JOHN: "What kind of voice did she have? High, low, or sweetly modulated?"

HELD: "I cannot say, sir."

(*He passes out regally. John goes to the foot of the stairs and shouts.*)

JOHN: "Don't think yet. It's coming to you."

(*He returns to butter a roll. This time we are not disappointed. Adam Seymour appears on the landing, stands still for a moment, but does not swing down the steps. Instead, he half-sits on the balustrade and runs down rapidly in this peculiar fashion. It is a habit of his; he is very fond of doing it.*)

ADAM: "I see nothing to give me my thought. I see item, the breakfast; item, the morning carnation; item, that foul tie you're wearing."

JOHN: "Your fiancee called."

ADAM: "Extraordinary! I, by rights, should have called her. She loves me dearly, John. Who is she?"

JOHN: "Was it Madeline?"

ADAM: "No—surely not! Whenever I have nothing else to do, I propose to Madeline. But I feel sure—deep in my heart—that she would never do me the wrong to accept."

JOHN: "Her voice was sweetly modulated. Held said so."

ADAM: "Madeline's is vibrant. No, I thought not."

(*He sits down with a pensive sigh. Suddenly he points the knife at John.*)

ADAM: "Priscilla."

JOHN: "Priscilla?"

ADAM: "To rhyme with pillar and pickles."

JOHN: "Why pickles?"

ADAM: "Her last name. Nichols. Surely you know her—the girl in white, whose mouth is a sleeping rose waiting to be kissed awake." (*With some satisfaction.*) "I told her so."

JOHN: "And did she say, 'And I used to think dreaming was beautiful'?"

ADAM (*Passing his hand over the famous Seymour forehead*): "I see it all plainly now—the garden, the smell of the dewy grass, and Priscilla. She accepted me, of course. Said she'd be around today. It's today now!"

JOHN (*out of the marmalade*): "You don't love her?"

ADAM: "I? Love her? Dear me no. But last night, somehow, I had to propose. It was too perfect not to propose. I wish it had been Madeline if it had had to be anybody. John! It was your fault. Why weren't you about?"

JOHN (*sunnily*): "I rather thought you'd say that."

ADAM: "I'm grieved, John. Hurt to the quick. I never dreamed that you'd go back on me like this. Why didn't you break in with something like, 'How beautiful the night is!' Does our friendship mean so little to you, then?"

JOHN: "How are you going to wangle it?"

ADAM: "Don't be coarse, John. One doesn't wangle things like this. One lets it slip, gracefully, gallantly, a cynical smile on the lip. She should plead, 'Let there be no bitterness,' and I should reply, 'I might have known Spring does not last forever; Leaver-of-Memories, farewell'!"

JOHN: "A Rose for December, Act four, scene three. But that won't do. Not without great moaning of the bar."

ADAM: "D'you know, I'm frightfully sensitive to situations like this. They upset me."

JOHN (*callously*): "You've eaten four rolls."

ADAM: "And yet, you know, this might be the making of me. I might turn poet, and write great poetry. It would introduce into my acting a new tone; a shading of bitterness—melancholy, if my heart were broken."

JOHN: "What about hers?"

(*Held enters. If a cat can smirk, so can he.*)

HELD: "Miss Nichols."

(*Priscilla enters with a little run. We see at once that she dotes on babies and chocolate drops. We smile broadly, for she is very pretty and quite excited. The little catch in her voice—she always speaks as if she once lost her breath and has not yet caught it—is appealing. Her starry eyes are appealing. Adam goes to her and takes her hands. Stooping, he kisses her cheek.*)

ADAM: "Now morning has come."

PRISCILLA: "How are you, Adam? Adam, did you dream about me? I dreamed about you."

ADAM (*who is looking for John to make proper introductions.*

But John has fled long ago): "I wanted you to meet John. But that's nothing. He's a worthless fellow, never on hand at the proper times. I don't care. I want to look at you."

PRISCILLA: "Darling, there's this perfectly repulsive exhibition of sculpture or something I have to go to. Mother says I must go look at them and think lovely thoughts. Will you go with me?"

ADAM: "What do I care for statues of eggs and things when you're here, flesh and blood, and you love me?"

PRISCILLA (*delighted*): "Darling! Listen, I've got to dash. Really I have. But I'll be around about twelve. 'Bye, Adam."

(*We applaud silently. He is gazing after her in the famous Seymour manner, until she is quite gone. Then he takes several quick turns about the room. John comes on, left, with a highball.*)

ADAM (*taking it*): "Excellent, John!"

JOHN (*watching him calmly*): "She's pretty."

ADAM: "So is this a pretty situation. See here, John, why don't you suggest something? Confound my optimism! But think, just this once, and you may spend the rest of your life in bed, utterly relaxed."

JOHN: "I'm very relaxed now, thanks."

ADAM: "I say, John, why don't you marry her? Do you remember those lines in *This One Day*? What Basil says? (*Heavily*) 'Take her, Paul. Give her what I cannot. Love has blinded me to this. I wish you—happiness'."

JOHN: "Now there's an idea."

ADAM: "Meaning?"

JOHN: "*This One Day.* There're some awfully pithy lines in that. When you come back here this afternoon, have Madeline to burst in on you. Create a frightful scene."

ADAM: "My dear boy! Get to bed at once. I congratulate you unreservedly." (*He goes to the telephone and gives a number*) "Hallo, Madeline. The universe around us is teeming with news. The liner *Eloise* sunk with all on board, Imperial tobacco has gone up three points, and I'm engaged . . . That, my dear, is why I'm calling . . . "

(*As he talks, the curtain falls slowly*)

ACT II, SCENE I

(*The scene is the same, but the time is several hours later. John and Madeline are standing before the fireplace. She is laughing a little, but he is deadly earnest. We decide at once that we like Madeline. The public loves her, and her friends adore her. We feel sure that she will straighten things out.*)

MADELINE: "Don't you imagine that it will rather make her think a bit?"

JOHN: "Especially when you tear out of there."

MADELINE: "What's she like, John?"

JOHN: "Oh—roses. Roses and soft feathers."

MADELINE: "Hadn't we better go in? They'll be back rather soon now."

(*The stage is deserted for a brief second. Then we hear Adam's voice, and he and Priscilla enter. She is wearing a number of orchids, and the way she clings to Adam's arm really is very pretty. They go to the sofa.*)

PRISCILLA: "I liked the Mercury, didn't you? He had a nose almost as nice as yours. How would your nose look turned up?"

ADAM: "Yours is charmingly so. I shall have to kiss it."

PRISCILLA (*after due pause*): "Mother's coming here tonight."

ADAM (*this is rather new*): "To see me?"

PRISCILLA: "Yes, silly. I can't come."

ADAM: "Why not?"

PRISCILLA: "Oh, because she told me to go on with Bill. You don't know Bill, do you? Well, he's awfully nice; he really is. Of course I was going to tell him that I couldn't do it, but Mother said to go on. Besides, she wants to see you alone."

ADAM: "My dear Priscilla, I must call on her. I'll go at once. This is distressing."

PRISCILLA: "I know. I can't think why she wants to do it. But she says that she's coming here tonight, and neither heaven nor earth can stop her. Adam, no one has ever been able to do a thing with Mother. Not even father, while he was living. She made him think he could, but he really was absolutely powerless. She's really the most extraordinary person."

ADAM: "So is her daughter."

(*This is the moment. There is the noise of fierce arguing off-stage. Madeline rushes in, quite distraught. Adam and Priscilla rise at this vision of fury.*)

ADAM (*he is in the spirit of it at once*): " 'Paula! You here'!"

MADELINE: " 'Yes! I am here to see! You wretch, you trifle with women's hearts'!"

ADAM: " 'Stop that, I command you'."

MADELINE: " 'Nothing can stop me now. Too long have I cherished my secret'!" (*She approaches Priscilla, who falls back a step.*) " 'Is this she? Poor wounded dove'!"

ADAM: " 'Paula, you shall pay dearly for this'!"

MADELINE: " 'I? Pay? Ha! I have paid. My youth, my beauty, my innocence. Be satified with me—do not rob the lily of its freshness'."

ADAM: "I believe, Priscilla, that you had better leave. With all my heart I apologize for this terrible scene. John, take her to the car."

(*Priscilla, badly frightened, departs with John.*)

ADAM: "Thanks, Madeline."

MADELINE: "Dear old *This One Day*. How they wept."

ADAM: "The mother's coming here tonight. I shall be quite beside myself when the dear old thing appears." (*He rings for Held.*)

MADELINE: "You can do wonders with old ladies. D'you remember Mrs. Fitzgerald?"

ADAM: "But that isn't the tack for me to take. I've got to shock her properly. I say, can you come again tonight?"

MADELINE: "I shouldn't repeat it all over again. That would be too obvious. But there're other lines, you know."

(*Held enters.*)

ADAM: "Have some milk ordered, Held. And a dozen or so cookies."

HELD: "Milk and cookies. Very good, sir."

MADELINE: "Whatever for?"

ADAM: "To feed her. Or will she have her peppermints with her?"

MADELINE (*as they walk towards the door*): "It's going to be rather sport."

ADAM: "I won't try to thank you, Madeline. I gave up long ago."

CURTAIN

ACT II, SCENE II

(*It is yet later, and the lamps are lit. John is sprawled on the sofa, and Adam has not yet appeared.*)

JOHN (*calling up*): "I'll go fetch the cats."

ADAM (*running down stairs in his fashion*): "What cats?"

JOHN: "For old Mrs. Nichols. The tabbies."

ADAM: "They'll fight with her poodle."

JOHN: "True." (*He sniffs the air.*) "You should have seen Held driving out the smoke with newspapers."

(*Held enters.*)

HELD: "Mrs. Nichols."

(*John flees. This is the moment when we should have a fanfare of trumpets. Janet Nichols really is very lovely. She is beautifully dressed, and enters with that poise natural to her. At the same time, we are proud of Adam. He contains himself in the famous Seymour manner.*)

ADAM (*advancing*): "How do you do, Mrs. Nichols."

JANET (*graciously*): "How do you do, Mr. Seymour. This is very bold of me, isn't it? I believe I'm shocking you."

ADAM: "You are honouring me."

JANET: "Now, about Priscilla. She came home rather in a storm this afternoon."

ADAM (*ponderously*): "A most lamentable affair occurred."

JANET (*lighting a cigarette*): "Yes, I know. Were it not for her deep love for you she would not have given you this chance."

ADAM: "Mrs. Nichols—"

JANET (*easily*): "But one cannot expect love to be all sunny weather. A man in your position finds that his past poaches on his future's preserves. I realize this; my little girl realizes this. She has seen the real, genuine nature beneath the rough exterior. She knows that you are anxious to lead a new life, to start the game over again, and she wishes to help you—"

ADAM: "Believe me—"

JANET (*enjoying herself hugely*): "—to be your little helpmeet, come difficulties what may. Together you can wander hand in hand into the sunset, beyond which lie statelier mansions for your soul."

ADAM (*desperately*): "I beg of you—"

JANET (*holding up her hand*): "No—I know what you are going to say. That you are not good enough for her—that she is a little saint. Else wherefore born? If she can lift some man to all that is good, all that is wholesome, she will have lived more fully. Therefore she is willing to forget. To put away all ugliness, and only laugh and love and lift."

(*Held enters.*)

HELD: "The milk, sir."

(*Janet stops in surprise. She and Adam regard each other fixedly.*)

JANET (*gently*): "Do you have your milk now?"

ADAM (*with a gesture*): "Milk, for you."

JANET: "I beg your pardon?"

ADAM: "It doesn't matter. Nothing matters except my apologies to you and Priscilla."

JANET: "You don't love her, do you?"

ADAM: "I refuse to answer."

JANET: "Such a situation cannot be dismissed lightly. This is no commendable affair and will not be treated as such. Nor is it—"

(*Priscilla runs in, more out of breath than ever.*)

PRISCILLA: "Adam," (*she stops contritely*), "Adam, can you forgive me? I've broken the engagement, Adam. I'm going to marry Bill. Mother, may I marry Bill?"

JANET: "Yes, dear."

(*Adam takes her hands.*)

ADAM: "I give you to him as I would have you. Goodbye, my dear."

PRISCILLA: "Goodbye, Adam. You've been awfully sweet. Oh, yes. I forgive you. Did Mother tell you? Bill's in the car. Goodbye." (*She goes out.*)

JANET (*pleasantly*): "My little girl, grown up so soon! I can scarcely believe it."

ADAM: "Mrs. Nichols, will you listen to me for just one minute?"

(*Madeline bursts in from the right.*)

MADELINE: " 'Trapped! Trapped like the devouring beast that you are! Yet heaven help me! I love him, do you hear? Love him, and no one shall take him away from me. He's mine—all mine—mine'!"

JANET (*applauding*): "Excellent! Do go on from there."

ADAM (*superbly*): "Mrs. Nichols, may I present Miss Howard?"

JANET: "How delightful this is! I remember you in *The Imposter* last winter. I really enjoyed it very much."

MADELINE (*beautifully*): "How do you do—and good night. I see that I leave the situation in very capable hands.

(*Madeline goes out smiling. Adam is before the fire-place, staring into the flames.*)

JANET (*smoothly*): "You were about to say?"

ADAM (*whirling about*): "You take me absolutely off my guard. You confound me completely. I order milk for you when I should have nectar. I ask Madeline to shock you, and you make me feel like grovelling before you."

JANET: "I might have known that Spring does not last forever. Leaver-of-memories, farewell!"

ADAM: "That, too?"

JANET: "I was on the stage for years."

ADAM: "There, do you see? I prepare myself to outdo you, and I find that I am making an unmitigated ass of myself. I find myself falling in love with you."

JANET: "That is scarcely a compliment to my intelligence."

ADAM: "Truth is so new to me that it appears a deception. You have me hemmed and bound. There is nothing I can say or do that will convince you."

JANET: "Let there be no bitterness."

ADAM: "You're laughing at me."

JANET: "No, I'm not."

ADAM: "Heaven knows I deserve it."

JANET: "I'm laughing at Priscilla."

ADAM: "Janet."

JANET: "Adam."

ADAM: "I love you."

JANET: "I believe you do."

ADAM: "Dear Janet, will you marry me?"

JANET: "Villainous Adam, yes."

CURTAIN

Fantasia

Elizabeth Selden

ASPASIA stood under the trees in the darkness and prayed to Pan. She was very lovely and she prayed eloquently. Soon he appeared. She spoke to him thus:

"Pan, goat-god, possessor of scarred hooves and magic—Pan, god without conscience and master of life, I am a fit servant."

She pled with him and her voice was cool and sure. But Pan stood full in the light of the moon and laughed. He put his hands over the wool on his thighs, farmer's hands, rough and big and steady, and laughed. His eyes were narrow, and yellow as a cat's eyes. His hooves shifted lightly in the fallen hemlock needles. He answered:

"Child, you would sell your soul to me for gold? Gold is the plaything of my son who sits all day running it through his twisted fingers. I can make you as changing and as free as the winds. I can give you laughter and unbounded life. Ask me not for gold."

"Your world, O Pan, is past, and we have been betrayed by the Christians into the hands of Satan your son. His price for life is gold."

And Aspasia had her way. She bought happiness and pride and freedom and beauty, and paid with green paper dollars. She had a most successful life. But eventually the time came for her to die.

Pan came and took her to the gates of hell. Moss hung heavy on the gates and little rust-colored lizards ran in and out. Pan kissed her once—she was very beautiful. Then with his big hands he choked her and laid her body in the sticky moss of hell. He trampled on her with his sharp hooves until she was indistinguishable from the moss and the spiders and the rust-colored lizards.

Love and the Ladies

ALICE SAUNDERS DABNEY

SAD as it seems, women do not make great poets. There has been much lamentation on this subject, much shaking of the head, much staunch but chiefly fruitless denial by ardent champions of the sex. As for me, I neither deny nor do I dubiously shake my head. If my head must play a part, I choose to bow it to what, in my opinion, is inevitable. I do not attempt to explain the phenomenon with regard to woman's failure, or comparative failure, in this respect. Women have often written fine and lovely poetry, and they have said a great deal, in particular, about love. In fact, the inspiration of feminine poets has usually come from that source, and, from Sappho through Elizabeth Barrett Browning, down to Edna St. Vincent Millay (whose *Fatal Interview* strikes the last important note in that key), they have treated it quite exhaustively. These womanly utterances have carried with them sincerity, delicate lyricism, and sometimes strength and originality; but true greatness —much as we deplore its absence—no.

It is my present task to discuss four well known American poets, with whom love is a favorite topic. All of them, with the exception of Emily Dickinson, are alive; but she, by reason of her keen intellect and insight into her own feelings, is mentally quite as modern as they.

Emily Dickinson was one of the marvels of American literary history. There is no need to dwell upon her celibate life, for she transcended it. Except for the crystalline quality of her best work, which suggests careful composition and, by a stretch of the imagination, seclusion, there is little hint in her poetry that she lived the life of a hermit. She wrote of fundamental things—life, love, death, and nature—and wrote of them wisely and discriminatingly. Her love poems are uneven in merit, as is a great deal of her work, for she wrote with no thought of publication. But that she experienced love is evident, in spite of her sequestered existence. Strangest of all, her love was allegedly for a married man with whom any alliance was impossible. This tragic circumstance, doubtless, was

responsible for much of her philosophic musing, and her love was all the deeper because the doors to it were barred.

And because she had so much time for thought, there in the small New England town that was her home, she pondered on causes and effects, actions and their results, more than the modern poets, or rather those who in point of time are more modern than she. That Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay, and even Dorothy Parker, have thought much and long about their loves, there is no doubt; but their considerations and Emily Dickinson's have a different coloring. Sara Teasdale, we feel, is an essentially pure if not wholly passionless spirit, naturally restrained to such an extent that she does not have to fight the world, the flesh, and the devil as violently as some. Miss Millay is frank and up-to-date in her viewpoint on matters of sex, of which she speaks quite openly, in words that cause the orthodox to shudder. She is unashamed of her body and its desires, and while she is not coarse in any sense, she does not care to mince matters. In this respect she is several strides ahead of Sara Teasdale. Miss Teasdale is inclined to speak of kisses in terms that oversentimentalize what are, after all, results of physical urges—mild though these may, in her case, be. It is chiefly in her youthful work that she gives way to sentimentality, but neither Miss Dickinson, Miss Millay, nor Miss Parker, thank God! has ever written anything quite so redolent of sweetness and holiness as this:

"Before you kissed me only winds of heaven
Had kissed me, and the tenderness of rain—
Now you have come, how can I care for kisses
Like theirs again?

"I sought the sea, she sent her winds to meet me,
They surged about me singing of the south—
I turned away my head to keep still holy
Your kiss upon my mouth.

"And swift sweet rains of shining April weather
Found not my lips where living kisses are;
I bowed my head last they put out my glory
As rain puts out a star.

"I am my love's and he is mine forever,
Sealed with a seal and safe forevermore—
Think you that I could let a beggar enter
Where a king stood before?"[1]

1. Sara Teasdale, *Rivers to the Sea*, Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1922. "The Kiss," p. 9.

This poem exemplified what I mean about Miss Teasdale's exemption from the ways of evil. Her attitude is understandable and admirable and sincerely set forth, but I prefer Miss Millay's outspoken sonnet:

"I, being born a woman and distressed
By all the needs and notions of my kind,
Am urged by your propinquity to find
Your person fair, and feel a certain zest
To bear your body's weight upon my breast.
So subtly is the fume of life designed
To clarify the pulse and cloud the mind,
And leave me once again undone, possessed.
Think not for this, however, the poor treason
Of my stout blood against my staggering brain,
I shall remember you with love, or season
My scorn with pity,—let me make it plain;
I find this frenzy insufficient reason
For conversation when we meet again."[2]

—while Emily Dickinson's hesitation, born of a very human spirit that was accorded almost too much time to think, found expression thus:

"Did the harebell loose her girdle
To the lover bee,
Would the bee the harebell hallow
Much as formerly?

"Did the paradise, persuaded,
Yield her moat of pearl,
Would the Eden be an Eden,
Or the earl an earl?[3]

Dorothy Parker, somewhat different from the others, is a weak and charming lady who falls and falls and falls. She does not stop and wonder whether her latest lover will revere her less because she is a

"really quite nice girl who may have been just a bit lenient";

2. E. St. V. Millay, *The Harp Weaver and Other Poems*, Harper & Bros., N. Y. & London, 1923. "Sonnet XVII," p. 70.

3. E. Dickinson, 2nd Series of *Poems*, Ed. Higginson & Todd, Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1920. "Possession," p. 100.

rather she takes her opportunities as they come, without illusions as to their probable result, but almost invariably with a tiny spark of hope that amuses her with its very naivete. She tells us:

"This is what I know:
Lovers' oaths are thin as rain;
Love's a harbinger of pain—
Would it were not so!
Ever is my heart a-thirst,
Ever is my love accurst;
He is neither last nor first—
This is what I know."[4]

But she says also:

"Three be the things I shall have till I die:
Laughter and hope and a sock in the eye."[5]

Not an elegant phrase, that last, nor does Miss Parker often seek elegance. It may seem odd to discuss her in connection with three obviously serious singers, but as a matter of fact she is more than one of the premier wits of our time; she possesses, like the similarly versatile Samuel Hoffenstein, a genuine lyrical gift.

Of our four poets, Emily Dickinson and Edna St. Vincent Millay are more varied in their strains than the other two. Miss Dickinson, albeit her poems may be grouped under only four major headings, has many things to say on these essential matters. Her love poems show diverse moods, notably rebellion, resignation, and courage. Love, for her, transfigures everything it touches:

"I've got an arrow here;
Loving the hand that sent it,
I the dart revere."[6]

But she realizes that it passes:

"We outgrow love like other things
And put it in the drawer,
Till it an antique fashion shows
Like costumes grandsires wore."[7]

4. Dorothy Parker, *Enough Rope*, Horace Liveright, N. Y., 1926. "Somebody's Song," p. 24.
5. *Ibid*, "Inventory," p. 53.
6. Emily Dickinson, *Poems*, 3rd Series, "Ed. Todd. XI," Little, Brown & Co., 1917; p. 85.
7. Emily Dickinson, *Opuscitatus*, XV, p. 89.

And another poem is almost a conceit, yet it is quite moving because of its basic truth:

"Father, I bring thee not myself,—
That were the little load;
I bring thee the imperial heart
I had not strength to hold.

"The heart I cherished in my own
Till mine too heavy grew,
Yet strangest, heavier since it went,
Is it too large for you?"[8]

Miss Millay writes chiefly of love, but her manner has had numerous fluxes since she first put pen to paper. In her early volume, *The Harp-Weaver*, her style at times reminds one definitely of Sara Teasdale and Dorothy Parker, although it is not for me to say who influenced whom. One of her poems sets forth her desire to have her ashes scattered when she dies, so that at least one stray ash may give her rival a stomach-ache:

"And none at all will know me
That knew me well before.
But I will settle at the root
That climbs about your door.

"And fishermen and farmers
May see me and forget,
But I'll be a bitter berry
In your brewing yet."[9]

This is so much like Dorothy Parker that it is positively startling, and Miss Parker might well have written "The Betrothal," not to mention the sentiments contained in the lines:

"As it is, should she entreat you how it goes with me,
You must reply, as well as with most, I fancy;
That I love easily, and pass the time."[10]

8. *Ibid*, XIV, p. 88.
9. Millay, *op. cit.*, "The Curse," p. 24.
10. *Ibid.*, "To One Who Might Have Borne a Message," p. 43.

As for the nineteenth sonnet contained in the same volume, *The Harp-Weaver*, its choice of words might have been made by Sara Teasdale with no trouble at all, even though Miss Teasdale would certainly admit to no such free and easy behavior as does Miss Millay:

> "What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and why,
> I have forgotten, and what arms have lain
> Under my head till morning."[11]

But the poem ends on a note that Sara would not scorn, and runs in her own typical vein:

> "I cannot say what loves have come and gone,
> I only know that summer sang in me
> A little while, that in me sings no more."[11]

Then there are moments that are sheer Millay, bitter and striking:

> "The winter of love is a cellar of empty bins,
> In an orchard soft with rest."[12]

And there is the beautifully flexible style of *The King's Henchman*, which contains one of the most exquisite love scenes ever written.

Finally, there is *Fatal Interview*, a sequence of sonnets which for artificiality and exaggeration equals most of the known poems in the language. Let critics cry Hosannah all they will, and proclaim Miss Millay's last work her best, far into the night. I belong in the ranks of those who cringe, and murmur that although some few of the sonnets—the last, for instance, and perhaps half-a-dozen others —are excellent, there appears to these lonely cringers no earthly excuse for the screams of ecstasy that have been rending the air in twain. The sonnets of *Fatal Interview*, en masse, strike me as being as great as those of Wyatt and Surrey, and as sincere. A dubious honour! Wyatt and Surrey held one distinction: they introduced the sonnet, as a form, into England. Miss Millay can claim no such proud boast. And there I lay down my sword and shield, and proceed to less vexed questions. One thing, at least, I think I have proved, however: namely, that Miss Millay's style, in its time, has undergone a considerable evolution.

11. *Ibid.*, "Sonnet XIX," p. 71.
12. Millay, *Op. cit.*, "Never May the Fruit Be Plucked," p. 39.

With regard to variety there is little to be said for Sara Teasdale. Her monotonous idiom has been immensely popular for years, and therefore her favorite key, which I judge to be a minor one in the treble clef, must be likewise cherished by her myriad readers. I do not wish to underrate her real merits. She has a gift for writing sincere, natural lyrics, which sometimes carry true loveliness with the simplicity that is their prime virtue. A few of her short poems, I believe, will endure, and if her muse deserts her at times, many fine writers share her fate. Such lyrics as *Spring in Wartime*, *Beautiful, Proud Sea, Day's Ending, Epitaph, The Flight,* and *I Have Seen the Spring* possess a lasting beauty, and it matters not that they express nothing striking nor new. It may be observed that all of these, with the single exception of *Spring in Wartime*, are included in *Dark of the Moon*, the most recent Teasdale collection. This fact rightly implies that her art has become deeper and richer with growing maturity, and she never ruffles the sensibilities of the reader with such lines as:

> "But sometimes when you hear blown back to you,
> My wistful, far-off singing touched with tears,
> Know that I sang for you alone to hear,
> And that I wondered if the wind would bring
> To him who tuned my heart its distant song."[13]

—lines which she perpetrated in a much earlier volume, before she knew better. The last stanza of *To E.* is another example of early piffle. But, as I say, Miss Teasdale has reached years of discretion, and errs no more. Her characteristic vein is still melancholy and sweet, but there is a dignity and mellowed wisdom about her work that lends it a hitherto absent distinction.

Dorothy Parker's poems fall into two chief categories: the light little verse which has no pretenses whatever, but nearly always contains a germ of truth that gives it the charm of an epigram by La Rochefoucauld; and the verse that mingles seriousness with its wit. Miss Parker's cleverness is well-nigh proverbial; her cynicism, plainly only nine-tenths-hearted, comes in fits and starts; her vivid modernity is tempered with a strong dash of the romance of bygone days. Love, for her, is not deep and enduring as it is for Sara

13. Teasdale, *Op. cit.*, "From the Sea," p. 125.

Teasdale, but she is the kind of person who suffers intensely because of the very brevity and poignancy of this love. Her amours make her restless; they destroy her every possibility for peace. Miss Teasdale seems to have found repose in love, but Dorothy Parker is forever questing, forever being stung, and forever whistling in the dark. There is an ache of all-too-real unhappiness behind her crisp sayings, and there is true poetry in some of her work. Take *Penelope*, for example:

"In the pathway of the sun,
In the footsteps of the breeze,
Where the world and sky are one,
He shall ride the silver seas,
He shall cut the glittering wave.
I shall sit at home, and rock;
Rise, to heed a neighbor's knock;
Brew my tea, and snip my thread;
Bleach the linen for my bed.
They will call him brave"[14]

Observe also the trenchancy of these lines:

"Whose love is given over well
Shall look on Helen's face in hell,
Whilst they whose love is thin and wise
May view John Knox in paradise."[15]

—and the disillusioned wisdom of these:

"By the time you swear you're his,
Shivering and sighing,
And he vows his passion is
Infinite, undying—
Lady, make a note of this:
One of you is lying."[16]

She, too, has moments of reminding us of others. When she says that love is

14. Parker, Dorothy, *Sunset Gun*, Horace Liveright, N. Y., 1928. "Penelope." p. 34.
15. Dorothy Parker, *Op. cit.*, "Partial Comfort," p. 14.
16. Dorothy Parker, *Enough Rope*, "Unfortunate Coincidence," p. 51.

". . . a reckless tide
That casts upon the heart, as it recedes,
Splinters and spars and dripping, salty weeds,"[17]

the spirit of Edna St. Vincent Millay seems close indeed, while *The Trusting Heart*[18] is strangely akin to Sara Teasdale's *The Song for Colin*[19] and *The Look*[20].

To be strictly truthful, most women poets are akin to each other just as I have shown these four to be. It is no disgrace for a writer to be influenced by other writers, and some of our finest men of letters owe a large part of their fame to fellow literati. But the women fall short of what I have called true greatness because, while their best qualities form influences which we would be sorry to lose, they do not have the scope and vigor of the foremost male poets. This fact, I think, is practically indisputable. Nevertheless, Dickinson, Teasdale, Millay, and Parker, not to mention others whose talents equal or surpass theirs (here I bow respectfully to Amy Lowell and Hilda Doolittle, especially), do hold niches in the poetic hall of fame. Their views on love, as I have shown, are divergent, owing to inevitable differences in the temperaments and environments of the ladies themselves. Emily Dickinson is the most deeply thoughtful of the four, and probably the most aloof; Sara Teasdale is perhaps calmer in actuality if not in method of expression, and of the quartette she is the most untouched by the vicious lusts of the flesh; Dorothy Parker and Edna St. Vincent Millay are almost equally modern, but Miss Parker in her falls from grace is wistful where Miss Millay is fiercely passionate and sometimes scornfully analyzing. I accord to each of the group what I judge to be her due, and the four of them, indeed, are nearly as good, in their ways, as women poets often are. I say to them, as the flunkey said to King Nebuchadnezzar in "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," "You's de king, an' long may you wave!"

17. Dorothy Parker, *Sunset Gun*, "Fair Weather," p. 50.
18. *Ibid.*, "The Trusting Heart," p. 37.
19. Sanders and Norton, *Chief Modern Poets of England and America*, Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1931, p. 520.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 519.

To One Mr. Aynesworth of Texas

Upon Having the Same Name

Sally Ainsworth

Sir: Your confounded impudence
Is colossal, is immense.
You may be sure I'd make no bones
About the name of Smith or Jones,
But Aynesworth! May I ask you why
You needs must spell it with a Y?
If you must have the name, you could
At least spell Ainsworth as you should.
Besides, I'm very sure that you
Would find another name would do
As nicely, such as Grubbs or Spread,
Tumour, now, or Downyhead.
Your impertinence is gross,
Noxious, deuced—I'm at a loss
To find the words I might confer
Upon your ugly action, Sir.
How runs the rhyme? "*Lacessit nemo*
Me—" I had it on a memo
Jotted down to hurl at you,
Just to see what you would do,
To see your brow flush hot with shame.
* * * * * * * * * *
Haven't we a pretty name?

Dick Halliburton

JULIET HALLIBURTON

MY father had two brothers. The younger finished his graduate work and married a charming woman. She is a student of psychology, music, and art. This uncle and aunt had a son. He was blond, with blue eyes and skin fair like his mother's. He grew up like most little boys, with a teddy bear, tin soldiers, and copies of *Arabian Knights* and *Robinson Crusoe*. The teddy bear and soldiers are forgotten, but the romantic tales of adventure remain.

His life since his graduation from Princeton has been one of excitement, romance, and adventure. He has been to many places that few other people have seen. He has done many things that few other people have even considered. The bizarre and the curious arouse his interest. He has the ability to fall into all sorts of exciting experiences and his average day holds enough thrills for the lifetime of a less adventurous person. Some good fairy watches over him in all his dangerous undertakings.

Yet the prosaic life and conventionalities of his home town do not seem to bore him, even after the picturesqueness of a small Swiss Alpine village or the rich splendor of Persia and Arabia. Perhaps, even as he sips tea in our best hotel of a Saturday afternoon, he still sees the white, glittering mountains rising from the vivid blue lakes. Or perhaps he still feels the cushion of a thick rug beneath his feet, or smells a spicy aroma, or hears strange, stirring music.

He has a keen sense of humor and is a clever conversationalist. His personality is charming and unaffected. He is bound by no customs and conventionalities. He is never kept from the things that are interesting and amusing by respect for the things that are proper and fitting. The possession of worldly goods is the moss which he, the proverbial rolling stone, does not consider it worth while to gather.

I almost forgot to mention that he writes his experiences down in books which he illustrates with fascinating photographs and sells for

five dollars a copy to persons who stay at home. Thus he makes a living at his holiday; he does not have a profession.

Three days before I left for Sweet Briar, I read a much crossed-out and re-written manuscript of the book on which he is now scribbling. He still has the magic power of finding romance everywhere. He is the original vagabond. I cannot imagine him as an old man, or as suffering from gout, or as having a grudge against anyone. Like Peter Pan, he will always be young. He will start out for a stroll over a hill or through the woods, and he will be sure to find a hidden kingdom filled with the golden anklets of an ancient civilization.



Section 7

KATHARINE MEANS

THE Golden State Limited slid smoothly out of the Chicago station into the cold drizzle that was night. With increasing speed it left the maze of tracks; at the suburban overhead crossings there were fleeting visions of lights shining smearily on wet pavements. The thick window panes were traversed by rivulets of water, which marred the dim reflection of the passengers and caused them to turn away from this discouraging view. They sat there, huddled bleakly in winter coats, and surveyed each other and their surroundings. The dull greyish-tan woodwork and the olive-green plush cushions hardly provided an atmosphere of expansive warmth and cheer.

A young, prosperous-appearing bond-salesman in section 8 impatiently rang the bell, which called forth, after an interval, a lazily ambling porter. Section 8 spoke sharply:

"George! How about some heat!"

"Yas, suh." Slow retreat.

During this prolonged conversation a look of pain appeared on the face of the man across the aisle. It was followed by a comical expression, accentuated by a slight sharpness of nose and thinness of brows. When the pipes of the car had begun to crackle, and a stale smell of steam arose, he removed his topcoat, changed his hat for a gray tweed cap, and retired to the smoking car.

The young woman in the opposite seat of section 7, whose position facing the engine denoted that she was to occupy the lower berth, observed his departure quizzically. A charming, sociable soul, she thought. Well, one could not always choose one's travelling companions. This resigned opinion was borne out by the appearance of several other of the car's occupants.

Lower 10 was the owner of fat ankles, wrinkled stockings, and unattractive black oxfords with Cuban heels and three cut-out spaces on each side of the laces. The felinity of Lower 7 was aroused, but for lack of audience biting remarks remained unsaid. By the grace

of God, she breathed fervently, the only child in the car was at the opposite end. The child ran true to form.

"Look at me, mama, I c'n get upstairs without the ladder."

One A. M. A piercing whisper. "Mama! Mah—*muh!* I wanna drink!"

Two P. M. A day of Kansas. Interminable counting of windmills. Much swinging up and down the aisle on arms of seats. In desperation Lower 7 took up a pack of cards, rang for the porter.

"Would you bring a table?"

Her companion regarded her incredulously. With an accusing look he got up and moved away. What *was* the matter with the man? Uneasily she shuffled the cards.

Another day. Desert, this time. And still no peace; the child had bought a painted bow and arrow at Albuquerque. Lower 7 sighed; this was getting on her nerves. The porter passed.

"Could you get me a glass of grape-juice—iced?"

"Yas'm. Do you care for a cold drink, suh?"

Upper 7 meditated. "Yes," he said, "and no. In this case, no." Determinedly he walked to the end of the car, where stood the conductor, none the less dignified for a temporary loss of balance due to a sharp curve. The two disappeared, talking.

A dragging afternoon. A stop at Yuma. Lower 7 gritted her teeth and vowed that she'd never make the trip again. Two days spent facing the Man in the Iron Mask was not her idea of excitement. The mask broke, unexpectedly—

"Remarkably warm, isn't it?"

"No, not particularly."

"You're not—warm?"

"No."

"Oh."

"In fact," she said, after a distinct pause, "I think I'll put on my coat." She did so, deliberately. Conversation ceased.

It really was warm. Two men stood outside on the platform, talking to the conductor. They moved away. She thought she would take off her coat, even at the risk of humbling herself before the Mask. Suddenly the two men appeared in the aisle beside her. Their looks were significant.

"Wouldn't you like a breath of air." asked one, quietly. Silver glinted from beneath his lapel.

Lower 7 buttoned her coat, put on her hat, took up her bag. "Yes."

"Good-bye." Upper 7 spoke defiantly.

She was amused. "Good-bye. I have you to thank for this—pleasant trip," ironically.

It jarred him, but only for a moment. The conductor sat down opposite him, gazed after the three. He nodded his head toward them, looking curiously at Upper 7.

"One of the cleverest jewel-thieves in the country. How did you know?"

"Just a little theory of mine." Upper 7 smiled pompously. "It is a curious fact, but a true one, that a person's first impulse while travelling is to call the porter George. In ordinary circumstances, one yields to this impulse; it is usually restrained only during periods of great emotional stress or extreme mental preoccupation."

Upper 7 was nobly launched. The conductor settled back with a sigh. It wasn't often he got caught this way.

"My late companion, in two days' time, never once uttered the name 'George'. It was most unusual. Since she did not seem emotionally inclined, I judged, and rightly so, that she was not herself, so to speak. This suggested that she was playing a part, and that was when I spoke of it to you. It may sound foolish to you, sir, but let me assure you that in every case it is true—just as it is true that no porter's name is George. It is infallible. In this instance I could have verified it, of course, but—" he broke off, and rang the bell.

"What is your name?"

"George, suh."

"George?"

"George."

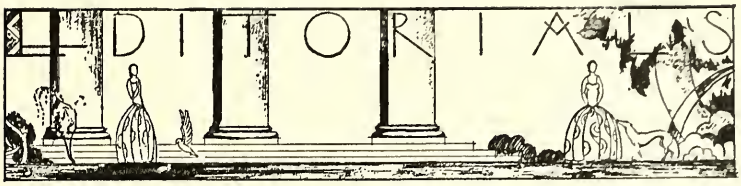
"Not George?" pleaded Upper 7.

"George!" said George, firmly.

"Oh. Well—uh—*George*, let us have two ginger ales, will you? This stretch of desert is damnably hot," he said to the conductor.

"Yes."

Both men mopped their brows.



There are some questions that are put to us with an annoying frequency, yet there is a basic and vital interest to us all in one or two of the most frequent of these. Probably most of us have been asked many times why we came to college, and as many times have wondered if we really knew. As a matter of fact, it should not be a matter of drastic difficulty to answer that question. *For everyone who comes to college, a genuine desire to attain something resembling culture should be an ever-prodding spur.*

Culture, of course, is not a simple thing to acquire, nor is it easy even to define; but none of us is without an idea as to the meaning of the word, nor can any intelligent person escape the charm of its implications. For us it denotes, first of all, a widening of the childish range of vision that characterized our preparatory school days, a growing sense of perspective, and an increasing interest in things that formerly baffled us, yet beckoned. It includes, in its broadest sense, almost every subject under the sun, and while we hardly hope for that highest stage of culture, our goal should nevertheless stand on so high an eminence that only a true intelligence could reach it.

The first step toward this pinnacle can be taken by every girl at Sweet Briar, and, when she has taken it, she is well on her way. The primary secret of culture is nothing more formidable than the knowledge of a wide range of good books. We have them by the hundred in the library, and the Browsing Room is the most inviting possible milieu for their perusal. We should read everything from Aristotle to Norman Douglas, from George Eliot to Willa Cather, and from the *Spectator Papers* to *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Some of us who know little of poetry before or since that of Longfellow or Tennyson will be surprised to discover the attractions of the intricacy of John Donne's verse, or the vague intangibility of that of Walter de la Mare. And, if it is personality that interests us most,

we can revel in character-exposition through biographies, from the life of Benvenuto Cellini to *The Story of San Michele.*

Indeed, the girl who reads much and well possesses inestimable advantages over the girl who contents herself with an occasional novel, a smattering of love poetry, and the *Saturday Evening Post.* College, we repeat, should mean culture, and culture involves more than classes. It is almost ridiculous to make a statement of so obvious a nature; but if more Sweet Briar students emblazoned it upon their walls, and upheld it, "not only in their lips but in their lives," the ridiculous, perhaps, would verge on the sublime.



As We Pass By

"My dear Mrs. Heavenstreet," she exclaimed, "if we must indeed discuss marriage, let me warn you that I am, thank God, a complete virgin."

At these words Mrs. Heavenstreet gave a jump.

"What is more," continued Miss Arbuthnot inexorably, "I consider the entire institution of marriage the most foul disaster that can overtake a woman. The very thought of being fondled, in an intimate way, by a man, repels me. I could not bear the humiliation, Mrs. Heavenstreet; nor the discomfort."

"Hum," said Mrs. Heavenstreet, growing pale.

—ROBERT NATHAN, *The Orchid.*

For loue is a celestiall harmonie,
Of likely harts composed of starres concent,
Which ioyne together in sweete sympathie,
To worke ech others ioy and true content,
Which they have harbourd since their first descent
Out of their heauenly bowres, where they did see
And know ech other here belou'd to bee.

—EDMUND SPENSER, *An Hymne in Honor of Beautie.*

Ock had a face like summer weather,
A broad red sun, split by a smile.
He mopped his forehead all the while,
And said, "By damn," and "Ben't us, unk?"
His eyes were close and deeply sunk.
He cursed his hunter like a lover,
"Now blast your soul, my dear, give over.
Woa, now, my pretty, damn your eyes."
Like Pete he was of middle size.

—JOHN MASEFIELD, *Reynard the Fox.*

"But you've got a bee-hive—or something like one—fastened to the saddle," said Alice.

"Yes, it's a very good bee-hive," the Knight said, in a discontented tone; "one of the best kind. But not a single bee has come near it yet. And the other thing is a mouse trap. I suppose the mice keep the bees out—or the bees keep the mice out, I don't know which."

"I was wondering what the mouse-trap was for," said Alice. "It isn't very likely there would be any mice on the horse's back."

"Not very likely, perhaps," said the Knight, "but if they do come, I don't choose to have them running all about."

—LEWIS CARROLL, *Through the Looking Glass.*

MONTY: "So your vestal self is dedicated to matrimony and Sir Digby Shalford?"

CHARLEY: "Yes, he's a trifle washed out; but we are frightfully hard up, and you didn't ask me."

MONTY: "My dear Charley, marriage is the last insult one offers to a woman whom one respects."

—HENRY ARTHUR JONES, *The Masqueraders.*

Just now
Out of the strange
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .
A white moth flew. Why am I grown
So cold?

—ADELAIDE CRAPSEY.



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A WORLD CAN END

Skariatina (Countess Irina Keller), now Mrs. Victor F. Blakeslee

Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, New York, 1931

This remarkable document is divided into three parts, of which the introduction and conclusion are written from memory some ten or twenty years after their actual occurrence. The central part, however, is the actual diary of a Russian aristocrat of the "Old Regime," written during those days of uncertainty, suffering, and constant upheaval, the days of the Revolution.

Born to a life of wealth and education, Irina Skariatina lived through the years of 1914 to 1922, the World War and the Soviet Revolt, until she was helped to make her escape to England and eventually to America. Her mother and father died under the most horrible conditions, starved and beaten, suffering from cold and disease. The author herself barely lived, but she never abandoned her diary, although for a long time she was forced to keep it hidden in an old attic for fear the soldiers would take it away under pretense of preventing any counter-revolutionary plots. Trained as a nurse, she was for many months and years a "Little Sister" at a hospital in Petrograd, the capital city. She thus could learn all the news, and rumors of the constantly changing government from the time of the overthrow of the monarchy until the republicazation of Russia.

The author describes pre-war Russia with great vividness and power, but the main interest of the story begins with the Revolution. She intersperses her own opinions and reactions in a way that makes the diary come alive for us, and we can scarcely lay the book aside

until the last fascinating chapter has been read. Lenin, Kerensky, Korniloff, and others are presented according to the viewpoint of the aristocrats. The characters of "Muzzie" and the "General," the author's parents, are human and pathetically drawn. Aside from them, there are no other characters who continue throughout the book. There are many who pass across our vision in a gray, dull blur, all with dazed and wistful faces, like a panorama of all the wars of the Middle Ages. The author notices that quality herself—the complete reversal to the methods of warfare common to the ninth century. There is no one man who can assume control of the terrible situation. Kerensky is an impassioned orator, but he lacks the force to pursue his ideals to their completion. Bolshevism over-runs the country, and at last, after long weary months, the Soviet Government is set up. For a long time it is Kerensky against Lenin, and the crowds sway from one to the other with only the thought of their present needs to guide them in their decisions. "Who promises most will receive our allegiance," they seem to say.

Demonstrations, fire, starvation, and misery are the record of those years, and Irina Skariatina tells of them in a superb style, in simple narrative for the most part, direct and vivid.

—JANE HARMON HAYS.

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK

Willa Cather

ALFRED A. KNOPF, NEW YORK, 1931

Willa Cather's *Shadows on the Rock* is a story of old Kebec at the turn of the eighteenth century. The little French settlement on the rock with the wide Atlantic between it and the mother country is made to live again. There is Notre Dame de la Victoire, a plain solid little church which had already stood through one bombardment; the cobbler's shop where Jacques is taken to be measured for a new pair of shoes; the great home of Saint-Vallier, the haughty bishop from Paris. the magnificent chateau of the Comte de Frontenac; as well as the establishment of Auclair, the apothecary.

It is here at Auclair's that most of the story takes place. Here live the middle-aged apothecary and his nine-year-old daughter, Cecile, both of whom lead a rather uneventful life for the most part. However, when any travellers from the Indian country come into Kebec, they always pay their respects to the good old man and his daughter. Antoine Frichette returns from the Nipissing country with a message for Father Hector and a tale about taking Joseph Chavel up to three rivers, where he died before Hector could fight his way through the blizzard and administer the last sacrament.

But the merit of the book lies in its picture of the life of the times, and in the few but well-drawn characters. Auclair is called the "philosopher apothecary"; his cool and even temper seems to be one of the most steadying influences in Kebec at this period. He has found many of the cures recommended by his grandfathers to be mere superstition; when Saint-Vallier declares that bleeding is the only way to save the Count, Auclair refuses to try it. He makes foxglove water for a woman's dropsical father-in-law and encourages Blinker with brandy made from Canadian fruit. Pierre Charon is like our typical ideal pioneer, strong and determined, caring not at all for what people think of him, but preserving a certain tenderness in his gentle attitude towards women and children. He takes Cecile with him across the river to stay at the blacksmith's, and when he sees that she is homesick, he brings her home as if he wanted to. Cecile, too, is of ideal calibre; she loves to cook for her father and his friends, is very religious and pious, and refuses to leave Kebec until she is sure that her little friend Jacques will be taken care of. In fact, Blinker and Saint-Vallier are the only two characters who have any faults whatsoever. Blinker had been torturer for the king before he came to the New World and has a horrible face with half his jaw eaten away. The bishop loves his Paris and court life a little too well, but even he repents at the end.

The book gives a vivid picture of life of that time, and is to be recommended for that. But the characters, though strong and very interesting, seem a bit too perfect to be real. If Cecile would rebel just once against getting a big dinner for her father and his friends she would be more human and believable. Then, too, the author has added an epilogue to finish the story, so that there is no doubt in the reader's mind as to what happened to all the main characters; the counts died, Saint-Vallier repented of his wicked attitude toward the

world, and Pierre and Cecile were happily married and had four fine sons. One feels that if this had been left off the book would have been stronger, for almost any reader could have supplied the ending.

—SUSIE ELLA BURNETT.

JOHN HENRY

Roark Bradford

HARPER AND BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK AND LONDON, 1931

I works and I rambles and I rambles and works
And dat's de way I gets all around.
I'm a natchal man and I'm six foot tall,
And my feets don't tech de ground, Lawd, Lawd,
And my feets don't tech de ground.

This is John Henry—the biggest and best nigger on the Mississippi. He can heave a bale of cotton and stoke an engine better than anybody—and he has every yellow girl in "N' Awlins" at his beck and call.

The book takes John Henry through a series of adventures that show his prowess. He is comparable to Gargantua, or to the Hercules of the Greeks, in the gigantic scale of his strength and achievements.

Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun, from which *Green Pastures* was taken, has proved that Roark Bradford knows the negro of the Mississippi Valley—his songs, his humor, his child-like psychology, as well as any current writer. If you have read about John Henry, you know the life of the cotton rollin' negroes on the Mississippi.

—G. S.

MATTHIAS AT THE DOOR

Edward Arlington Robinson

MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK, 1931

In this latest narrative in poetry—written, of course, in blank verse—Mr. Robinson chooses to be mystic and symbolic. The result

is a very happy one, whether one happens to like Mr. Robinson or not. The characters are Matthias, his wife, Natalie, and his two friends, Timberlake and Garth. With marvelous skill, Mr. Robinson manages to keep anyone else out of it, and, indeed, the lack is not deplored. The story is very somber; never was poem more truly tragic. There are none of the white gulls of Iseult, only the black ravens of death. It is told with no lushness of phrase or description, but there is a frigid and austere beauty that cannot be denied. Effects are admirably secured, with an economy of words that makes one wonder if Mr. Robinson must not have strained frightfully to control himself.

> "She tapped his cheek and kissed him on the nose,
> Which had for years been her best way of saying
> That everything was right."

But, as one reads on, everything was most distinctly wrong. Natalie had never loved Matthias, although she did nothing about it until Timberlake kissed her one fine day. This made up a triangle with Garth as the fourth dimension. Garth had betaken himself down to a dark temple in a lonely gorge below Matthias' house and there had died, to the horrified curiosity of his three friends. He had died alone in the dark, with a last word to Matthias on the futility of everything in general and happiness in particular.

It was here, in such a wholesome atmosphere, that Natalie and Timberlake had their rendezvous with death. But Timberlake was an honourable man; one did not take the wife of a man who had once saved one's life. Violent unhappiness was inevitable. The scene where Matthias tells Natalie that he knows everything shocks the reader with its coldness and quietness. Said Matthias:

> "You choose a merry place for love, you two,
> Down there this morning. You should have gone in
> Where Garth went—where there was more privacy."

The rest of the poem is overpoweringly unhappy. Natalie is found dead in the temple. After a number of years, Timberlake appears at Matthias' house, a hopeless consumptive. Matthias, who does his best to make him well, is thwarted when Timberlake wanders down into the gorge one rainy afternoon and the searchers' flashlights disclose him too weak to move.

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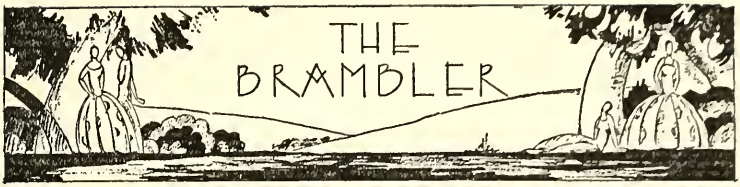
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December CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1931

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Canterbury

Roberta Cope

Canterbury, you are old,
And your chimes for years untold
Have knelled the shades of parting day;
On your threshold dust holds sway,
And your stones are growing cold.

In your dreams there come a few,
Roughly clad, to worship you.
Flocking to your sacred shrine,
Searching, seeking, comes the line,
Flecked with dust and washed with dew.

Canterbury, shadows fall
On your massive, far-flung wall,
And the sun upon the leaves
Flecks the cobblestones, and weaves
Ghostly patterns through your hall.

Canterbury, you are old!
Sacred years of dust enfold
Round about you a rich cloak,
Only pierced by simple folk,
And your dull, sweet chimes have tolled,—
Tolled . . . !

Spite Fence

KATHARINE MEANS

THEY stand side by side, the two houses, on a quiet street in Philadelphia, each one offering to the other a curious sort of contradiction. The one, older of the two, was constructed in what is popularly accepted as the characteristic style of Southern homes in the time of plantations. It gives outward evidence of having been at one time a fine mansion, though now, in the early part of the twentieth century, it is in a sad state of disrepair. The original owners, the Robert Wentworths, had it built after the manner of their home in the South; they held themselves apart from the society of this northern city, making associations only when necessary for the benefit of business affairs. Their only son, Robert Wentworth, Jr., received his education in the South; when it was completed, he brought to the Philadelphia home a lovely young wife. They followed the example of their seniors; neither time nor the imminence of poverty changed their attitude. Their home seemed to take on this aloof quality, but the staunch front presented by the massive white columns could not hide signs of deterioration in the faded red brick, sagging green shutters, and carelessly rambling garden.

The house is on a slight elevation, at a considerable distance from the street. The sweep of the land to the east is rudely broken by the second house, occupying the site of a former garden, which the young Wentworths had been forced to sell soon after they took possession of the property. Unfortunately, the buyers were a couple who, being the John Patrick Woods of Boston, felt guilty and not a little traitorous at moving so far south; and, being very young, they refrained, with typical conservatism and some idea of loyalty, from mingling with their neighbors. Accordingly, their home was essentially Bostonian, a quiet brownstone structure, built, quite contradictorily, in the height of the "gay nineties" style. Precise and immaculate in every detail, both house and grounds reflected prosperity.

The contrast presented by two so definitely sectional types of construction on this "middle ground," as it were, was amusing and

even ridiculous. It was natural that the Southerners should resent the presence of the later arrivals with their apparent smugness, just as it was natural that the Northerners should be annoyed by the unkempt appearance of the adjoining property; these differences served only to increase the reticence of both factions. For several years they lived in this proximity with no more of an attempt at friendliness than the conventional exchange of calling cards.

In the course of time, the Wentworths were blessed with a son, and the Woods, with a daughter (one wonders whether John Patrick would not have been more pleased with a son to rival the Wentworth heir, though I never heard him express himself on the subject!). Mrs. Wood died in childbirth, but the little Ann, in spite of the constant supervision of a competent New England housekeeper, grew to be a lively, irrepressible youngster, and called her father "J. P.," a scandalous proceeding for a young daughter in 1913. Since her father rarely interfered in her routine life, and, indeed, scarcely paid her any attention at all, she played with Robert Wentworth III. They used to wander back and forth between the two houses, playing Bandit and Indian and other games of adventure known to all children; although they had heard nothing of any sort of enmity between their respective families, they sensed some intangible barrier, and neither ever entered the home of the other. Ann says she always thought it a great pity that she should never be invited to tea at Robbie's, for he told stories of delicious little cakes with colored icing, and at the Wood household the serving of plain buttered toast had become a ritual!

One day Robbie met Ann at the back door and told her with importance that his father had died, and his mother was going to send him to live with her father, 'way down in Virginia, to get a gentleman's education. Ann cried. She cried hard and long and refused to be comforted. She told Robbie that she was crying for his father and he ought to cry too; but he, with a discernment far beyond his years, promised that he would come back some day, and they would be married—if he still liked her.

Soon after this, Ann's father realized that she was old enough to go to school, but, rather than send her to a public school, he engaged a tutor. It was while acting in this capacity that I first came to know Ann. Her mind was eager for learning, and in

addition to her lessons she began to spend long hours reading the musty volumes in her father's library. She became an incurable romanticist, forever imagining herself in the place of some historical or fictional character. Her favorite form of entertainment was to call herself "Ann Boleyn," and haughtily dismiss Queen Katherine as she led away the enamored Henry VIII. I am not sure that in her mind she did not substitute "Robert III" for "Henry VIII." The thought of her one and only playmate was with her continually, although she had not seen him for four years (she was now eleven). Her conception of him grew steadily with her knowledge; to him she attributed all the noble qualities of the romantic heroes of literature and the great men of history.

Ann had always greatly admired Mrs. Wentworth, who appealed to her as a particularly attractive figure. Evidently J. P. was similarly impressed, for he became a frequent caller at the Wentworth home, and in the summer and early fall the two were often seen taking long drives in an open carriage along the lovely suburban roads. It seemed as though the old feeling had been completely dispelled. Ann was delighted. Out of the situation she wove many romances, all having the same ending; but they were never carried out. One evening I went to the door in answer to a ring of the bell, and found J. P. standing outside, the key in his hand, and a look of preoccupation and cold fury on his face. He stared at me, snapped out "Aristocrat!" and stalked up the stairs. The next morning a crowd of workmen presented themselves; before dark they had erected a high brick wall between the houses of Wentworth and Wood.

Not long after this event, America entered the World War. At the first call, Mr. Wood enlisted, and he was among the first to fall on the battlefield. His will showed a determined effort to establish a lasting feud; all his property was left to Ann on condition that the house and grounds should not be altered as long as a Wentworth lived next door. Ann was fully as determined to break up the family enmity. She lived in anticipation of the day when she would come of age and could have the dividing wall torn down. She felt certain that with the help of a clever lawyer the will could be interpreted to make this permissible; but if it was impossible, she was willing to sacrifice her inheritance to keep it

from coming between her and her Robbie, so sure was she of him and of herself. This unusual devotion should not be attributed alone to an innate constancy, but also to the fact that in her sheltered life she had few associations.

For four years I saw very little of Ann. She attended a reputable Northern college, and seeing her after graduation I thought she seemed a little fearful, a little unsure of herself. Still she clung tenaciously to her naive conception of Robbie, almost as though she were forced to it by some childishly loyal quality of her nature. She refused to admit the possibility of his never returning. It chained her in body and mind to the old Wood house on the quiet Philadelphia street.

"Poor child," I thought.

* * *

Last week Ann came to my home. There was a new light in her eyes, a new swing to her walk, a new lift to her head. She appeared to be completely mistress of herself. I knew immediately what had happened, and called to her "Robbie has come back?"

She gave me a proudly affirmative, I-told-you-so sort of nod.

"Tell me about it."

Her interest visibly cooled. "He was fat," she said indifferently, "disgustingly fat. Common-looking. No sense of humor. Proposed to me yesterday afternoon between his fourth and fifth iced cake."

I stared. "What did you do?"

"Offered him another cake."

There was deep silence while I poured tea and handed her a cup. Then:

"I'm leaving for Europe tomorrow. I intend to travel—see things."

Another pause.

"Are you going to tear down the wall?"

Ann arched her eyebrows and looked at me calculatingly. The resemblance to her father was marked. She set her teacup down slowly and precisely before replying.

"Why should I? It's a good wall."

Rudyard Kipling

SALLY AINSWORTH

AMONG the number of books by various authors, all very learned men, who purport to write a true account of the Nineteenth Century English Literature, it is amazing to find how few of them devote a chapter of their work to Rudyard Kipling. Amazing, because they know what they're talking about, and amazing because Rudyard Kipling is a truly great man. This may or may not be an indirect homage to him. He is so famous that he is practically taken for granted. Everybody knows who Napoleon was; everybody knows who Kipling is. Consequently, there are no excited adjurations to behold this man. He has become established, like water and sunlight and other essentials.

But the Kipling whose mottoes are worked in worsted and hung on the wall is not the person to be brought out. For pith of reason, for vigour and manliness, for unbelievable imagination, and for really beautiful passages, Kipling may not be the greatest writer, but he is in the foremost rank. The Kipling that is usually accepted is an imperialist and a militarist, with a dash and a sweep that is overwhelming. Now, his world is essentially a man's world, and if there ever was a masculine point of view, it is to be found in his poems and stories. He is the voice of the English nation at some times, and the voice of India at others. Perhaps his greatest characteristic is respect for the right things. He respects, above all, his religion. He has a respect for law and order and justice, and things as they should be. He respects people who know a great deal, and respects personal opinion. His own personal opinion is not to be denied. It was because he had the strength to speak of Queen Victoria as he thought of her—and she *did* look like a poodle—that he was not made poet laureate. Instead, he succeeded in making her look rather foolish. A queen is supposed to be above the cries of the multitude, but here was a man who spoke the truth. Consequently, her dignity was disturbed and her complacence confounded. A cat may look at a king, and a Kipling smile sweetly at a queen. Because he wrote of soldiers as human

beings, a great many gentlemen in England were caused to huddle together like sheep in a storm. They would fain denounce his impertinence, but they knew it to be truth. Wherefore, they regarded him with the eye of disfavour and would not let their little boys read *Barrack Room Ballads*, and such poems as "Cleared," "The Ballad of the King's Jest," and "The Widow's Party." All of which was another way of saying that they admired him and respected him and feared him because he made them uncomfortable with facts. Many dignitaries grew pale to hear how firm a foundation was laid for their empire in the plains salted and blue with bones, reeking tube and iron shard. They disliked to hear it proclaimed that

> "If blood be the price of admiralty,
> Lord God, we ha' paid in full!"[1]

For pure and unadulterated delight, for something finer than ordinary ecstasy, Kipling's stories have no match. There is one book that might be dwelt on for hours, and its beauties never fully revealed, and that is his autobiographical glorification of the school boy, *Stalky & Co.* This book alone is to be mulled over for its style and soundness, and for a soul-satisfying joy that is aroused only by such adventures as that of the cat and the Irish Colonel. Besides, there is an extraordinarily fine poem as a preface, in which occur the lines:

> "And we all praise famous men—
> Ancients of the College;
> For they taught us common sense—
> Tried to teach us common sense—
> Truth and God's own Common Sense,
> Which is more than knowledge!"[2]

That poem is, without doubt, the most perfect tribute to learning in general that was ever written. The fearsome trio of Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle find their counterparts in the remarkable personages, Mulvaney, Learoyd, and Ortheris, whose adventures are found in *Soldiers Three.*

[1] "The Songs of the Dead," *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling.* Doubleday Doran and Co., N. Y., 1929.

[2] *Stalky & Co.* Doubleday Page and Company, N. Y., 1927.

Some of Kipling's stories are unrivalled for their terror. He is a master at "setting the gilded roof on the horror," as is shown in "Bertran and Bime," that unbearably gruesome story of the pet gorilla who became jealous; "At the End of the Passage," "The Return of Imray," "The Phantom Rickshaw," and "The Strange Ride of Morrowby Tukes"—these do not rely on description, which is ghastly enough. The situations themselves are nightmarish, not overdone, but related in cold blood, which is always more effective than blood and thunder. This passage from "The Mark of the Beast" illustrates that most terrifying sight, a strong man in fear:

"I understand then how women and men and little children can endure to see a witch burnt alive; for the beast was moaning on the floor, and though the Silver Man had no face, you could see horrible feelings passing through the slab that took its place, exactly as waves of heat play across red-hot iron—gun barrels for instance.

"Strickland shaded his eyes with his hands for a moment and then we got to work. This part is not to be printed."[3]

The two *Jungle Books*, like Alice in Wonderland, are much more than childrens' favourites. In these two books are some of the most beautiful descriptions Kipling ever wrote. Here is beauty, with a profound common sense and knowledge that applies not only to the Jungle, but to every phase of life. Wisdom, strength, and courtesy form more than a changeling's code of ethics. That is the value of Kipling—those who follow his teachings find themselves remarkably well off. He is to be practised as much as read, for his philosophy has health in it. He is, therefore, to be considered deeply and taken seriously. But returning to the passages of pure loveliness, here it can be said that any man who wrote "The Hunting Song of the Seonee Pack" need not have written anything else. It is sufficient to ensure the fame of a poet. One of its verses is:

"As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled—
Once, twice, and again!
And a doe leaped up, and a doe leaped up
From the pond in the woods where the wild deer sup.
This I, scouting alone, beheld,
Once, twice, and again!"[4]

[3]"The Mark of the Beast," *Life's Handicap*. The Mandalay Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling, Doubleday Page and Co., N. Y., 1927.

[4]*The First Jungle Book*, Doubleday Page and Co., N. Y., 1923.

The wonder of it is that the same hand that wrote this, also wrote:

"When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier."[5]

Kipling's style is one all his own, so pronounced and strong that parodies are inevitable. Yet there are distinct influences in his work. His knowledge of literature is tremendous, but the influences that seem to have affected him most are those of the Bible, Browning, and Byron. Occasionally there are phrases used, snatches of something read and found good, that are to be recognized as from one of these sources. The study is fascinating, and would take a good deal of time. Kipling found in himself, however, a fondness for mystery and the supernatural, both terms used in the best sense. So literature has been added to by "The Finest Story Ever Told," "They," and "The Brushwood Boy." That last is a perfect short story, with just the right combination of reality and unreality, a careful balance of romance and actual life, and a certain glamour and delicacy that is only too rarely found.

The great tradition of the English language owes much to Kipling. His use of words is marvelously skilful, and the expression always apt. He is particularly clever when it comes to the translation of Indian dialect into English. This illustration from "The Incarnation of Khrisna Mulvaney" shows the devastating result:

"Upon this talk they departed together to an open space and there the fat man in the red coat fought with Dearsley Sahib after the custom of white men, with his hands, making no noise and never at all pulling Dearsley Sahib's hair . . . Seeing this, and fearing for his life—because we greatly loved him—some fifty of us made shift to rush upon the red coats. But a certain man, very black as to the hair and in no way to be confused with the small man or the fat man who fought—that man, we affirm, ran upon us, and of us he embraced some ten or fifty in both arms, and beat our heads together, so that our livers turned to water and we ran away

[5]"The Young British Soldier," *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling*, Doubleday Doran and Co., N. Y., 1929.

. . . Before God, there was a palanquin, and now there is no palanquin; and if they send the police here to make inquisition, we can only say that there never has been any palanquin. Why should a palanquin be near these works? We are poor men and we know nothing."[6]

Kipling is sensitive to sights and sounds in particular. It is thus that he describes a landslide:

"There was a sigh in the air that grew into a mutter, and a mutter that grew into a roar, and a roar that passed all sense of hearing, and the hillside on which the villagers stood was hit in the darkness, and rocked to the blow. Then a note as steady, deep, and true as the deep C of the organ drowned everything for perhaps five minutes, while the very roots of the pines quivered to it. It died away, and the sound of the rain falling on miles of hard ground and grass changed to the muffled drum of water on soft earth."[7]

All the mystery of night in the jungle is expressed in such a phrase as: "a noise so far away that it sounded no more than a pinhole of noise pricked through the stillness, the faint 'hoot-toot' of a wild elephant."[8]

Kipling's variety of verse-forms is particularly large. He is rather fond of internal rhyme, and uses it on any number of occasions, but the dramatic poem in which "voices" speak each in its turn, is a greater favorite. Witness "The English Flag," with the winds' different stories. His metre and rhyme-scheme always suit the subject matter. For the rousing swing of marching troops, there are "Gentleman Rankers," "The Lost Legion," and "The Song of the Banjo." It is this rhythm and chanting quality, combined with appropriate subject matter and apt sentiments, that makes Kipling so highly quotable.

[6]"The Incarnation of Khrisna Mulvaney," *Life's Handicap*, The Mandalay Edition of the Works of Rudyard Kipling, Doubleday Page and Co., N. Y., 1927.

[7]"The Miracle of Purun Bhagat," *The Second Jungle Book*, Doubleday Page and Co., N. Y., 1923.

[8]"Toomai of the Elephants," *The Second Jungle Book*, Doubleday Page and Co., N. Y., 1923.

As time goes by, and after his death, all this, and more besides, will be said in ever so much better terms. Kipling is to be taken much more seriously than to be treated of merely in sundry trifling essays. That amazing blend of imperialist and poet, of wit and beauty, demands admiration and regard even from those who do not care for his works.



Small Boats

SARAH FORSYTH

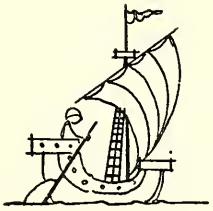
THERE was no school on Saturday, and we used to go every Saturday afternoon in fair weather to the Atlantic Ocean, which was in the stream that ran through the big pasture on the other side of the woods. We had dammed the stream with rocks and sticky black mud so that we had quite a sizeable pond, though the mud frequently disintegrated in the course of a week. I was Norfolk harbour, Doug was Liverpool, and Churchill was Boston. He didn't want to be Boston, but he was the littlest and we two objected to having our harbours demolished by perennial Boston tea parties.

Our boats were shingle ones: you know—the kind with a pointed bow and with a place for a rudder cut out in the stern. The rudders were elastic bands that you twisted around a chip and then let fly. They were very good, but usually lost their propelling power when but halfway across the ocean, and the boats would have to be encouraged with long sticks. Doug had white duck sails on his, but Churchill and I couldn't make them, and decided that they retarded the progress anyway.

The usual procedure was first to clear our harbours of the week's accumulation of sticks and mud, and next to repair the dam. This took about half of our time, but Doug insisted that it be done very carefully. Then we would load our boats with cargoes of various kinds—spices, cotton, slaves, Spanish gold—and send them back and forth. We would always send tea to Churchill in Boston (another idea of Doug's), and he grew awfully tired of it. After about an hour of unwearying trading, shipwreck, and disputes over right of way, Churchill would invariably decide to go to the middle of the ocean with one of his boats and there sit down hard, causing huge tidal waves all along the seacoast. He would have to be fished out, and, under protest, made to run around in the sun to get dry before tea-time. Sometimes this happened sooner, and sometimes later, but it was quite sure to happen. Then Doug and I would have a naval battle, each trying to overturn the other's boats by throwing little stones from the home shore. Not being a

very good shot I always had to retire in hasty defeat. I even went so far as to hit most of my own boats. By that time we would begin to hear far-off shouts calling us home. After about fifteen minutes of pretending not to hear we would collect the now semi-dry Churchill and move slowly homewards.

I went down there to the stream not very long ago and fell to thinking about our Saturday afternoons. The ocean had joined itself with the common waters now and was very narrow and trickly, and there were no traces of our harbours. But if I shut my eyes I could almost hear Churchill shouting, "Ship ahoy" (his one naval expression), and hear the splish-splash of wading feet. I walked slowly back to the house. I didn't want to see Douglas making worried gesticulations over the state of stocks and bonds, or to hear Churchill talk about his girl.



A Temporary Remedy

(*In Imitation of Gertrude Stein*)

VIRGINIA D. HALL

I FELT blue. I felt quite friendless and blue. I felt as though I had no friends, and I felt quite blue, too. I needed something to cheer me up because I felt blue and friendless. I didn't want to feel blue; and I didn't want to feel friendless, either. Something was needed to cheer me up, because I felt so friendless and blue, and I didn't want to feel that way. Nobody wants to feel blue and friendless; everybody wants to be happy. I wanted to be happy and not blue and friendless.

"If you take a drink you feel happy. If you don't want to feel blue and friendless a drink will cheer you up." That is what they told me. They told me that if I felt blue and friendless I should take a drink and I would feel happy. They said that it would cheer me up.

So I went to a speakeasy to get a drink. A drink will make you feel happy if you feel blue; a drink will cheer you up if you feel friendless. So I went to a speakeasy to get a drink. At the speakeasy where I went to get a drink, I sat down at a table covered with red and white checks. It was a round wooden table, and on it was a red and white checked tablecloth. On the table was an oilcloth tablecloth. The tablecloth was checked with red and white, and it was made of oilcloth. The table under the red and white checked tablecloth was round and wooden, and I sat down at this table.

The waiter came and I ordered a drink. I wanted a drink so I would feel happy instead of blue and friendless. I didn't want to feel that way; I wanted to be happy, so I ordered a drink of the waiter when he came to where I was sitting at the table with the red and white checked tablecloth.

The waiter brought me the drink I had ordered. He brought the drink to the table with red and white checks where I was sitting. I had one drink and I liked it. It warmed me up. I liked being warmed up and I ordered another drink. The first one made me quite warm, and I liked being warmed up, so I ordered another

drink when the waiter came to my table, which was round and wooden, and covered with an oilcloth tablecloth. I didn't want to be blue and friendless; I wanted to be happy instead, so I ordered another drink.

The waiter brought me a second drink, and I felt even warmer. I liked feeling even warmer. I wanted to be happy, and I was happy being warm, but I wanted to be still warmer, so I would not be blue and friendless. I ordered a third drink, because I wanted to feel still warmer, and the second drink had made me feel even warmer than the first drink. And I wanted to feel happy, and they had told me that a drink or two would make me happy. So I ordered a third drink when the waiter came to my table with the red and white checks.

The waiter brought the third drink, and the third drink made me still warmer. So I ordered a fourth drink, because I wanted to feel happy and very warm. The waiter came to the table with the red and white checks with the fourth drink, and I ordered a fifth drink. I had a good many drinks because they made me warmer and warmer, and I began to feel happy instead of blue and friendless, as they had told me I would feel. The waiter brought the drinks to the red and white checked table where I sat and I drank them because they made me feel warmer and warmer. I liked being warmer and warmer, and I ordered more and more drinks, which the waiter brought to my round wooden table.

The ninth drink made me feel quite happy, but I wanted to feel very happy instead of blue and friendless, and I liked being warmed up, so I told the waiter when he came to the red and white checked table to keep on bringing me drinks until I felt very happy. I wanted him to keep on coming to the round table with drinks, because they told me that a drink or two would make me happy instead of blue.

After eleven drinks the red and white squares on the oilcloth tablecloth asked me to sing. They wanted to dance, and they wanted me to sing and make music for them so they could dance. And so I sang for the red and white squares of the oilcloth tablecloth so they could dance. They danced when I began to sing, and they danced very prettily. They danced to my singing and they did it very prettily. Some of them danced alone on the round

wooden table, and some of them danced with each other on the round wooden table. They danced very prettily to my singing. I was singing for the red and white squares so they could dance. They were dancing either alone or together on the table while I sang. They danced very fast. They danced faster and faster while I sang for them. They whirled around the round wooden table while I sang for them. They danced for a long time, always whirling faster and faster, these red and white checks, and it began to grow late. As they danced faster and faster around the round wooden table while I sang, it grew darker and darker, so that I could hardly see the red and white squares while they whirled about. They danced faster and faster while it grew darker and darker. They stopped suddenly when it was quite dark.

In the morning I woke up feeling friendless and blue.



Cold and Gray

Roberta Cope

IT is strange how a commonplace word may call to mind a half-forgotten story with which it seems but slightly connected. Such a word is "automobile," for it takes me to a small village where I once came directly in contact with the "irony of fate" as manifested in the life of a New England spinster.

I was strolling about in a country town called Westerlie, which lies not far from a fashionable summer resort on the Rhode Island coast. On one of its narrow streets, still paved with cobblestones, in the older half of the town, I passed an old graveyard that had lately been supplemented with several new and elaborate tombstones. These did not interest me, but some others, standing over in one corner and having a hardy, weatherbeaten air, attracted my attention and I strolled over to examine them. I had managed to decipher a line here and there, and was chuckling to myself at a particular stone that bore the inscription, "Consider Class—died in his sixty-ninth year," when an exceedingly large hearse drew up before the cemetery, followed by a line of at least a dozen automobiles—a procession which I considered remarkable in appearance and number for such a "one-horse" town as Westerlie. Perhaps I was prejudiced, but it was only that morning that I had been unable to purchase my favorite brand of cleansing cream. Not wishing to intrude, I made my way across the graveyard and out the gate on the opposite side. I threw a backward glance at the group that had left the cars and was entering upon the right-hand path among the new headstones, when I noticed that, for the most part, it was composed of elderly men and women. Then I turned and walked away.

The next day I again passed down the old street and paused at the same spot. Almost immediately my eyes fell upon a new gravestone that had been absent the day before. This, then, explained the procession. I bent down and scrutinized the stone. It read:

Jane A. Nibbits
Died in her 78th year
"May God give thee rest."

That was all—a plain inscription on a massive granite monument. It did not even say "beloved wife of . . . " Idly I wondered what the "A" stood for.

As I rose to my feet I became conscious of the presence of an old man leaning on the wall close by me, and, yielding to a sudden impulse, I turned and wished him good afternoon. He raised his soft gray hat and bowed slightly. His keen blue eyes measured me quizzically, as if kindly tolerant of my attitude and waiting for my next remark. As I paused, not knowing just what to say, he approached the stone and, indicating it with his heavy mahogany cane, he spoke, "I calc'late you was a-wonderin' about this here, warn't you, miss?"

"Yes," I replied, "I happened to see a funeral here yesterday, and I admit that I am a little curious. You see," I added half-apologetically, "I am rather interested in old graveyards and gravestones."

He smiled. Apparently I had touched upon one of his favorite topics of conversation, and in so doing had unearthed a mine of information about the old days. He drew a long breath and leaned upon the back of the stone. "Well, miss, I jedge as how I can tell you 'bout all you'll be a-wantin' to know. Now this here monument . . . " And with this, his first remark, he opened up to me the life of Jane A. Nibbits.

We must have talked there for more than four hours, until shadows began to fall across the graves, and when I came away I possessed the unique story of a quaint New England spinster. I wish I could remember a tenth of what the old man told me. To be sure, the main outline of her life is clear to me, and here and there, I can even recall his exact and peculiarly descriptive words; but a great deal of the conversation has escaped me, to my lasting regret. Here, however, is the story as it has remained with me, to be called up in fragments by that common-place word "automobile."

Jane was born in the middle of the 19th century, in Westerlie, the same little town where she spent her entire life. "Yes," he said, "I knew her well. She was four years younger'n me, she was, if you'll believe it, miss. They do say as how she was born jest afore the heaviest snowstorm o' that year—on a cold, gray November day, miss. It do seem as if she was jest like to be born then—she

was like that, later on, miss; cold and gray." He paused a minute leaning over the stone and tapping the top with his cane; then he went on. "But when she was a young girl, she was real purty . . ."

With the old man I followed Jane through young girlhood and early womanhood. The Civil War, he said, had embittered her, and from then on she had gradually become "cold and gray," and had begun to grow "set in her ways." "It was strange, miss," he mused, "how she begun to hate things. Half the time there warn't no reason in it, neither—jest hate. Her pa had been a stern man, yes sir, one o' the sternest and the sottest in the county. Maybe 'twas from him that she got that kind o' disposition. 'T any rate he was killed in the war, miss—fell at Gettysburg, if I 'member right, and arter that Jane jest seemed t' freeze up. 'Twas a pity, too—she'd been sech a purty girl—kinda light 'n' laughin'. Why, d'you know what A stood for, miss?—Amaryllis! Yes, sir, Amaryllis. Sorta purty name, ain't it? Her ma named her that. 'Twas her pa as had her called Jane. But arter he died, miss, why she'd like to a killed you if you called her Amaryllis. Said as 'twarn't nothing but a heathen name. Her ma, now, was dead, and all for the best, miss, if you was t' ask me."

He mused for a while about her sudden change, and wandered on, telling me several stories of what she said and did at this time and that,—stories that I have now forgotten. In the midst of these musings, he gave me a living picture of Jane A. Nibbits. "She was sorta tall, and all corners, seems like—her nose, now, 'n' her chin, 'n' her elbows—her hair, too, all scrootched back inter a hard knob. Always wore dark lavender, she did, and high, black boots—and never a coat, miss, but a cape, kinda stiff, that covered her all over, down t' her ankles."

At last her actions and peculiarities began to alienate her, and her neighbors looked askance at "Jane's queer carryings-on." The man to whom she had been engaged from her sixteenth year, and throughout the Civil War, jilted her outright and married another girl, with the complete approval of the community. His name,—I clearly remember it—was Mark Conway, and he was the son of a well-known carriage-maker who resided in the village. The old man had lingered a bit over this phase of Jane's life. "Sometimes I think that Mark Conway did wrong t' act th' way he did—he

warn't as kind as he might a' been—poor Jane! P'rhaps he didn't act jest right." He seemed a little worried at this, and I hastened to assure him that, from his description of Jane, Mark had acted in the only possible way left to him. My old friend seemed somewhat mollified, and continued his story.

After the breaking of her engagement, Jane retired into the seclusion of her great family house and lived there hermitwise, with "neither chick nor child." Political and social changes alike left her untouched. Here she lived for over thirty years, a solitary individual, surrounded by age-old tradition. Then, in the wake of the Industrial Revolution, there came into her life the object upon which she unreasoningly focussed her half-a-century hatred —the automobile.

"Beats all," the old man had ejaculated, "how Jane did hate them automobiles. 'Course, the first ones was noisy critters, but, arter all, they sure was what you might call a inspired invention, yes, sir, a inspired invention. I calc'late as somehow she connected up th' automobiles with Mark Conway. You see, Mark took over his pa's business o' carriage-makin', and when the first 'mobiles come out, Mark got purty excited 'bout 'em, though he warn't no spring chicken himself. He done considerable talking 'bout the future o' them gas buggies, and got the town plumb crazy to have 'em."

It further appeared that, partly due to Mark Conway's influence, the selectmen of Westerlie had decided upon the building of a new road between Westerlie and the neighboring town of Hopedale for the special use of these new "gas buggies." They had cause to regret the road plan upon which they decided, for the family home of Jane A. Nibbits, a large rambling farmhouse, was located midway between two swampy areas, and unfortunately occupied the very tract of land through which, it had been decided, the new road must pass. The selectmen regretted such circumstances, but they were obstinate. So was Jane. She absolutely refused to acceed to their wishes in any way whatsoever. They petitioned, argued, and bargained—all to no avail. Although the selectmen offered her a piece of land of the exact dimensions, a little to the south, and promised to pay out of their own pockets the price of

moving her house and her possessions, she would not have her home moved a fraction of an inch from its original foundations.

Finally, after an interval of debate and indecision, it was discovered that Jane possessed no actual deed to the land upon which she lived, and that decided the matter. They cut the road through her house. "Jane sure put up one heck o' a row—reg'lar hullabaloo—but it didn't do her no good, miss! You c'n see th' house today, jest as 'twas cut. On Forsythe Road, 'tis, miss—a rare, uncommon sight, I calls it. I often wonder'd jest how she lived there arterwards. Fust in one half 'n' then in t'other, I calc'late—maybe she used 'em both on Sundays." And we chuckled over this together.

After this episode Jane had developed a positive mania against automobiles. As she grew older and they became more numerous about the surrounding countryside, she took a curious pleasure in thwarting their passengers at every turn. Her door remained permanently closed to tourists, and she declined to give them directions or aid of any sort. If a car broke down near her house, its occupants came empty-handed from her door. Very likely she slammed it in their faces. Twice a week she made a trip to town to procure her small store of provisions, walking the five miles there and the five miles back. She became positively livid with rage, if some charitable soul offered her a lift. "Seemed like she'd purty near foam at the mouth, miss," was the old man's way of putting it. "Never would put her foot inside o' one o' them inventions o' th' Evil One,—'twas as how she called 'em! She lived like that for nigh onto—wal, I declare, I disremember jest how long; but it'd seem nat'ral t' see her now, stalkin' along with her basket under her arm 'n' her hed held high in th' air!"

He paused for a little while, lost in thought, and I did not interrupt him, fearing to lose the complete story of this singular life. Suddenly, he roused himself and tapped the inscription upon her headstone. "It do seem queer," he confided to me, "that her life 'd end like this!—'May God give thee rest!'—she didn't want no rest. She died on her doorstep, miss, jest as she was a-startin' off t' th' village, I calc'late. She warn't never the kind to sit 'n' fold her hands. Her funeral was all wrong, miss, 'least 'cordin' t' my way o' thinkin', 'twas. I swan, Jane liked to a turned over in her

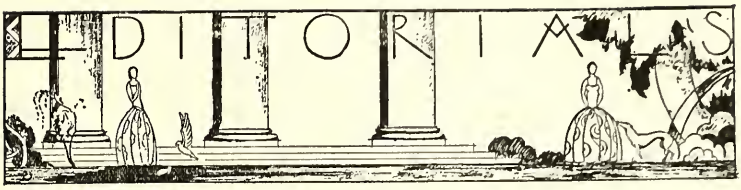
grave at sech goin's-on. That hearse, now, miss, and them cars, 'n' all them people. Seems queer, don't it, how people as have hated you all your life turn out t' walk with you t' your grave? Only they didn't walk, miss, they *rode*. Poor Jane—she never would step int' a 'mobile while she was alive; and then when she died, they put her in th' fanciest hearse in th' county, and turned out all the best cars t' follow it. I walked here, arterwards, miss. Jest 'twarn't accordin', t' ride." His voice fell. I stooped awkwardly beside the grave and once more traced out the inscription:

Jane A. Nibbits
Died in her 78th year
"May God give thee rest."

Then I rose, and together the old man and I passed down the path and out the gate. There we separated, he going one way and I the other.

It was several days later, that, in the company of the friend I was visiting, I drove along Forsythe Road and came to the old house. Sure enough, on either side stood a bleak, gray portion of a New England farmhouse. I asked my friend to stop, and sat there staring silently. At last my companion's voice broke in upon my thoughts. "Yes, that's the place that belonged to the funny old woman you were speaking of. By the way, who told you all about her?" Briefly I described the old man—his gray hat, his keen blue eyes, his broad bent shoulders, and his mahogany cane. "Why," observed my friend, "that must have been Mark Conway . . ." Mark Conway! She threw out the clutch, and our automobile continued on its way.





Of all the phases and aspects of life at Sweet Briar that we shall take away with us when we depart, one probably will dwell with each of us. We do not all love college life, the many unavoidable tasks that it involves, the inevitable periods of depression and grouchiness and overwork; we do not all love a routine existence, and an atmosphere of comparative social calm; to some of us studying is a snare and a delusion, and classes are so many organized bores that must be endured. Yet there are many who do love college life, and who feel that it is an experience from which everything is to be gained and nothing lost. These are the two extreme views, and of course there are numerous grades and shades of feeling in between. Yet through them all, happy, unhappy, and indifferent alike, there is one point of contact. This lies in the tranquil and perfect beauty of Sweet Briar. We cannot escape it; it gets into our blood, and stays there.

There is something in the loveliness of this place that should remain with us for the rest of our lives. If we fail in our classes, or make only a few friends, or lose sleep from burning the midnight oil, or are afflicted by any number of other possible woes, it is sad indeed. But there is one thing that we can fall back on, no matter what happens. If we do no more than walk to the Dell, we can see enough beauty to make things seem rather different. It is strange how consoling a wide stretch of hills with the sun on them can be. Sweet Briar in its external charm does more for all of us than we know, and after we have left it this reality will remain.

As We Pass By

He decided to limit his disciples to the "Sacred Number 63," and to call them "Little White Cows." Asked why he chose this title, he answered that cows were pure and useful animals, without which humanity could not live; even so were his disciples. The innate good sense of this speech increased his reputation. About this time, too, he would sometimes prophesy, and undergo long periods of motionless self-abstraction. At the end of one of these latter, after tasting no food or drink for three and a half hours, he gave utterance to what was afterwards known as the First Revelation. It ran to this effect: "The Man-God is the Man-God, and not the God-Man." Asked how he arrived at so stupendous an aphorism, he answered that it just came to him.

—NORMAN DOUGLAS, *South Wind.*

Men of courage, men of sense, and men of letters are frequent; but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees.

RICHARD STEELE, *The Guardian.*

Once more the windless days are here,
Quiet of autumn, when the year
Halts and looks backward and draws breath
Before it plunges into death.
Silver of mist and gossamers,
Through-shine of noonday's glassy gold,
Pale blue of skies, where nothing stirs
Save one blanched leaf, weary and old,
That over and over slowly falls
From the mute elm-trees, hanging on air
Like tattered flags along the walls
Of chapels deep in sunlit prayer.

ALDOUS HUXLEY, *Anniversaries.*

Petkoff: And how have you been, my dear?
Catherine: Oh, my usual sore throats, that's all.
Petkoff (*with conviction*): That comes from washing your neck every day. I've often told you so.

George Bernard Shaw, *Arms and the Man.*

For the philosopher, setting down with thorny argument the bare rule, is so hard of utterance and so misty to be conceived, that one who hath no other guide but him shall wade in him till he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so upon the abstract and general that happy is that man who may understand him, and more happy that can apply what he doth understand.

Sir Philip Sidney, *A Defense of Poesy.*

I can't write very well, because I'm frantic, because a girl called Mary Marlowe is in this room playing *Jardins sous la pluie.* FFFFF! This isn't her fault, because no person is allowed to do anything properly in this school. If they do, Miss Somers says: What are you putting in the expression for? You can't put in the expression till I've told you what to put. In the room next door another girl called Naomi Hooper is playing the Sonata Pathetique. She is putting in the expression, and I wish to God that she wouldn't. The noise is filthy and infernal.

Margaret Kennedy, *The Constant Nymph.*

O metaphysical tobacco,
Fetched as far as from Morocco,
Thy searching fume
Exhales the rheum,
O metaphysical tobacco.

Michael East, *Second Set of Madrigals.*



We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop for lending us the books we review.

MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA: A TRILOGY

Eugene O'Neill

HORACE LIVERIGHT, INC., N. Y., 1931

Eugene O'Neill in his usual role of giving to the American public some new, abnormal situation is brought before us again by this new play. Henry Seidel Canby writes two very good bits of criticism on the play for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, which help us visualize this work.

"The dramatist assumes what younger writers busy with the new cosmopolitanism of Chicago and New York have ignored, the continued virility of the Old American strain and its capacity for tragic elevation in the last stages of the struggle between Protestant moralism and the will to live and love."

The setting is in a small New England town at the close of the Civil War, and centers around the Mannons, a family possessing tradition and prestige. We see that Mr. O'Neill is far grimmer than Hawthorne, and we learn that the book revolves not on sin against conscience, as in *The Scarlet Letter*, but sin against the family's own nature. There are two murders, two suicides, one case of adultery and three incestuous relationships; and yet, as we read the book, we realize that this is the Mannon character, lurid, but logical. Mr. Canby says that the "characters are fed up with death and idealism. Cruelty is easy for them, the conventions are broken, and desire comes quickly to action."

The story is rather complicated. Ezra Mannon is the descendant of old Abe Mannon, and brother of David Mannon, who disgraced himself by running away with Marie Brantome, a Canuck nurse girl. The illegitimate son comes back as Adam Brant to avenge his mother for the treatment she has received at their hands. From then on we have an intricate combination of characters: Ezra loving his wife, Christine, who is the mistress of Adam; Lavinia, Ezra's daughter, harboring an abnormal love for her father and hating her mother; Orin, their son, in love with his mother and estranged psychically from his father. Hazel and Peter Niles, practically the only normal characters in the book, are unfortunately in love with Orin and Lavinia. All the Mannons have a peculiar mask-like quality in their faces, which serves to hide their inner emotions; they seem able to fuse this quality into their associates, and this is an interesting and significant point in the play.

In the first act we see "the ruthless break through into satisfaction," which is thwarted by the Mannon character. The second act shows the disintegration of character by the process of completely submerging the conscience in guilt. The final act shows us Lavinia, the sole survivor of the family, representing a return to the stoicism of renunciation, while Orin has sought the stoicism of death.

Mr. O'Neill's whole theme seems to be "Is happiness right?" The play, though sometimes revolting, is interesting and unusual.

—MARJORIE LASAR.

TWO PEOPLE

A. A. Milne

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, N. Y., 1931

To anyone familiar with Milne's *Winnie the Pooh* stories, this, his first novel, comes as a distinct disappointment. It fails to catch the careless note which makes the Christopher Robin of *Now We Are Six* so charming. There are moments when we hear the same fanciful note, but the author tries too hard. He imitates Barrie as well as Milne, and the result is not very good writing.

The theme is that of the young author whose first book makes a tremendous appeal and sweeps him up in a mad whirl of hero-worshipping readers. His wife drifts farther and farther away from him, and he grows impatient with her because she does not seem impressed with his importance. In a way, we feel sorry for him, but his wife is a lovely woman, which good fortune should be enough for him. He realizes this in the course of some two hundred pages, but meanwhile nothing happens and we grow impatient.

The style is conversational, which makes for easy reading, and the delineation of the characters offers quite easy reading likewise, but we are never very much interested. To some extent we feel prejudiced about this book; perhaps it is really as good as most. But from Milne we expect more than just fair workmanship.

In conclusion we quote one of the passages we really liked:

" 'I'm having a season at the Circle,' he said suddenly.

" 'How do you mean you're having a season at the Circle? What as?'

" 'Producer. Part manager. Hoffman and I.'

" 'Really? I say, you are getting on, aren't you? Why, you can't be a day over sixty-seven.'

" 'I'm twenty-eight this year.'

" 'I thought you were sixty-seven. When were you nine?'

" 'Eighteen years ago, I should think.'

" 'Don't tell me that eighteen years ago you were running about and shouting and singing——'

" 'I was.'

" 'And laughing and bowling a hoop?'

" 'Probably.'

" 'And then your white mouse died, and you never smiled again?'

"He smiled now and said, 'Life hasn't been too easy, you know.' "

—JANE HAYS.

ELLEN TERRY and BERNARD SHAW: A CORRESPONDENCE

GEORGE P. PUTMAN'S SONS, N. Y., 1930

In Bernard Shaw's own words, "good letters are rare and cannot come as regularly as the laundress." Yet both he and Ellen Terry

contradict this theory in their correspondence, which is probably the most unique and illuminating one in the annals of the theatre, and has very few equals in the world's collections of published letters. The circumstances surrounding the formation of a close friendship, spiced with flirtation, between the two, are almost incredible, for they wrote to each other for eight years before they actually met, and yet their paper courtship was of the closest, most intimate nature, rich in little details of personality that reveal the true woman behind the great actress and the real man behind the celebrated dramatist. Shaw claims that a long intimate correspondence can occur only between people who never meet one another, and cites Swift's journal to Stella as a piece of literature that would never have been created if its author had been able to see the object of his inspirations every day.

The letters of Bernard Shaw and Ellen Terry are to be recommended for their critical value and for their wealth of information on the theatre in the last decade of the nineteenth century; but to the every-day reader the chief interest lies in the human element. In Ellen Terry, this appears in her whimsicality, her delicious coquetry, her sprightliness, her charming feminism—as evidenced by the way her moods fluctuate from the heights to the depths—and her helplessness in business matters. In Bernard Shaw it appears in his humor above all, supplemented by his catchy way of saying things and his intellectual superiority. In both correspondents, the mutual tenderness, the freedom of expression and the intimate unbosoming of thought lend an entirely new charm to one's conception of these two well-known figures. Somehow, when one is just a part of the public, one is apt to forget the personal factor of men and women in the limelight. One doesn't think of Bernard Shaw as having headaches, being worried about missing the mail, or enjoying bicycle rides in the rain.

However, a slight feeling of depression comes to the reader of these letters. In reading such pages from real life, one becomes aware that all possibilities are not realized as one's love of the "happy ending" would like them to be. A writer of fiction, as a rule, leaves one with a satisfaction of completeness, even if the end is complete tragedy. But in the changing relationships in the lives of Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw, one finds the irregularity of

actuality, and the lack of a climax, crisis and conclusion in the approved manner of fiction. At first, the depth of understanding beneath the rather playful flirtation leads the reader to hope for something more definite, but instead the romance wanes into a friendship in which the relation between the two becomes more that of author and actress. The frequency of the letters dwindle from one every other day to three or four a year. But although the more sentimental reader feels a regret of unfulfilled anticipation, he cannot but see that these letters are an enduring record of the perfection in friendship that can exist between a man and a woman.

—SARA SHALLENBERGER.

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

John Erskine

THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., INDIANAPOLIS, 1931

The best known of Erskine's works have heretofore been historical novels of sorts, such as *Galahad;* and one expects this latest product to be in that vein. But *Unfinished Business* has a modern American background of business men, banks, magazines, and automobiles, used to illustrate the author's idea of life as it should be lived.

It seems that a novel should make characters or background, or both, appear alive and real, and let them tell the message of the book, through the actions and thoughts of the former and the color of the latter. Here such is not the case. Erskine states his abstract conclusion as to man's best conduct and then attempts to illustrate it. So far, well and good. The allegorical idea set forth is deep and impressive. But the characters are lifeless, marble figures, and the background is flat. The first two chapters containing the essence of the allegory are all that are necessary. The characters during the course of their subsequent action are not convincing enough to illustrate the allegory; and though the rest may prove entertaining enough, it has no particular value.

The method of introducing the story is interesting and rather odd. There is an automobile accident in which one passenger, a

prosperous retired business man named Richard Ormer, is believed to be killed. While his body is hovering between life and death, his soul goes to the entrance of the world beyond and there converses with the gatekeeper. In his own favour he states that he is rather satisfied with his life as regards moral conduct. Most of his good intentions have never materialized, but at any rate neither have his evil ones. But the gatekeeper startles him by saying that this unfinished business is the blackest mark any man could have against his name. Even if one finished out an evil intention, it would be better for his record than not to have accomplished a good one or an evil one. A man should follow through whatever he wants or intends to do. This is somewhat terrifying news to Ormer! He can no longer feel satisfied to have his life reviewed for reward in the world beyond. So he says; he will not go inside the gates; he will return to earth and try to complete something. After a slow recovery from the accident he comes back into circulation, determined to change his previous course of action. But it is hard now to carry out even his evil intentions. He had wanted to seduce a young lady at one time in his youth; but now she is his best friend's wife, and furthermore unwilling to be a party to any deception of her husband. He had wanted to swindle his partner in business; but now that gentleman is a powerful and wealthy banker, and the banker magnanimously refuses to consider the would-be swindler as anything else than a troublesome lunatic. Ormer finally accomplishes one intention, and a good one, which helps him when he returns to the pearly gates.

The idea, to repeat, is a good one, a very good one; and one that affords food for thought. It makes the book worth reading; but the development of the idea will be found a bit boring and quite unconvincing by most readers.

—SARAH FORSYTH.

Exchanges

We have received a large number of exchanges for this issue, and they have been, on the whole, very interesting. First place goes to *The Mount Holyoke Monthly*. The magazine is small and, therefore, the material is chosen for quality and not quantity. There is a tone, a certain finesse about the publication as a whole that is delightful.

The Exchange Corner for this month is going to be a Poetry Corner. Some of the poems in the different magazines are of a high order, and we want to pass them on.

From the October *Mount Holyoke Monthly*, "Flat Country," by Harriet Bruen:

> "A shallow earth it seems, where gaunt trees stand
> Two-thirds above the low horizon land;
> A sallow sky, a disk of faded brown,
> Almost to its worn edges creeps the town.
> I've known an earth with great hills circling round,
> Uplifting all the treasure of the ground;
> Yet foothills to the larger ones beyond
> A stately slow ascent to make a bond
> And fellowship with heaven, whose very door
> Is graced by airy mountains, blue and hoar.
> Ah, then, with understanding keen and high
> My spirit rested in the holy sky.
> But here the people have flat-seeming eyes
> From looking levelly for Paradise."

From *The Sun Dial*, Flora Stone Mather College, Western Reserve University, comes a selection of poems by Marika Hellstrom that are good and unusual:

"Revelation"

"The brilliance of the morning at my door
Is ever new.
I stand with unbelieving eyes!
Color of flowers and music of trees
Press on me beauty that can never pass from me
No more than you can leave my heart."

Another offering from *The Sun Dial* is "Starlight," by Ann Aronovitz:

"It is a silver cloth,
The stuff that dreams are made of;
It is a silver gleam
Thru' ages of despair;
It is a ray of Life,
Eternal as the muses
As wonderful, and free
And steadfast as the air.

It is a mesh of Love,
A web of silver fragrance;
It is a ray of hope,
A symbol of delight;
It is a swift caress,
Enchanting in its vagrance.
As graceful, and bizarre
As seagulls in their flight."

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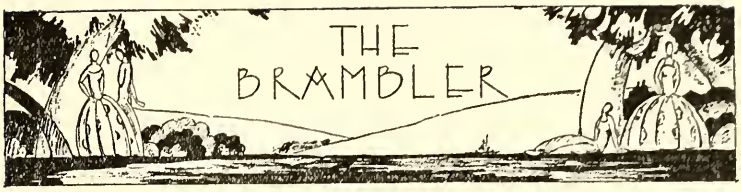
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Feb 32





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February MIDWINTER NUMBER 1932

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Verses For Children

Marjorie Lasar

THE SCAVENGER

I have a very special box
With many kinds of secret locks
That's hidden well behind my frocks
In my wee closet.

My uncle Joel gave it me;
He brought it back from o'er the sea.
It's sandalwood and has a key
Of beaten silver.

In there I keep my treasures few,
Most of them old—but some are new.
I keep them from the public view
All for my own self.

I have a peacock feather there,
A rabbit's foot that's very rare,
A lock of shiny silvery hair
That Grandma gave me.

A Chinese coin, a chain of gold,
A string of corals—these are old;
I got them when the house was sold.
(From Aunt Louisa.)

A baby shoe that's all my own,
A whistle and a smooth white stone,
A chestnut, and a dry wish-bone
I got Thanksgiving.

A four-leaf clover, pressed and dry,
A thimble and a dragonfly—
Its wings will shiver when I try
To make them wiggle.

If you would bring me something new,
I'd probably give a peep to you;
You see, it's just the *public* view
That I object to.



Another Ship

Elizabeth Tilghman Combs

THE evening sun was disappearing behind a bank of clouds, and the long black shadows which crept out from the few scrawny trees and the crumbling ruins of rotting boat hulls transformed the drab ugliness of Peterson's Ship Yard into the blurred quaintness of a charcoal drawing. The only living being in the drawing was old Sam, who sat, his cold pipe in his mouth, dozing before the cabin door of the strange-looking flat-bottomed boat that served as a house when pulled up on the shore in winter, and as a house-boat when anchored out in the creek in summer. Sam and his boat were as much alike as it is possible for a ship and her captain to be. Both had seen better days, both were old and battered, and both, from their appearance on this early spring afternoon, wished only to sit in the sun and doze. Presently Sam seemed to become aware that the sun had quite disappeared and that his pipe had long since gone out, and with a yawn and a somewhat stiff stretch he rose and made his way inside the cabin of his dwelling. It was time to prepare his evening meal, and as the old man busied himself around the cabin, he talked intermittently to himself and to the great black cat that lay curled on the window sill. Sam's meal was a simple one, but by the time he had eaten it, fed the cat, tidied the cabin, and made his bunk for the night, darkness was well on its way. As a rule, Sam was sleepy and tired by the time he had had his dinner, and went directly to bed, but tonight something in the air—the first breath of spring, perhaps, which always awakened some stirrings of youth in his blood—seemed to prompt him to sit for a little while outside and enjoy the evening before retiring. So he put on his coat, lit an old kerosene lantern which he hung on the cabin door, and settling himself comfortably in his chair, pulled out his pipe.

It was quite dark by this time, and a heavy fog had come up which hung in a thick white curtain, cutting off all view of the surrounding objects. The light of the lantern lay in a bright circle around the door, extending for about six or eight feet from Sam's chair, and then ending abruptly in the inpenetrable wall of fog. It gave one a strange feeling, as though the circle of light were a

little world apart, shut off from all human beings—a cosy little world all one's own, and yet withal a rather mysterious world. Outside that dense wall, it was impossible to tell what was going on. A whole army of men might be encamped in the darkness, but the most searching gaze would fail to reveal them. Yes, it was a rather strange shuddery feeling, and still a rather pleasant one. In fact, Sam couldn't remember ever having felt just as he did tonight. He was conscious of an unusual sensation of anticipation. He supposed it was due to the unusualness of sitting up late and to the rather weird atmosphere of his little world of fog, darkness and lantern-light. Perhaps also it was due to the soft caressing warmth of the night air which announced that spring was here at last.

Yes, another spring was here. So many, many springs—Well, it would soon be time to launch the *Sally Sue* again! He would need some help this year, for he wasn't as young as he used to be. He felt particularly old and weary tonight, and his mind dwelt with pleasure on the thought of the restfulness of the lapping of water against the bow of the *Sally Sue,* and the gentle rock of her that the little waves in the creek would make. The *Sally Sue* had once been fine and new, her paint bright and fresh, and she had set out gaily each spring on an adventurous tour; but that was many years ago when Sam had been young and strong. Much time had passed since then, and each winter had seen the *Sally Sue* come back a bit more battered, Sam a bit older; each spring had seen the voyages grow shorter and shorter, until finally they ceased. The *Sally Sue* would sail no more upon the "bounding main"; the creek was as far as she would ever go now. Sam would never again feel the salt mist blow against his cheek nor the deck rise and fall beneath him with the waves; he would never hear again the wind whistle in the rigging as he sped before the gale. All that belonged to the past, and it was gone forever. Slowly, dreamily, Sam began to drift out on the tide of memory. Bit by bit, like fragments of driftwood, moments of the past floated before him, and these fragments made the story of Sam's life; a story that few knew or would ever know.

When Sam was born in Peterson's Ship Yard, it was a flourishing little fishing village. In the summer Sam lived a life of happy outdoor freedom, learning from his father how to handle a boat, and preparing for that day when his fondest dream should come true—that day when he would have a boat of his own to pilot through

strange waters. During the long cold winter months, he received from his mother all the "book learning" that he ever had. Sally Sue, the daughter of the light-house keeper, was his companion in these studies. She lived with her father in the light-house at the mouth of the bay, and Sam and Sally Sue had been inseparable companions from their very earliest childhood. He spent many hours at the light-house, and Sally Sue in turn came to Peterson's to play with Sam among the ships at dry-dock there and on the sandy beach. So they grew up together, never separated for more than a few days, until that memorable year when Sam's father decided that his son was old enough to have a boat of his own. Sam was overjoyed. At last his life-long ambition was to be fulfilled!

The father and son built the boat entirely with their own hands. She was designed for utility rather than beauty, but to the enraptured eyes of the youthful owner the rather clumsy craft, which he named the *Sally Sue,* was the most graceful that had ever sailed. At last she was finished, and the time for the maiden voyage drew near. Sam could hardly contain himself for impatience, and when the day before his departure arrived he was wildly happy. That afternoon he and Sally Sue took a long walk up the beach, and when they sat side by side on the crumbling wreck of an old vessel, Sally Sue cried a little because he was going on the morrow and would not be back for so long. It was then that, stammering and awkward, shy with her for the first time in his life, Sam told her that he loved her, and asked her to marry him when he came back; and Sally Sue gave him her promise.

The next morning as Sam, proud and happy at the helm of his ship, piloted the little craft out of the creek, he turned back to wave a last farewell to the friendly crowd that had gathered to wish him godspeed. But there was only one person that he saw on the wharf as he watched it fade into the distance—Sally Sue, standing with one hand resting on the railing, the other waving good-bye to him, her eyes bright with the happy knowledge of their secret, made a picture that he carried with him as he sailed away—a picture that time and tide were never to erase.

That summer was one of storms such as few remembered ever having seen before. The sea-captains at Peterson's shook their heads solemnly over their pipes and remarked that it would go hard with those at sea; and they mentioned Sam, so young, so inexperienced.

Well, a sailor must take his chances with providence! And indeed it did go hard with Sam. He was buffeted about by the raging storms, carried far out of his course, and finally driven by a gale onto a rocky bar, where his ship suffered such damages that he was forced to stay in dry-dock for nearly a month before he could safely venture forth again. And so it was that his voyage was much longer than he had intended it to be, and winter was well on its way when he sailed up the creek to Peterson's once more. His heart beat hard with joy as he docked his ship amid the shouts and cheers of the crowds that had gathered to welcome him back. But his eager eyes sought in vain for Sally Sue, and a sudden strange fear gripped him as he asked for her.

Then they told him. She was dead. There had been a wreck, and she had gone out with her father; their little boat had been overturned by the waves, and both had been drowned. The crowd became very still when they saw the change that came over Sam's face—a change that turned him suddenly from a boy to an old man; and when he turned abruptly and walked away no one tried to follow him. Somehow, they all seemed to sense that in that moment the end of life had come for him.

And Sam went on year after year, his grief locked in his heart, spending most of his time on long excursions in his ship and returning in the winter months to his old home. In time his parents died, the population of Peterson's dwindled and finally the town was deserted entirely. The light-house was abandoned and another built farther out in the bay, and the days of the prosperous little fishing village became a memory. But still Sam continued to come and spend his solitary winters there, setting out each spring on his cruises, until age claimed its due, and the sea, the only thing that was left to him in his lonely life, was taken from him also. There was only the *Sally Sue* now—only an old and battered boat for a companion in a great and empty world.

And so he sat there on this early spring night and dreamed of the past. He sighed a bit as he thought of the happiness that might have been his, had only that other Sally Sue lived to be sitting here with him tonight, here in this little world of fog so shut off from the other world. The bitter ache that he had learned to still to a dull pain had come back in all its intensity tonight, and the utter loneliness of his life seemed to overwhelm him. He had been alone for

so very, very long now, and life was becoming so weary. When would it end, when would he go to join at last his Sally Sue?

Suddenly Sam's thoughts were interrupted with a jerk and his heart gave a startled jump. Through the wall of fog, from the darkness into the circle of light a man had suddenly stepped. It was as though he had dropped from another world, or, like a spectre, had passed through a solid wall that had hidden him from view. Whence he had come, or how long he had been standing on the other side of that wall peering in, it was impossible to say. For a moment he stood motionless on the edge of the circle of light, and Sam had a chance to observe him before he spoke. He was very tall and thin, and was dressed entirely in black. His face with its gaunt cheeks was, like his long slender hands, unnaturally white, and this pallor was accentuated by the jet black of his hair. But it was his eyes that were his most striking feature. Black like his hair, they seemed to burn in the whiteness of his face. The lantern light threw strange shadows under them, increasing their depth, and giving the man an almost uncanny appearance. Yet it was his very eyes that somehow seemed to reassure Sam. They were sad eyes, but somehow gentle, kind, pitying, understanding; and as they rested on Sam his momentary alarm passed quite away.

After a moment the stranger advanced and with a keen glance at the old man, he spoke.

"Can you get me out to the light-house right away?" he said.

For a minute Sam was too amazed to speak. "The—the light-house!" he stammered at last.

"Yes," replied the stranger. "Out at the mouth of the bay."

"But there's nobody—" began Sam.

"Yes, yes, I know," the other interrupted, "but there's a ship coming in tonight, and it's absolutely necessary that there be a light, or it will run on the rocks. Can you get me out there to light the lamp?"

A thousand questions presented themselves to Sam's bewildered mind, but finally he replied rather doubtfully, "Well, sir, I reckon I could do it. I've got a row-boat, and if you could help me with an oar—I'm not as strong as I used to be—I think we could make it. I'll get some kerosene and some rags to mend the wick with."

He went into the cabin, and in a few minutes reappeared with a can, some rags and an extra lantern. Followed by the stranger,

he walked down to the water's edge where his little row-boat was tied, deposited his burdens on the seat, pulled the oars out of the bushes, shoved the boat into the water and held it while the man stepped in.

"If you'll wait one minute, sir," he said to the stranger, "I'll just go up and lock my door. I'll leave the lantern to guide us a bit when we come back, but I'd better lock the door."

It was a habit amounting almost to an obsession of Sam's never to leave his boat without first carefully locking the cabin door. It was not that he really felt that anyone would attempt to rob him, or that, even if they did, he had anything in his cabin which they would want, or which would be any loss to him if stolen; it was just a habit which had developed in Sam as habits so often do in old people, as an almost sacred ritual. But now, as he started to go back to perform this habitual ceremony, the stranger stopped him.

"Don't bother," he said quietly, "It doesn't matter." And somehow as Sam heard his voice it seemed to him that it was not important after all. He turned and stepped into the boat, shoved it off, and took his oar; and he and the stranger rowed off together into the night.

Neither spoke; they rowed on through the darkness in utter silence, each pulling steadily at his oar. The inky water slipped past them and lapped against the bow of the boat, and all about them fell the heavy blanket of fog, cutting off sight of the lantern they had left on shore before they had rowed ten strokes. The night was sooty black, and it was impossible to see where they were going, but Sam needed no light to guide him to the light-house. The way was as familiar to him as the path from his boat to the water's edge. How many times in the past he had rowed it! He could find it tonight as easily as if the sun were shining brightly to guide him, even though it had been many years now since he had been there. It was long ago that he had given up visiting the light-house, because the memories that it held were too vivid, and the pain it brought him too strong—and now tonight he was going back again! His heart beat strangely at the thought. After all these years! Would it seem the same, and would the memories be as poignant as ever? Presently they heard the water breaking against the rocks at the base of the light-house, and knew that they had reached their journey's end.

Sam drew in his oar as the little boat scraped gently against the landing-stage, and came to a stop with a slight bump.

The stranger sprang out lightly, tied the boat and turned back to help Sam up beside him. Sam took the lantern and led the way into the light-house, through the dim empty room to the narrow stairway that led to the tower. Holding the lantern before him, Sam began the long ascent. Up and up they went, and at each step a crowd of memories came trooping out to beset the old man. On these stairs he and Sally Sue had played together long ago; at each turn a new picture of the past came to his mind; at each footstep a voice of the past seemed to call him. The lantern-light flickered and wavered on the old stone walls, and as its beams fell in each black crevice, a thousand strange demons leaped from the shadows and pranced with fiendish gestures and grimaces ahead of Sam, pointing, mocking, laughing and shrieking in unison, "The Past is dead! There are nothing but memories. The Past is dead! It can never come back!" and again and again the echoes resounded, "Dead! Dead! The Past is dead!"

Up and up they continued, and Sam's breath came in gasps; his feet fumbled for the stairs, but still they went on and on, the little black demons ever prancing ahead of them, the stone walls throwing back the echoes of their footsteps and reflecting the wavering beams of the lantern. Finally they reached the tower exhausted and panting, their clothes covered with shreds of cobwebs they had swept from the walls as they passed. Without a moment's delay the stranger went to work on the light. Sam helped him as well as he could, but a strange numbness was stealing over him; his fingers fumbled with the wick and he could give but little assistance. At last, however, the wick was mended, the kerosene put in and a match applied. The wick caught, flickered, then burned up; and a long white beam of light streamed out through the darkness and across the water, cutting the great blanket of fog. The stranger went to the window and looked out through the night, searching the horizon with a keen glance.

"The ship will dock here," he said at last. "I'll go down. You stay here to tend the light"; and, taking the lantern, he turned and walked from the room.

Sam watched his shadow flickering squat and black on the wall as he walked down the steps, and then, as he turned a corner and

came into a different angle of the light, it shot up tall and slim, wavered for a moment on the wall, and disappeared. The light of the lantern he carried showed a moment longer, and then grew fainter and died out. Sam stood some seconds staring stupidly at the blank wall, listening to the silence that had followed the dying away of the man's footsteps; then with an effort he roused himself and went back to the lamp. It was burning brightly and needed no attention. Sam held his hands over the flame to warm them, for they were stiff and numb. How damp and cold this room was! And how lonely and silent! . . . He shuddered. The shadow-goblins that had followed him up the stairs and lurked in the black corners of the room were still shrieking their incessant refrain. Only now their voices were no longer a product of his imagination, but a loud ringing in his head that pulsated and beat against his eardrums in waves of sound. Again he shuddered. Oh this place was horrible, with its dark loneliness and its memories! This was the last time he would see it before he died, for after tonight, no matter what happened, he would never come again.

Dazedly he turned to the window and looked out. Directly in the beam of the lamp, he saw drawing near to the light-house a schooner with all sails set, gleaming white in the light. It seemed fairly to fly over the water as Sam watched it, and it was the most graceful, the fairest boat he had ever seen.

"I'd like to sail in a boat like that once more!" he thought wistfully as he watched it skimming toward him.

Nearer and nearer it came till it reached the light-house, and then it tacked so that its deck came almost even with a little iron-railed balcony that encircled the light-house at some distance above the base. As the ship came alongside, Sam saw the stranger come out on the balcony and advance to the rail, and he watched with a sort of dazed curiosity to see who was coming; but at that moment the lamp flickered violently and he turned back to it again. With cold fingers he worked over it, mechanically now, for his mind was in a sort of stupor and his body grew steadily colder till it seemed that even the blood in his veins had lost its warmth.

Suddenly over the ringing in his ears he seemed to hear footsteps running lightly up the stairs. His heart gave a frightful leap. Was his memory playing him another trick? Was his mind leaving him? With a strange sound, almost a sob, he buried his head in his

hands. The footsteps came up and up, louder and louder; then, when they seemed to have reached the top, they stopped. A sudden cold damp breath of wind seemed to strike Sam, and involuntarily he turned. Slowly he brought his eyes around to the door, and as he did so a cry was torn from his lips. She was standing there smiling at him, his Sally Sue, young and beautiful and happy as when he had last seen her.

An awful feeling of dread gripped him and all the strength seemed to leave his limbs. For a long moment he stood staring at her, and then at last he gave a low broken sob.

"Sally Sue!" he whispered; and with arms outstretched he stumbled towards her.

But as he approached her she turned and started to run from him down the stairs. His arms still stretched to clasp her, he followed. The stairway was dark, and he could not see her, but as he stumbled and groped for the way he could hear her footsteps running ahead. Sometimes he fell, but he picked himself up, and, with hands and knees bruised and bleeding, hastened on again, calling to her pitifully through the darkness,

"Sally Sue! Sally Sue! Oh, wait for me, Sally Sue!"

But still the lightly-running footsteps went on ahead of him in the darkness, and did not stop to heed his cry.

At last they reached a landing, and Sam saw her figure ahead of him against the faint light of an open doorway. She slipped through the door and out onto the balcony, and he followed closely after her. The balcony was lighted by the rays from the lamp in the tower, and as Sam paused to lean, panting and breathless, against the door frame, he could see everything about him quite plainly. Sally Sue stood by the railing of the balcony, and a few feet below the deck of the white ship rose and fell gently on the swell of the tide. Once again Sam held out his arms, but as he advanced she eluded him, and sprang to the ship below. Sam was left grasping the railing and gazing at the deck. He was dimly aware of the fact that the stranger stood at the helm, and even though he did not directly notice him, he was again conscious, as he had been earlier in the evening, of the strange power of the man's eyes. They seemed to be inviting him to peace. Directly below him stood Sally Sue as she had stood on the morning when he had beheld her for the last time as he sailed away from Peterson's. One hand rested lightly

on a sail rope, the other was stretched out to him, and her eyes were full of the same happy light that they had radiated on that other day. He trembled as he gripped the railing and looked down into her eyes. She did not speak a word as she returned his gaze, but somehow her lips seemed to be calling to him, her eyes inviting him to happiness, her hand raised to him beckoning, beckoning, beckoning

* * * * * *

Back on shore the lantern that Sam had left hanging on the cabin door burned steadily on into the night. The hours went by; presently a wind sprang up and blew the fog away, and the stars and moon came out shining clear and bright in the cloudless sky. Then the blackness began to fade to gray; the stars grew pale and wan until finally they disappeared, but still the lantern burned on, weak and sick in the gray dawn. Presently in the east the gray became tinged with pink, and the first bird woke and sang to the morning. A myriad of other birds answered the first and the whole sky was suffused with pink, but the lantern burned on, ghastly now in the morning light. Finally a golden glory flooded the east, and in a blaze of light the sun rose into the sky. Day had come; and as the first ray of sunshine fell through the cabin door the lantern gave one dying flicker and went out. The old cat, who had been sleeping by the doorway, got up and stretched itself, and, as though knowing that it was no use to wait any longer, walked lazily away into the thicket. A little bird flew down, perched on the cabin door, and peeped in curiously; then, with a sudden cheep, flew quickly away. The *Sally Sue* was deserted. A breeze whispered through the leaves and the cabin door creaked dismally on its hinges. Another Ship had come.



College Mouse

Katharine Means

THE problem could not be solved. It was one of those problems which lead students to believe that there is no justice. It was of the type of problem over which one struggles wildly and finally bows in defeat I had reached this point.

"Weep," I said sadly, "Weep for Lycidas, who is no more."

"I wish you wouldn't," came in a deep bass voice from under my chair. I was somewhat startled. "It's hard enough," the voice continued, "to bear a name like mine, without having to hear you mourn my death. And I *must* say," this with much emphasis, "that it is *particularly* annoying inasmuch as there is no occasion for such a thing!"

Summoning all my courage, which had been for a moment a frozen asset, I peered over the arm of the chair in time to see a small mouse emerge from behind the cretonne ruffle.

"May I ask—" I began in surprise, but stopped to watch the mouse in its slow and dignified march. When it reached the center of the room, it halted, turned around, and regarded me steadily—at least I *thought* it did; one can never tell, about a mouse.

"That's just the trouble with you," it said in its amazing tones, "you ask too many things. You not only ask, but you *ask* to ask. Why any person of your size," moving its head to view me from top to toe, "should be so subservient to one of *my* size, is more than I can understand!"

"It's only an expression," I said. "What I *meant* to say—"

"Well, why didn't you say so?" exclaimed the mouse. "Of course, if you *meant* to say, that changes the whole thing. So few people do. You must forgive me. What you no doubt *meant* to say, was—who am I?"

"Exactly," I said. "Who are you?"

"You're caught too easily," the mouse said crossly. "Can't you think of *anything* for yourself? But no matter. I see that I shall have to tell you. I am Lisutuss, of course, fool! You ought to recognize me—you've been asking *someone*, I don't know whom, to weep for me for a week now—no, it must be *eight* days, I think.

It was Tuesday morning when I first heard you—you had left popcorn under your bed the night before."

"Be sure to be very exact," I said, feeling that this was an unkind cut. "I might catch you up on the date!"

"Don't be catty!" said the mouse, with a sneer. "It was very bad popcorn, too. Stale. Made me positively ill for days. How you can eat such things—!"

I ignored this, deciding that I could afford to be generous. But, having my suspicions, I asked, "How do you spell your name?"

"L as in lachrymose,
I as in iniquitous,
S as in *so* morose,
U as in ubiquitous,
T as in tempestuous,
U as in unctuous,
S as in sagacious,
S as in seditious."

This he repeated with such rapidity that I was bewildered. "I guess you're a pretty terrible mouse, aren't you?" I said.

"Bad grammar!" he snapped. "Very bad grammar. So many of you monstrosities misuse the word. Of course, if you think I am pretty—though I should say 'handsome' would be more the word for one of my type—"

"Wait!" I cried. "Stop! I object to being called a monstrosity—"

"It's what you are, you know," murmured the mouse, but I hurried on.

"—and even if my grammar *is* bad, you are impudent! *I* am a college woman, and you—"

"And I am a college mouse," he said firmly. "*You* have no secrets from *me*. I've been through all *your* things (you should, my dear, keep your dresser drawers in better condition—you have no idea how they appear to an outsider!); furthermore, I have sampled books from all parts of the library. I find it very true that some books are to be tasted, and others chewed and digested. For instance, I enjoy poetry—*some* poetry. There's nothing like the mild, satisfying flavor of a good edition of Burns—and no aftertaste. But Cato—heavens! The very name makes my heart sink to my tail; and I have to consider the tail, you know I get

such a lot of pleasure out of life," he continued, after a short pause. "To quote something I learned at a recent meal, 'The report of my death has been grossly exaggerated.' There are always so many rumors about a prominent personage. Where did you hear of it?"

"I'm sorry," I said humbly, yet a little glad to take this officious mouse down a peg or two. "I wasn't talking about you after all. It was Lycidas; L as in—well, no matter; L-y-c-i-d-a-s."

"What!" shrieked the mouse. "I have been betrayed! It's all your fault! Your pronunciation is atrocious, as well as your grammar. You slur over words. It's people like you that are responsible for the condition of this country—even crumbs aren't what they used to be. Why, I could have done three dressers and a cupboard in the time I've wasted arguing with you! Disorganizing labor, that's what you're doing—disorganizing labor! I'll report you to the Committee on Worm-and-Table-Turning. You'll see—we'll turn the tables on you, and the worm too!"

He rushed off, muttering to himself, "I hope she's the kind that abhors worms, but probably not. First person I've faced in weeks who hasn't been standing on a chair."

In a moment he was back. "What's *your* name? Got to have it on record."

"Kay—otherwise Kathryn—and," I couldn't resist a parting shot, "sometimes Kitty."

He disappeared swiftly and silently in the direction of the corner by the desk, where there was, I knew, a m---- t---. I turned aside.

Weep for Lisutuss, who is no more.



Only a Child

MARGARET AUSTIN

IT was a warm day of late spring in Norway, and snow still lay in patches on the hillside. Sheep nibbled hungrily the fresh green grass. For the first time that year, Grethe had come out of her doorway to warm herself in the welcome sun. Grethe was very old and lived alone with her grandson, Jens, in a tiny cottage high on the slope, facing the sea. This morning her keen eyes rested critically on the cluster of whitewashed houses and the motionless black ship far below her. She could make out Bjorn, the Captain, a man known for his short stature and girth of chest, hurrying busily here and there on the wharf. Tall, hardened sailors were carrying kegs of dried fish into the ship. Busy with his bone needle, Brun, the sail-maker, was sitting on the sand, surrounded by angular sheets of white canvas. Small children swarmed over the wharf and in the numerous light rowboats. Captain Bjorn was sailing the next day, and Jens was going with him!

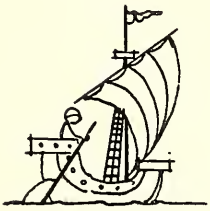
Jens—she watched him in his red cap moving among the little knots of people, lingering to hear some sailor's tale, or strolling proudly up and down the wharf by the black hulk. One day more, and he would be gone. It was his first voyage. She had tried to keep him from going, but she had known all winter that in the spring she could hold him no longer. The urge had got into his blood. He would stay whole days in his boat, or sit on the bluff looking out over the sea. The absorbed, far-away look had come into his blue eyes, and at times he would arch his chest manfully and lengthen his stride. He was always thinking things, this boy of hers. Lest he slip too soon from her, Grethe made herself think of him and treat him as a child, and her sharp tongue was forever nagging.

As Jens strode up the hillside along the sandy road, manhood seemed to be pouring into his veins. He was to have a man's job, live a man's life, gain a man's glory! Countless fathers before him had been seamen, and he was taking his place after them. He was certain he had grown taller and stronger in the last week. He was sure he looked like a man, not a boy any longer. It was with a slight swagger that he neared a familiar old hemlock. Yes, Lisa

was there waiting for him. Would not Lisa be proud of him now! He hurried up to her to tell her how wonderful it all was, what they were doing in the village. That was the first time Lisa had not come forward to meet him, eager to hear, to wonder, to plan. She stood perfectly still under the dark hemlock, her hands at her sides. In a low voice she said quickly:

"Jens is a boy. He thinks he is a man and can go to sea. The people will talk among themselves when he leaves his old grandmother to die on the hillside." With a flash of golden braids she disappeared down a winding path in the forest.

Jens stood dumbfounded. But the next moment stunned forces revived and untiring legs were speeding him up the road. Bitter self-reproach burned in him and Lisa's last words followed and mocked him. He reached the cottage, gasping and stumbling. Grethe was asleep, her bent and shrunken body lost in a huge cloak. How pitifully old and tired she looked! A stream of memories swarmed up in his mind—memories of all the kind things she had done, all the sacrifices she had made for him, asking nothing in return. He moved away quietly, a faint smile on his face, remembering how she would scold when she found she had been caught napping.



An Italian Supper

ZANE-CETTI IRWIN

"HAVE you read *Diary of a Provincial Lady?*" she asked, just being friendly.

"No," I said smiling.

"Well, have you read *Sparks Fly Upward?*"

"I'm afraid not," I said, feeling rather badly about it.

"Oh, and Hugh Walpole's delightful new book?"

"No, I—a—I—I." I trailed off into a mumble.

"Well, of course you've read *The Epic of America.*"

"Pardon me, but didn't that run in the Saturday Evening Post?" I asked.

She began talking to someone else.

It was an Italian supper with a rather hysterical hostess at the far end of the table and guests strung here and there gently smiling at one another. I was waiting for conversation so I could start another one of those bread sticks—I hated eating the damn things alone.

"Do you like spaghetti?" said a quiet voice at my elbow.

I looked at my half eaten plate. "Ye—ah, I guess so."

"You're lucky," was the reply.

I turned to look at her more closely. She was blonde, with blue eyes that twinkled at odd moments.

"How did you get here?" I asked.

"I don't know. I've been eating spaghetti for quite a while now, and I've sort of lost track of time. Do you think there'll be a salad or something? After all, one does get rather bored with something that keeps going on and on like spaghetti."

"Try a bread stick," I suggested. We munched along together.

"This is Mrs. Spandick's supper, isn't it?" I asked. "I mean, this is her house, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's what I understand."

"What I mean is that this is really us talking, isn't it?"

"It was when we started out, I'm sure."

"You're sure?"

She nodded.

"Won't you tell me about some of your friends?" she said.

"Do you mean the charming or the tedious?"

"I said your friends."

"Ah! Listen. Do you remember one night some time ago—we were at a supper—an Italian supper, I think—with spaghetti and bread sticks, and you turned and asked me if I liked frogs'-legs?"

"Spaghetti," she corrected.

"Oh yes, spaghetti. Silly of me—spaghetti it was—remember?"

"That reminds me an awful lot of tonight," she said.

"You know, I'm afraid it *is* tonight."

And we talked on and on, saying silly meaningless things and eating bread sticks, with the hostess' voice getting higher and higher at the other end of the table.



The Villain of the Piece

KATHERINE OGLESBY

WHEN I was a child I was petted and spoiled, and howled on every occasion. I owned, I think, every weakness incident to extreme youth. I was small and inoffensive enough to look upon; and this only made my outbursts of inner savagery more alarming.

I was always running away or doing something I shouldn't. Scolding did little good. I only looked sweetly apologetic after one of my crimes. After I had been told three times not to do a thing there was a bare chance that I wouldn't do it. One day Mother told me never to eat bananas. I immediately called to mind the fact that I had never tasted one, and I became very curious about the long yellow things. The next day we boarded a train to go to see my grandmother, and as there were no small boys around, I made great friends with the conductor. He was on the seat back of my unsuspecting mother. I sat upon his knee, and he produced a banana from somewhere. I was charmed. Eating bananas was a grand experience. (I found out later that there were always conductors and bananas on a train!)

When we reached Grandmother's, I asked her for twenty-five cents. Grandmother always gave me what I asked for. Then I strolled down to the grocery store on the corner with an air of indifference, and asked for bananas, holding out my hand, with the twenty-five-cent piece, to the eager gaze of the groceryman. He gave me a bag full of bananas, and I walked back home filled with excitement; I was soon to be filled with bananas. I went through the gate to the back yard and sat down on the back steps. I ate nine bananas. Suffice it to say that I have never eaten another.

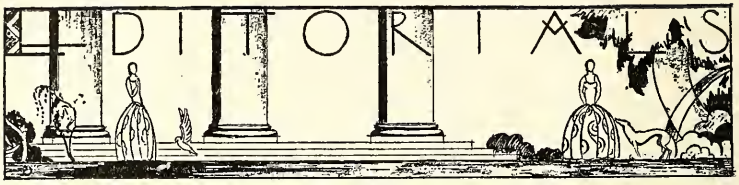
Almost every day we had a wedding—my little friends and I. The position I coveted most was that of the groom. I enjoyed the possessive assertion of stepping on the bride's foot.

I had a maiden aunt—a tragedy which only my youth can fully apprehend. She gave me no peace. She came to stay at our house once when Mother had gone away for a visit, and one day I decided that she had been trying to manage my affairs long enough. So I

determined upon a desperate course of action. Aunt Chick, I knew, was peacefully asleep. I paid a stealthy visit to my bank in Mother's top bureau drawer and drew out ten cents; then I hurried to town. I went into the Ten-Cent Store, bought a bottle of Hoyt's perfume, and ran most of the way back home. As soon as I arrived, I crept upstairs to the door of Aunt Chick's room. I peeped through the keyhole to make sure that all was well; then, assuming my most defiant air I marched into the room—softly. I hesitated a moment at the side of the bed. She looked all right; but then she was asleep. Afraid to hesitate any longer, I drew the stopper from the bottle and emptied its evil-smelling contents into the long hair attached to my aunt's head. I fled.

Aunt Chick had to sit out in the backyard all afternoon and sun her hair. Daddy was too polite to make any comments at dinner that night, and at first I was delighted over what I had done. But later I began to feel rather badly. I told Minnie, my cat, all about it. She forgave me and purred, so then I felt better. Poor Minnie. She died. I suppose I was rather thoughtless in regard to her. I carried her around by her head. Nothing but her head ever grew. But I was just a child—and some children will be savages.





In this and in previous years it has been the custom at Sweet Briar to reward those who attain certain grades on their work by inviting them to an Honor Banquet. This banquet is a formal affair, as lengthy and as dignified as such functions usually are. The eligible girls, clad in their most festive apparel, are feasted and talked to for some hours, and then are sent home again.

Although we all admire the charming decoration of the Reid refectory, which is used for the occasion, applaud the social graces, and enjoy food that is certainly less prosaic than our daily fare, it is questionable whether this arrangement is the best that could be devised. Scholastic distinction, many of us think, should be rewarded by academic privileges. That is, one possible substitute for the Honor Banquet, among many that might be considered, would be an increase in class cuts; or, better still, the adoption of such a system as that used at Barnard, by which excellent scholastic standing reduces the number of hours of work required for a degree.

Undoubtedly there are those whose pleasure in attending the Honor Banquet is such that they would be loath to say farewell to a chance for this enjoyment. But it is more than likely that these same individuals would, in the end, look even more favorably upon the prospect of more legitimate cuts, or less compulsory hours in class as a definite requirement for the acquisition of a sheepskin. And besides, the Honor Banquet is a considerable expense to the college. Could not the money formerly spent for the dinner be put to a better use? Aside from the many really vital causes toward which it might contribute, there are luxuries which would be of far greater benefit to the college at large than a banquet. We suggest an increase in the number of books in the Browsing Room as a possibility.

As We Pass By

Tell them who walk upon the floor of peace
That I would die and go to her I love.
The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet.

—William Butler Yeats, *The Countess Cathleen.*

They will review us together! The *Daily Chronicle*, or some such, that reviews verse in lumps, will notice thirty-four minor poets in one day, ending with *Thoughts in Verse on Many Occasions, by a Person of Great Sensibility*, by F. Cornford, and *Dead Pansy-Leaves, and Other Flowerets*, by R. Brooke; and it will say, "Mr. Cornford has some pretty thoughts, but Miss Brooke is always intolerable" (they always guess the sex wrong). And then I shall refuse to call on you. Or another paper will say, "Major Cornford and the Widow Brooke are both bad; but Major Cornford is the worst." And then you will cut me in the street.

—Rupert Brooke, *a letter to Frances Cornford.*

Put the rubber mouse away,
 Pick the spools up from the floor—
What was velvet-shod and gay
 Will not need them any more.

What was soft and warm, is cold—
 Whence dissolved the little breath?
How could one small body hold
 So immense a thing as Death?

—Sara H. Hay, *On a Dead Kitten.*

Les douleurs ne sont point éternelles; il faut tôt ou tard qu'elles finissent, parce que le coeur de l'homme est fini; c'est une de nos grandes misères que nous ne sommes pas mêmes capables d'être longtemps malheureux.

—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Atala.*

Porcus, that foul insociable hog,
Grunts me out this still: Love me, love my dog.
And reason is there why we should so do,
Since that his dog's the lovelier of the two.

—JOHN HEATH, *Two Centuries of Epigrams, 1610.*





We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop in lending us books for review.

SWISS FAMILY MANHATTAN

Christopher Morley

Doubleday, Doran & Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1932

"America, like the pelican in heraldry, vulning herself proper"—(Proceedings from the *Grillparzer Club.*)

Many years ago a book was published entitled the *Swiss Family Robinson*, and ever since that time children and grown-ups have been drawn by its enticing tale of life on a desert island. Not to be outdone by this, the indefatigable Christopher Morley has given us in his own inimitable way another and modern Swiss Family Robinson —a delightful parody on the older and original one. With cunning humour and charming subtleties, Mr. Morley has set his family, not upon a lonely island, but in the midst of the hurry, bustle and furor of the life of this generation, but he shows us ourselves with such cleverness and humour that we laugh as we see our ways mirrored by his racing pen.

The Swiss Family Robinson, having started on a ten day cruise, comes upon storms in which the ship meets with disaster. Mr. Robinson, Chief of the Bureau of Available References in Switzerland, and author of a partially completed book, the *History of Human Reason*, his wife, Gretchen, and their two children, Otto and Fritz, are set afloat in an emergency balloon-raft, composed of small pneumatic pontoons filled with gas. On this they drift for several hours, the sole survivors of the catastrophe, until with a fearful shock the vehicle collided with some massive obstruction. The gas pontoons

having been punctured by the blow, the Swiss Family Robinson find themselves landed high and dry on the top of the partially constructed Empire State Building.

Having come from the Old Country, their adventures in the new land are most unique and surprising. Mr. Robinson, aided by a bored young society girl, finds himself the craze of all the would-be intellectuals on a lecture tour. Mrs. Robinson and the boys are separated from their husband and father, and the family is united again only in the end, when Mr. Robinson unknowingly drifts into a new and most successful speakeasy, to find it managed by his wife.

And so, we find Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, having discarded the lecture tour and the speakeasy, contented and happy with their two growing lads established on one of the southern highways of Long Island, strategically near a traffic light where cars can see the place when they are forced to halt. The sign reads "The League of Nations Filling Station—Filling, Service, Comfort." And adjoining is the Dog Wagon where Gretchen's Swiss Cheese Sandwich is famous all along the Sunrise Highway (National Route Number 27 on your road map).

Typical of the keen humour and insight with which Mr. Morley so portrays our modern life is the description of a drive on which Mr. and Mrs. Robinson are taken to see American country life. No delightfully wooded country do they see, nor fields of waving wheat, nor clean white farmhouses, but only the long winding road which was "strangely level and evidently traversed by people of reckless appetite, for the way was lined almost continuously with stalls of sausages and sweets. But how might the hungry ever pull aside from that solid chain of speed? Instantly behind us always drummed another motor, as we ourselves whirled at the tail of the one before. Like a furious army on the march, like a tribe in migration, the long train of vehicles twinkled in discipline, halting together at crossings, springing forward again in unison. Many alluring by-ways opened up, leading to unfrequented shades, but none diverged; the lust of distance drew the whole caravan on in streams of joy."

—BETSY HIGGINS.

LEGENDS OF VIRGINIA

Helen Lefroy Caperton

Garrett and Massie, Inc., Richmond, 1931

"Honour is the subject of my story": these gallant Virginia gentlemen, these sweet ladies that appear on the pages of this book are symbols of the honoured and honourable past of Virginia's days. Stiff, inhumanly dignified these creatures are, sometimes inhumanly good or brave, but charming, and as delightful to the heart of Virginians as are the tales of La Fitte to New Orleanians, or perhaps Paul Revere and his contemporaries to the Bostonians.

It is good to see in print some of the innumerable stories with which our venerable grandparents have alternately bored and thrilled us, and these are some of the best of them. The most gruesome is the tale of the Honest Richmond Wine-Merchant, who found in his vat of one hundred year old wine the body of a lovely golden-haired girl, in an excellent state of preservation. Then there is the romantic "Wedding," concerning a proud beauty who would not release her fiancé from their engagement, though he pled with her "not to hold him to a loveless bond." And the "Rake," whose life contains one shining episode that made up for all his rakishness. And oh, the charming Franklin Street ladies in pale flowered organdies and their be-stocked and be-ruffled escorts, who flit daintily in the background!

The stories are all interestingly told, with a touch of pre-twentieth century stiffness and fineness, and a conventionality of phrasing that is beautifully apt. Sample conversation:

"The great beauty answered, 'I will not have them say that I, the toast of the Old Dominion, have been jilted.' . . . 'Madam, you do not hold me for love, merely for pride'." I like that; it recalls great-aunt Maria's phrasing in the same sort of story, and for a modern to keep it up for about one hundred pages is quite an accomplishment.

—Sarah Forsyth.

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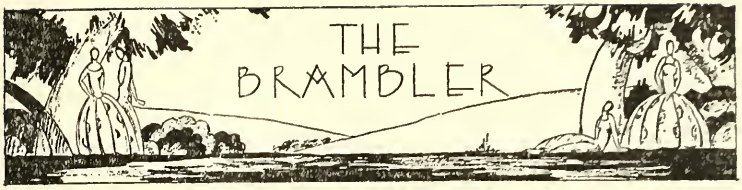
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THE BRAMBLER





SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE, SWEET BRIAR, VIRGINIA

March SPRING NUMBER 1932

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The Spruce, the Firs and the Hemlocks

Margaret Austin

Why is the forest so sad, so hushed?

CENTURIES ago the spruce, the firs, and the hemlock thrilled and sang in the sunshine. Balder lived. Then for days the trees of the forest wailed and lamented the death of the bringer of light. All but the spruce, the firs, and the hemlocks. They stood motionless in the darkness. Balder could not be dead and light gone from the world. For a short while every year the light returns and drives the gloom from the forest. The spruce, the firs, and the hemlocks are filled with hope. Balder is coming. They sway their branches and whisper their joy to one another. The deer move unafraid beneath them. Elves and goblins lurk among the bracken at their feet. But Balder does not come and their sorrow returns. Even the ogres of the fens and the Lapland witches are awed by their despair. The forest is hushed, for the spruce, the firs, and the hemlocks are waiting for Balder.



Shadows Lengthen on the Sun-dial, but the Clock Ticks

Eleanor Lauck

IT was the same house that had sat there for almost a hundred and fifty years, on the same smooth lawn that sloped in grassy terraces to the broad river. There was even the same little garden with cedar trees closing it in and rose-beds bordered with bricks. The same green spot under the big tree where old Miss Virginia and young Miss Nancy had sat on that afternoon so long ago. It had been a sunny afternoon, but there was a quiet sun, that left plenty of shady places. The mother and daughter had talked in low tones, exchanging confidences, their dark heads bent over embroidery hoops, their soft white flounces billowing about them. Below them the great river slipped silently by, occasionally giving a gentle rippling sound which mingled with the rustling of the trees.

The two women, one old, one young, sat there the long afternoon, sewing and talking. They had much to talk about, for there was to be a wedding soon, when the bride would come trailing down the wide steps in the big house, when the garden would be full of chatter. But on that afternoon there was only the murmur of the two women. There seemed a hush over everything. Yet the sun shone brightly in the garden and on the bronze sun-dial which reflected its rays. The humming-bird, with its iridescent wings, continued to drone, as it dipped around the trumpet vine, and still the women stayed under the big tree. Sometimes they would stop what they were doing and just sit and let the soft breezes ruffle over them. Sometimes one would read aloud. On and on they stayed until the sun was a red glow behind them and they could not see their needles. They could barely see the sun-dial to read the time. It was almost seven. They had not realized the lateness of the evening. Dinner would probably be ready before long, and now they would have to dress by candlelight. They got up and walked slowly towards the house, arm in arm, their skirts a little ahead of them, for there was an evening breeze from the river.

Yes, the house and garden were exactly the same. Mrs. McCann prided herself on that. No interior decorator for her. She wanted the atmosphere just as it was. But she had had to give in on one thing. She had been forced to have white servants. And Mattie, whom the agent had produced for her, with the house, had never been able to have meals on time. They were always wonderful meals when they were ready, but how could you plan anything if you did not know whether you were having dinner at six or eight? How nice it had been today to have her luncheon promptly at one, and she had had plenty of time, too, to talk to the gardener about the mint-bed before she got ready for her bridge at two-thirty. Let's see, the roses were cut and arranged about the house. It would be just cool enough on the wide brick terrace . . . She was interrupted. Bill came running in; he was going to try out the new motor boat, and she had to think to tell him to be prompt for dinner at seven and not drown himself. She wondered if the cook would remember to cut the sandwiches round. She must remind her. Then Jane yelled something about going to play tennis, and she had to call back and remind her that dinner would be at seven and not to forget to stop by for Betty, who was expecting to come home with her. There were so many interruptions. If only she had time to think about what she was going to do. Oh yes, see about the sandwiches. She hurried through the hall, past the grandfather's clock. Two o'clock already. She rushed to the pantry.



Mrs. Tate

Sarah Forsyth

SHE was just like a scrawny little starling. I can see her now, singing in the choir, all in rusty black, with a black straw bonnet half hiding her thin little face. She was rather deaf, and used to sing way up high when everybody else was low, and croak low notes when the rest were on the high ones.

She lived in a yellow and white house with a white picket fence around it. Whenever one of us passed there she would stop digging at her flowers in the yard and smile and beckon with a claw-like finger: "Come get a cookie, child." And then we would follow her as she hopped into the house, still beckoning and smiling and peering sharply out from beneath her week-day black sun-bonnet.

There were two things that kept her busy all year. During the summer she would dig at her flowers in the yard, pecking at them like a hungry bird. All winter she made rag rugs out of bright scraps of cloth and old sweaters that everybody saved for her. In the spring she would take these in her buggy around to every house in our neighborhood and sell them. This was her annual excursion; she never came outside the white picket fence at any other time except for church on Sunday. She would drive up to our house in a creaking black buggy pulled by a very bony gray horse; then she would get out and hop sideways up to my mother and spread the rugs out on the gallery, smiling and patting them down nervously.

She made the rugs so that she could send money to Ernest, her son who had been working in New York a long time. She said that he was doing mighty well, but extra money came in handy-like up there. She always expected him to come home and visit her, but he never came; and he almost never wrote to her, Miss Allie said. Miss Allie was the postmistress, so she knew about almost everything that happened. But, anyway, Mrs. Tate was sure he would come home soon, and that was why she used to keep cookies and blackberry shrub on hand; because Ernest liked them, she said. Every time we went to her house to get a cookie or take her a present from Mother, she used to tell us what Ernest liked and show us his picture and say what a fine boy he was.

One October day the station-master telephoned my father. When Father stopped talking to him, he came into the library. He looked very stern, which meant he was sorry about something. Mother asked him what it was. "Mrs. Tate's son," he said. "Rogers just got the wire for her. The doctor and I will have to tell her." He said that a policeman had shot Ernest.

Mrs. Tate was just about the same after that. She still sang high and low in the choir, and she kept on looking just the same, only she got skinnier and more like a starling than ever, and she did not smile quite as much. She would spend all her summer digging in her yard with little bird-like pecks of her trowel, but she didn't come any more in the spring to show my mother the rag rugs. She still used to ask us to have a cookie. Sometimes she would forget, and tell us what Ernest liked and show us his picture and say what a fine boy he was.

Vision of a Half-Breed Trapper

Annette Morris

On a late afternoon
of a winter's day,
I rode the prairie
on an old Indian trail
and the white snow
covered my legs,
the falling flakes
quivered
on my horse's mane
as I rode on
in deep reverie.
And lo! In the distance and around me
I saw suddenly
the red peoples!
Risen out of the blue shadows
of the dying day—
marching by
in sad exile. The Chiefs and young Braves
faced nobly
the void before them—
their women and children, brave too,
glanced not backward.
I spied high cheeks
wet with the tears of departure,
sloe-eyes, unseeing, tense
with a far-off look.
I saw there
the ghastly despair
of a nation
when in silent misery
they fly
driven onward
hopelessly, into the wind.

Saw despair in the eyes of the bravest,
saw tears on the cheeks of the conquered,
resignation in the eyes of the greatest,
saw brown faces, not without beauty,
and a calm daze pervaded the whole.
Again and again young War-Chiefs
like thunder from a wild sky
galloped past,
crying aloud to their people,
leaning low
on the necks of their ponies,
urging their people
to war.
Brown legs like bands of steel
'round the flying bodies
of their painted ponies
rushed past me,
encircling the marchers.
Crested plumes waved
in the air,
battle-cries pierced my ears.
Many, many, galloped by me
Singing, crying
to their people;
called and shouted
with high-flung arms,
held their coup-sticks
marked with waving feathers,
vanished into the blue clouds.
But they, the marchers
shook their heads
gave no answer to appeal to war.
Nay! It is over! they said,
and trudged on in the snow.
And lo! there were tears
on my furrowed cheeks
and my beard
was covered with snow
and the wind rose and howled

and the snow fell
sadly
and I felt no joy
in the whiteness around me.
I, of the white forehead and brown face* knew
these were my brothers.
Their trail was unhappy
and I cupped my hand to my mouth—
called after them.
My cry sounded hollow
in the stillness
and no one heard,
and they marched on and on
into the blue shadows
away,
marched on and were enclosed
by the snowclouds
while the earth grew dark.

*A half-breed with a brown face and pure white forehead was very common, as the exposure of the lower part of his face brought out his Indian blood, and the continual protection of the crown of his hat left his forehead very white!



Nepenthe

SARAH FORSYTH

PHYLLIS was sitting in the sand pile wriggling her bare toes in the coolness of the sand. She was thinking about Aunt Anne. Aunt Anne had been so good to her while she was visiting Gran. She had given her two lovely blue hair ribbons and a locket and chain and a fluffy powder-puff that you could puff on your face and play grown-up with. She would like to give Aunt Anne something to show her that she loved her very much. And it would be nice to hear Aunt Anne say, "You are a darling little girl, Phyllis, to think of me." And maybe she would say, too, to Gran: "Mother, Phyllis is a sweet child. I am sure she will be a lovely young lady when she grows up. She has such a generous nature." Yes, she would pick Aunt Anne some flowers—daisies and ragged robins and those thick orange ones.

She jumped up and ran to the garden and walked through the box hedge to where the flower-beds were stretched out in a rainbow of color. She picked daisies and ragged robins and June poppies and lots of other things. Soon there was a big bunch for Aunt Anne.

Aunt Anne was sitting in the summer house. There was a book on her lap, but she was not reading it. She was thinking: I have to go to that dance tonight. I have to keep on going everywhere. I suppose I will go on existing but it doesn't seem possible. "I'm sorry and I hate to hurt you, Anne, but we're just not suited, do you think we are?" No; no indeed—she hadn't thought so. "I hate to hurt you." She wished she could wake up. This must be a bad dream. "We're just not suited—"

Phyllis skipped into the summer house, waving her flowers and crying "See, Aunt Anne, what I got for you in the garden. Aren't they pretty?" Aunt Anne jerked her head up. She hadn't heard anything but jarring noise. "Phyllis! How often must I ask you not to interrupt me when you see I'm busy? And where did you pick those flowers? You know your grandmother will be very angry if you spoil her flower beds."

Phyllis fled to the sand pile, threw the flowers down and burst into tears. It wasn't fair. Aunt Anne was a mean, hateful person.

Aunt Anne hadn't even thanked her for getting the flowers. Now Gran would scold. Nobody was ever nice to little girls. Well, she'd run away and probably get murdered, and then they'd be sorry. Grandmother would wear black every day and cry, and Mother would have no little girl. She began to see the funeral—all the people weeping and saying lovely things about her and being sorry after she was dead. Her sobs lessened to snuffles and she dug her toes in the cool sand again. It felt good.

Aunt Anne sat in the summer house and thought: "Don't want to hurt you, Anne;" day in, day out without Pete . . . Well, she'd show him. She'd have the time of her life from now on and prove she didn't care. Then, too late, he'd need her—and she wouldn't be there. She sat up and opened her book defiantly. But she missed half the words she read because she was planning what an entrance she would make at the Club tonight and how coolly tolerant she would be to Peter.



The Concert

Zane-Cetti Irwin

"AND I said, 'My goodness, Henry, but you make it so hard;' and he said, 'It's you that makes it hard.' That's what he said, and I said 'It would be so much easier if we just let it end right now;' I said: 'If we just said goodby;' and he looked at me just like this—this is the way he looked, Mame—just like that, and said 'Gawd'. That's just the way he said it, 'Gawd'—all the feeling in the world—of course I can't say it like he did. Ya should 'a' heard him, Mame; it was terrible! And then I said, 'Well, anyway ya got Sue,' and he looked up quick and said, 'Sue who?' And I said, 'Oh you know Sue—the girl I saw you with the other night.' 'Oh,' he says, looking at me straight, 'Oh, so that's it—that's what this is all about—your saying all this. All about 'cause you saw me with that girl Sue,' and I said—"

"Wait," said the other, "What's the name of that piece they're playing now?"

"I don't know—and then I said, 'My goodness'—"

"Well, look on your program and see. It's the third one."

"Oh, it's something I can't even say. And then I said 'My—' "

"Well, give me the program, then."

"O. K. 'My goodness,' I said, 'I'm not jealous of'—

"It's 'O laskyate me moreer'."

"Yeah—well, I said, 'You needn't think I'm jealous, 'cause I'm not, see?', that's what I said."

"Pardon me, please," said a lady, climbing over them.

They clutched their hats and gloves and stood up.

"I'm sorry," said the lady.

"Oh, that's all right—and he just looked at me."

They sat down. "He just looked at me and didn't say a word. And I said, 'Of course I wouldn't say anything about Sue—why, she's a friend of mine. My goodness. But of course some people think she's pretty—I've never been able to see it myself'—have you, Mame? Well, she's got nice eyes but they're nothing special and—oh it's over, isn't it?"

"Yeah."

"Well, it was nice, wasn't it?"
"Yeah."
"Pardon me," said the lady climbing back over.
"Sure, that's all right."
They followed her out.



A Turruble Tale

CHARLOTTE BIRD MACOFFIN

TEDDY didn't have anything to do. If only he didn't have to play with Jean—but he'd promised Mother he would, and Jean would holler if he went off. Playing dolls was no fun, and Jean never wanted to run races, because she knew he'd win. Maybe it wouldn't hurt if he told Jean about the cave he and Dicky and Bill had; maybe she wouldn't tell, and it would be so much more fun if she knew about it so they could go down there to play. Maybe, if he'd give her his—

"Teddy, there's no fun jus' sittin' here. Tell me a story. You know lots."

Teddy rose from the steps and swaggered past Jean importantly.

"Say, can yuh keep a see-curt?"

"Ye-es, what kind?"

"Well, me an' Dicky and Bill has a cave off over there, behin' those big rocks, where we put a sack up over the door an' has it for our pie-ruts' den. Wanna see it?"

"Ooh! Yes! Is there real pie-ruts in it?"

"Sometimes. Come on, follow me."

With the air of Napoleon, he led the way, Jean pattering after, around the corner of the garden, past the tennis court, and down the rocky hill, until they reached a little hollow.

"Now, yuh gotta talk in whispers, or the gobluns what live aroun' here'll hear yuh."

"Will they eat me? Teddy, I—I'm afraid!"

"Aw, yuh big baby. They won't eat yuh. Don't talk out loud. Come on."

Teddy lifted a sack that hung over a jagged and irregular opening, and in they went.

"Ooh! It's all dark in here!"

"Ain't it fun? You sit down over there, an' I'll sit here. Don't the wind sound funny, swushin' aroun' outside?"

"Ye-es. I'm gonna tell Mamma about it, an' ast her if me an' Betty can bring our dolls an' play here."

Aw, gee! Might of known she'd wanna tell right away. And Mother couldn't know about it. Why, this was their pie-ruts' den!

"Now, Jean, please don't tell. Yuh promised."

"But I want to. It'd be fun tuh play doll here."

"But this is a pie-ruts' den. Yuh can't tell, an' yuh can't play dolls here."

"Well, will yuh give me sumthin' if I won't tell? What'll yuh give me?"

"I'll give yuh my—I'll give yuh my—I know, I'll tell yuh a story!"

"Oh, awright. An' I wanna story about a printsuss."

"Awright, then, but yuh can't holler like a fraidy cat."

"Ye-es, oney don't make it too turruble."

"Aw, I won't. Wull, wuust upon a time, there wuz a printsuss. She wuz a bee-you-tuh-full printsuss, with long yellow currals, an' dimun' rings, an' everything what printsusses have—"

"Teddy, what was her name?"

"Aw, her name wuz Cather'ne. But yuh can't interrup', see?"

"I won't, honust."

"Wull, this printsuss's father tole her that she had tuh marry an ole man what wuz awful rich, but he wuz awful homely. He had a long nose, and a hundred big, sharp teeth 'at stuck way out, like this. But the printsuss, she didn't wanna marry him, so her dad, he shut her up in a dark dungeon where—"

"What's dungeon?"

"It's a place down in a deep cellar, with rats an' mice, an' snakes, an' things, where they put people that're bad. Anyway, this printsuss hadda stay there in the dark, with nothin' tuh eat but—but spinnutch, fur twenny days. An' she got awful thin, an' wuz gonna die, an' her father felt purty sorry for her, an' had her hauled up. But he still wuz mad at her, an' she couldn't eat with the big folks or nothin'. Wull, one day, she wuz sittin' out in the back pantry eatin' by herself, an' none of the cooks wuz aroun', an' a prints came up tuh the window an' said 'hello' tuh her. Wull, o' course she fell in love with him right away, an' she tole him so. An' so he said he'd take her away on his horse, an' when they got tuh—tuh Worshington, they'd get married. That suited Milderd jus' fine an'—"

"But you said her name was Cather'ne."

"Aw, that wuz her middle name. She had more'n one, like you. But what'd I tell yuh about interruptin'?"

"I fergot. Please go on."

"Wull, so she got up behine him on his horse, an' they rode and rode, an' purty soon they got tuh a house where they thought they'd stop an' get somethin' tuh eat. So the prints, he got offa his horse an' knocked at the door. An' a big voice yelled 'Who's there?' An' he jus' answered, 'Me. The prints.' Wull, after a while the door opened, an' there stood a nawful ole man with ten guns. An' he says, 'Han's up!' But the prints jus' took out his twenny-two an' shot the ole man dead. Then him an' the printsuss went in the house an' got somethin' tuh eat. Cake an' bananas an' pickles an' choc-late ice cream cones an' everything. An' they foun' all kindsa jew'ls an' dimuns an' lotsa stuff, so they jus' took it. 'En they started out again.

"Wull, it wuz gettin' near night, an' they hadda go through a black forest with tigers an' eluphunts. It wuz all creepy, an' the win' wuz ablowin' hard as anythin'. When they got tuh the middle of the forest, they heard a turruble roar, an' a big, black lion jumped out at 'em, an' bit the horse right in the leg. But he was a good horse, an' ran jus' in time tuh keep from bein' killed. The lion, he chased 'em an' chased 'em, aroarin' tuh beat the dickuns, till they got tuh a big pile o' stones. An' 'en they didn't know what to do, because they couldn't go over the pile o' stones, an' there wuz the lion acomin' coloser all the time—an' big goopywapples wuz astarin' at 'em from behine trees on both sides."

"What's a goop—goop—?"

"A goopywapple. Them're great big annumuls like eluphunts, an' half like kangaroos what we saw at the circus, with eyes 'at have fire squirtin' outa 'em."

"Teddy, couldn't yuh lift up the thing from the door? I—I can hear better then, if yuh do."

"Aw, you're jus' scared. 'Sides, the gobluns 'ud hear me if I moved. So you be quiet. The prints pulled out his sword, ready tuh fight, an' hung ontuh the printsuss real hard, when all of a sudden a great, great big red thing swooped down outa the sky an' picked 'em both up in his teeth, an' flew with 'em way over the tops of the trees tuh a big mountain. An' he stuck 'em on a sharp rock, an' tole his servants tuh keep 'em prizners while he went away.

An' 'en they wuz all tied up with big chains, an' a big storm came up, an' the rain came down awful hard, an' poured and poured, till it filled up the valleys, an' come right up tuh where they wuz sittin' an' nearly washed 'em away. Oh, I fergot, the red thing an' his servunts had gone down the side of the mountain, so of course they wuz drownded. Wull, the prints jus' took out his magic sword an' hacked the chains in two. 'En he took the printsuss on his back an' swam an' swam, till he got tuh Philerdelphy. An' 'ere he found 'at the king wuz all shot up by robbers, so they couldn't stay there. So they jumped intuh Lake S'peryer an' swam some more. But the robbers came after 'em, so they hadda swim exter fast, an' they got purty tired out. But they jus' fooled the robbers by swimmin' under water, an' got away. Purty soon they got tuh the other shore, and they lied down tuh rest. An' when they woke up, there wuz a giunt standin' over 'em, a hunderd times as big as they wuz. Boy, but they wuz scared. The printsuss screached tuh beat the cars. An' the giunt wuz a-sharpenin' knives against one another, an' alickin' his lips. But the prints jus' ups an' sticks his sword intuh the giunt's tow, an' the giunt fell over dead. 'En they ran an' ran, till they jus' fell down, they wuz so tired. An' they 'scovered they wuz right in a tiger's den, with tigers on all sides, 'at had great big teeth, an' big shiny eyes, and growled way loud with 'er mouths—"

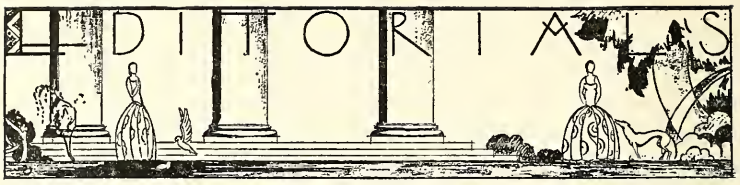
"Teddy, wh—what's that over there by the door? It's got shiny eyes—"

"Where? Where is it?"

"Right over there! See? It—it looks like a tiger! Help! Mamma! Mamma!!"

"MAMMA!! MAMMA!!"





The members of the present staff of the *Brambler* go out of office with this issue, and relinquish to their successors a task which cannot fail to be of lasting value to them. Editing a college magazine is not easy; it is frequently discouraging, and, at times, seemingly fruitless. But, if we may judge by the increasingly worthwhile material and general make-up of our exchanges, college magazines are taken more seriously now than of yore. In the northern colleges, particularly, there is often a maturity of expression which might well be emulated elsewhere, and in many of the publications which have been sent to us we have found similar evidences.

That the *Brambler* be taken seriously is what, most of all, we should like to see in its future growth. For growth, we realize only too well, is necessary. Its present form is a development from an amazingly nondescript publication of years ago, containing everything from solemn literary outbursts to snappy drawings, campus comment, and jokes. Through the efforts of one aspiring editor after another, the magazine was dragged from this piteous state to successively higher ones, until last year, with the editorship of Margaret Lee, it attained the status of a product of genuinely literary ideals.

After that, the battle, as a battle, dwindled into a mere skirmish. We still have difficulty in discovering poetry that can be considered worthy of publication even in a college magazine, and often we have to content ourselves with less brilliant writing than that for which we long. But as for the blood and thunder that had to be faced by our predecessors, we have mercifully been spared it. And our followers, we hope, will find the struggle a little easier still.

But we do not wish to part with the *Brambler* calling its output a struggle, just that and no more. There has been much pleasure as well as toil; and our efforts to keep the printed material on as high a plane as possible have, we trust, given the *Brambler* something of the quality that we desire for it. There is room for infinite improvement, for broadening and lengthening and intensifying; and as we take our leave we do so confident that the incoming staff will accomplish much of what we have failed to achieve.

As We Pass By

The only difficulty is to fetch out the dates, in the first place. This Penelope offers to do for me by looking into her diary . . . In answer to an improvement on this notion, devised by myself, namely, that she should tell the story instead of me, out of her own diary, Penelope observes, with a fierce look and a red face, that her journal is for her own private eye, and that no living creature shall ever know what is in it but herself. When I inquire what this means, Penelope says, "Fiddlestick!" *I* say, Sweet-hearts.

—Wilkie Collins, *The Moonstone.*

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soon fell fast asleep
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

—Robert Herrick.

There were happy nights of early to bed, with a hot-water bag and a moving picture magazine—beautiful Mr. Valentino in a sash and a broad-brimmed hat, Barbara La Marr's velvet mouth, and stories about how much those nice Talmadge girls loved their mother, the innocence of darling little Jackie Coogan, and what a good husband Mr. Menjou was in spite of his lifted eyebrows. "How good everybody is, when you really *know*," thought Lily.

—Anne Parrish, *The Perennial Bachelor.*

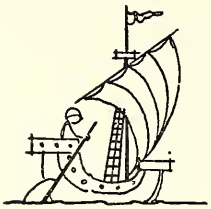
Lady W.: "Are *all* men bad?"

Duchess of B.: "Oh, all of them, my dear, all of them, without any exception. Men become old, but they never become good."

—Oscar Wilde, *Lady Windermere's Fan.*

Nathless he so endur'd, till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd
His Legions, Angel Forms, that lay intrans't
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In *Vallambrosa*, where th' *Etrurian* shades
High overarch't imbower.

—JOHN MILTON, *Paradise Lost.*





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LOADS OF LOVE

Anne Parrish

HARPER AND BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK AND LONDON, 1932

Here is comedy, skillful, keen. Here are apparently effortless and extremely natural touches that cut—little pictures that reveal petty foibles and irritating faults by one gesture. And here, too, is tragedy, vague, unfinished—the hopelessness and monotony that most often mean tragedy in real life. To achieve a combination of the two without obvious message or satire is extremely difficult, Anne Parrish does it with a master hand. She has done it before in the *Perennial Bachelor* and in *Tomorrow Morning*, and we have it again in *Loads of Love*. There is something on every page that calls forth a chuckle, and along with it a quiver of irritation at the character and a sense of the futility of human relationships.

The story is not involved—plot serves as pure background for character. Edward, a young and very poor novelist in embryo, is invited by Cousin Bessie Plummer (a wonderful nomenclature) whose affection for him is a bit more coy than cousinly, to come to her summer home in the mountains. In the house she has the young men of whom she is enamoured at the present, and several rather stupid and noisy relatives and friends. The exception is Katharine, artistic and silver-cool. Edward falls in love with her. Her sensitive nature is the only thing that makes the visit endurable, for he is too youthful to be very merciful to the idiosyncrasies of the guests. He and Katherine become engaged. Enter Jenny, a physically lovely, untutored mountain girl, whose nature is the antithesis of Kath-

erine's reserved one, and who possesses the desirable qualities that Katherine lacks. Katherine goes away, and Jenny nurses Edward through an illness after an accident due to Bessie's clumsiness. He falls in love with her and they are married. For two years they are very happy except for the lack of sympathy between Jenny and his beautifully poised mother, Claire. Katherine, meantime, suffers from her unrequited love, which is perhaps a little exaggerated by the author. Then Edward is drowned, and all the women who were so fond of him have to make an adjustment of their relations with each other.

Edward is the least real person in the book—a foil for the women: Claire, his mother; elephantine Bessie; cut-glass Katherine; and childlike Jenny. The novel illustrates the feminine mind and heart in a great many of its aspects, good and bad and irritating, chiefly the latter. All these people have to be in love; they cannot maintain a friendship. The real center of the book is Bessie, poor Bessie, who flops around under her loads of love for her fellow-creatures and smothers those whom she tries to help. She is clumsy and tactless, without a ray of sensitiveness, but she is bubbling over with good spirits and is a very well-meaning, pathetic figure, hopelessly annoying, and wonderfully drawn.

The book is a network of observations, homely, careful or imaginatively delicate as the case requires. The conversation is the chief conveyance for the delineation of personality, and Anne Parrish is an observant and keen listener to the sayings of every-day people around her, day in, day out.

—SARAH FORSYTH.

MERRY MOUNT

Richard L. Stokes

FARRAR AND RINEHART, NEW YORK, 1932

In the preface to his book, Richard L. Stokes observes, "the purpose of this volume is not to record history, but to conscript one of its incidents as a point of departure for the imagination." That may, or may not, explain in part the object of this remarkable work. *Merry Mount* is, one laboriously deducts, a libretto that stands by itself by the grace of literary merit. In this way it is comparable

to *Die Valkyrie* and *Das Rhinegold*, Millay's *The King's Henchman*, and the priceless works of Arthur Sullivan. Its value as a poem is undeniable, but it is one of the strangest mixtures of Cotton Mather, Horace, the Cavalier poets, Hawthorne, the Bible, and Mr. Stokes' own fertile mind ever read. The setting is historical, and the plot hysterical. The cast of characters alone should warm the reader: *Faint-Not Tinker*, *Wrestling Bradford*, *Praise-God Tewke*. But if anyone be so brash as to read on, he will become intrigued in the story of Bradford, the Puritan preacher, who warred against a Cavalier settlement in Massachusetts, only to fall victim to his own desires. The name *Merry Mount* is that of the Royal colony, and it is their object to reconstruct the merrier aspects of England on the stern and rock-bound coast. That, obviously, cannot be countenanced by the Puritans, who forthwith become besides themselves with zeal. The main difficulty lies in the extremely presentable person of Marigold Sandys—they still have heroines named Marigold—who in reality is as pure as the lily, but is the personification of evil to the Puritans, merely because she is dressed in velvets and laces. The sad part comes when Bradford finds her good to look upon. Therefore it is not for her soul's sake that he forbids the marriage to Sir Gower Lackland, the Cavalier leader.

When this has been accomplished by the amiable gesture of murdering Gower in cold blood, Bradford falls asleep and dreams a dream that would make Dante's *Inferno* mere child's prattle. The scene is Hell, and the proceedings are unspeakable. It is all a very admirable bit of psychologizing. The Puritan mind transforms everything into demoniacal proportions—Marigold is the supreme temptress; Gower, his Satanic majesty; and the Cavaliers, inhabitants of the nethermost pit. Bradford, to put it simply, succumbs. The play ends with Bradford in a fine frenzy, tearing off his collar-band before the thunder-struck Puritans, proclaiming himself a fallen man in stentorian tones, and uttering prophecies more terrible than those of any of the worthies of the Old Testament. There is a merciful curtain of flames, leaping up when Bradford carries off Marigold, whereupon the Puritans fall upon their knees with a rendition of the Lord's Prayer.

A very impressive play indeed. Stunning, in fact! Nowhere has Mr. Stokes held himself in restraint; he runs amuck over the whole state of Massachusetts. His knowledge of demonology causes

one to turn pale, and his vocabulary is astonishing. There is no word out of place, from the imprecations of the Puritans to the observations of the Indian braves. Only see:

Samoset (with stately indignation):

"Ahk-way tone-ah hog-kee soo-pahm,
Wonk-mit tahe-tash ha-pee-nong-kwat!"

Mr. Stokes believes in good old Anglo-Saxon words; his phrases are verbose. I forbear to quote. But there is a wealth of detail in describing the May Pole frolic, a flow of speech and familiarity of diction that is altogether praiseworthy. The songs and dances are completely authentic, and the scene is vivid and alive. There are passages of descriptive poetry that are most noteworthy:

Bradford: "Last night came One
Pacing adown the stairway of the sky
Like unto Astoreth, Queen of the horned moon," etc.

There is one touch that is really rather sweet and pretty, and that is the introduction of the Puritan children. There is one especially engaging little mortal with the name of Love Brewster. The children arouse both pity and delight:

The children (patting their hands sedately):

"Plentiful Tewke hath catched the preacher,
Plentiful Tewke hath catched the preacher—"

The picture which Mr. Stokes has evoked of the Puritan mind is not an attractive one. He describes it as narrow-minded, bigoted, and fanatical in the extreme, and all our sympathy goes to the Cavaliers, who lose their lives for harmless and natural pleasures. In the preface, Mr. Stokes says that the score is the work of Dr. Howard Hanson, the American composer. It would be an interesting piece to see. It would be interesting to hear the music. It is an interesting book to read

—SALLY AINSWORTH.

THE GETTING OE WISDOM

Henry Handel Richardson

W. W. Norton & Co., New York City

One could scarcely call this a sweet, charming little story, for, in spite of the fact that it is about a little girl, it occasions some extremely unpleasant and uncomfortable moments.

The author takes her heroine through three years at a girls' boarding school. Laura finds, through a slow process of awakening, that the getting of wisdom does not consist of absorbing quantities of reading, writing, and 'rithmetic, but of going through the hundred and one trials, painful experiences, and disillusionments that one meets unexpectedly. She learns what artifice and craft it takes to live—how naturalness, simplicity, and naivete fail to carry one through difficult situations. She discovers the horrible fact that she is only an ordinary mortal, with much to contend with, from herself and the rest of the world.

A Victorian atmosphere permeates the whole book. However, in an attempt to be realistic in parts, Miss Richardson becomes inconsistent and exaggerates somewhat, so that the story is thrown out of proportion. One feels that she has been unconsciously more subjective than was necessary.

A wide and discriminating knowledge of child psychology is the book's best feature. Outside of that, one wonders if the moralizing isn't a little too apparent, if the story doesn't drag a little too much, and if the author didn't weary of her tale before she had finished.

—Charlotte Bird Magoffin.

MY ARNOLD BENNETT

Marguerite, His Wife

E. P. DUTTON AND CO., INC., NEW YORK

We do not like to begin a review with so flatly uncomplimentary a statement; but, very frankly, this book left us with a distinct feeling of annoyance and an impression of poor writing. *My Arnold Bennett* is vaguely held together by the thread of intimacy. It isn't an informal sketch or a biography, it isn't a psychoanalysis or a memoir—it isn't anything, although Mrs. Bennett tries hard to make it something.

The sentences themselves struggle along. For instance: "He had determination. He was out to succeed. He did succeed;" or "My husband's mother was buried many years before him. She was spared the tragedy of losing her eldest, beloved son; but she had missed witnessing the tribute paid to him, her baby born sixty-three years ago in modest surroundings and dying in luxury. Proud of him she was, prouder of him she would have been if she had lived."

The book is full of minute anecdotes which seem to have no particular connection with what Mrs. Bennett is trying to tell us. Her attitude changes from that of the pliant, understanding wife, who sanely and sensibly tells us of her "child-husband," to that of the bewildered, foreign woman who, in a strange country, is at the mercy of his genius and suffers consequential loneliness. In one chapter she is guiding Arnold Bennett with her graciousness through the strain of his first interview with a publisher; but on the heels of this description we are surprised to find him saying "You do and say such strange things," or completely ignoring her.

Mrs. Bennett deals very enigmatically with their separation and its cause, and, before we realize what has happened, they are not seeing each other any more and she is eulogizing his memory.

If her hope was to endear him to the public, in our case she made an empty failure. The mere fact that she was Arnold Bennett's wife and the one who knew him best may be one reason for the existence of the book. There can be none from the standpoint of literature.

—MARJORIE LASAR.

Exchanges

The Exchange Department has received a varied and interesting collection of magazines, and it has been hard to make selections for the Poetry Corner from the very good material that has been turned in.

From the *Sun Dial* of Flora Stone Mather College, we liked the poem, "Winter Night Scene," by Edith Garber.

I

"I shall make a charcoal sketch
Of earth and sky converging:
Sky—black, earth—white,
And dark gray shadows merging.

II

"I shall make a charcoal sketch
Of trees whose bleak boughs shiver:
Trees—firm, boughs—thin,
And shrivelled leaves that quiver.

III

"I shall make a charcoal sketch
Of night lamps soft and yellow
Night—black, lamps—bright,
And white snow bathed in yellow."

The Hampden-Sydney Magazine, from Hampden-Sydney College, always has good material, and we select "The Bridge" by R. G. McAllister, as an example of a realistic and minutely detailed poem.

"Aloof—a great thin spider work
Of cold, gray steel hangs flimsily across
An endless brown-green swirl that ever flows
Down to the sea.

"Distant—from the pungent groan
Of dredge that labors slowly up the stream
And leaves a wake of waves and soot behind
Its coal black form.

"Above—so far it tiny's all
The monster boats that trudge and pound
And slither silently between its piers
Of cold gray stone."

The Mount Holyoke Monthly contains some splendid selections, both in prose and poetry. "Three Fables" by Louise Porter, was original and interesting. For its calmness and quiet serenity, we quote "November Furrow" by Ruth Kennon.

"Warm with the wind and sun, he said, 'Today
I'll plough the top field, for I think the fall
As fit a time for ploughing as the spring.'
Now when he stood upon the hill and saw
The mountains muted in a mist, himself
Alone against the sky, and his own land
Spread warm beneath his feet, he thought 'today
A man might turn a forest with his team
Or drive a furrow straight across the sun.'
But later, looking up, he saw the mist
Had left the mountains white, the sun had gone.
He felt the chill of evening and alone
Under the darkness of the hills he moved,
A weary shadow on the half-ploughed knoll.
He left the ploughshare in the quiet earth,
And down the dusk he led his horses home."

We wish to thank *The Winthrop Journal* for its praise of the *Brambler*. We liked—"the work reveals mature thought and style." Thank you.

And we would like to correct a mistake made by the Exchange Editor of *The Sun-Dial*, Flora Stone Mather College. She gave the *Brambler* a pleasing critical write up, and that was much appreciated, but we would like to remind her that the *Brambler* is published by Sweet Briar College, not Randolph-Macon.

We wish also to acknowledge the following Exchanges:

The Acorn, Meredith College.
The Subemeco, Sue Bennett College.
The Aurora, Agnes Scott College.
The Quill, Bradford Academy.
The Pharetra, Wilson College.
The Pine Branch, Georgia State Woman's College.
The Prelude, Woman's College of Alabama.
Lasell Leaves, Lasell Seminary.
The Winthrop Journal, Winthrop College.
Wellesley College Literary Review, Wellesley College.
The Concept, Converse College.
Cargoes, Hollins College.
Pine and Thistle, Flora Macdonald College.
Arlington Yarn, Arlington Hall.
The Miscellany, Mary Baldwin College.

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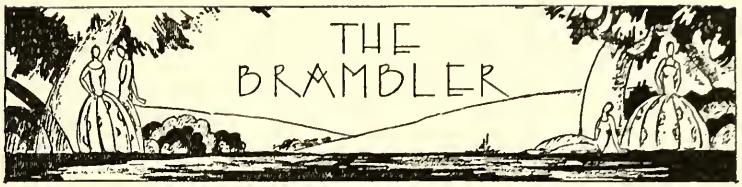


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Barley Loaves and Fishes

Nevil Crute

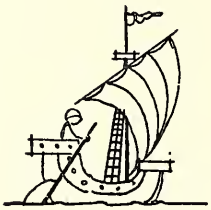
"One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, 'There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves and two fishes: but what are these among so many'." (John 6:9)

TIMOTHY was a very happy little boy, happy in the glory of the sunshine and the feel of the grass under his bare feet. It was a hot day, but he cared very little; he had work to do. He trudged manfully along the path up the mountain, staring at his feet unseeingly. Sometimes he whistled through his teeth—no tune in particular, but in the meantime Timothy was thinking, thinking how wonderful it was to be alive. At last his mother had realized he was no longer a baby and had given *him* the basket of lunch to take to his father, fishing by the sea of Galilee. Crispus, (Timothy's brother), would be furious when he found that he had gone with it, but Crispus had been late, and father must have his fishes and barley loaves. Timothy was very proud and elated. Now he had a chance to show his father how capable he was by getting the basket to him, not only safely, but sooner than Crispus would have. He'd show his mother, he'd show Crispus, in fact he'd show everybody. He'd teach Archippus to laugh when he beat him in races. Archippus had never gone alone up the mountain and down to the sea, and he, Timothy, was almost there. But half way down the mountain, he saw a great crowd of people gathered in the grassy field on the mountain side. They were all very still, all very attentive to the Speaker, who stood a little withdrawn from the others, a Speaker with long dark hair and beard, dressed all in flowing white. Though He was talking to thousands of people, He was quiet and calm, yet wonderfully fascinating. A voice, He had, like clear fire. What was He saying?———

.

And now He was gone. There had been a great deal of noise after they had finished eating. There had been shouting and acclaiming, but He had slipped away up the mountain to be alone, and the people,

talking of a great King, were going down again to the city. And Timothy was left despairing, alone with the great trees behind him, the blue sky above him and the green fields around him. For they had taken away from him his two fishes and five barley loaves. There was nothing left, only his empty basket. Archippus would laugh, Crispus would sneer, and mother, what would mother say?



Aspasia

(*On Reading Gertrude Atherton's "The Immortal Marriage"*)

Frances Reid

Aspasia! Countless men from thy curved lips
Sought wisdom. Socrates, whose clean gift of speech
Made thee to forget his ugliness,
Came daily to thy house, to wage with words
Battles more intense than Salamis
Or Marathon.
Sophocles, mightiest in tragedy,
Frankly criticized the modernism of Euripides,
Then looked askance toward thee for thy support.
Thou wast true friend to Phidias, and won
A favor from that Son of Art by thy rare smile.
And when the learned citizens forbade
Their wives aught but the spinning and such tasks
As daily fall to women in the house,
('Tis said in fear their women would become
As Spartan maids, and skilled as Spartan men
In all but affairs of state. Who knows
But even in that game they held
The upper card, though subtly?) by thy
Influence and example thou didst dare
To make these wives companions for their lords,
Discussing with them matters of all sorts,
Increasing knowledge, sympathy, and wit.
Some called thee vain—but wrongly. Thou wast proud,
And justly so. For well thou knewest this,
That in all Hellas there could not be found
A fairer face, a finer form than thine . . .

That even Phidias desired thee for
His model as he carved his masterpiece,
Divine Pallas Athene, and bemoaned
The strict conventions that this could not be.
Gay match-maker! How soon thou didst set right
The hearts of Phyrra and of Galatea.
Wise Pericles, thy husband well beloved,
Did make of thee his confidante. In time
Of war, thou wast his minister, and from
His house first men of Athens carried forth
News far too private for the ears of State.
Courageous wife! Thou bravely didst endure
Long absences of Pericles with patience,
Patience which thou alone hadst taught thyself—
That being thy hardest task—for thou wast loath
To wait for things desired, and in thy youth
Kept those about thee anxious, in unease,
Not knowing what thou next wouldst wish and take.
They recognized full well thy strength of will,
Undaunted independence, that found its match
Only in Pericles, thy lord, the Strategos.

Archibald MacLeish

Elizabeth Collier

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH, considered by some critics as one of the ranking poets of the present day, with possibilities of becoming a major one, sketches his life briefly thus: "Born May 7, 1892, in a wooden château overlooking the waters of Lake Michigan. Father a Scot; mother from Connecticut, graduate of Vassar; people seafaring and passionate. Four children: Kenneth, killed flying with British over Belgium. Went to Connecticut prep school; hated it. Then to Yale; typical undergraduate life, football, swimming; Editor of Literary Magazine, Phi Beta Kappa, began writing. Harvard Law School to keep from working for a living; led classes; married Ada Hitchcock, singer. Son born 1917. War: member of hospital unit, transferred to Field Artillery for fear of being called a coward; sent home; captain of F. A. at Camp Mead. Taught at Harvard; wrote; *Tower of Ivory*, 1917. Practised for three years in Boston. Great desire to write poetry. 1923, went to France with wife, two children. Lived in Paris; summers in Normandy and Mediterranean. Visit to Persia. Read French poetry, T. S. Eliot, Pound. Began writing again in 1923; *Happy Marriage*, 1924; *Pot of Earth*, 1925; *Nobodaddy*, 1925; *Streets in Moon*, 1926. Came home in 1928, live on farm. *Hamlet of A. MacLeish*, 1928; *New Found Land*, 1930. Traveled in Mexico alone, on route of Cortez. Hack work in New York if necessary. Clear eyed; nordic head; quiet manner; passion for discussing esthetics."*

It is not, however, in the short, scanty life of Archibald MacLeish, vagabond, hack worker, poetry lover, that I am interested. It is my task, rather, to set forth something of a brief critical study of Archibald MacLeish, poet 1917-1932. *Tower of Ivory*, the poet's first volume, is notable for two things. It shows the underlying possibilities of the poet's nature. Some of the verses herald the heights which the maturer man will reach. Other show a rather noteworthy and outstanding fault, if it can be called that; noteworthy in that, if MacLeish, as a poet, can be criticized adversely, it is on this score.

*Tante, Dilly—*Living Authors,* "MacLeish, Archibald."

Namely: he is too easily influenced by the technique and substance of others. This fault does not go so far as to include actual "stealing." MacLeish is too much a genuine poet in his own right to be guilty of that. He *does* absorb the characteristics of others to such an extent that they almost become a part of MacLeish himself. This trait is evident especially in "The Hills of Cleeve":

> "I heard the fairies keening on the upland yestereve
> When scarce the vagrant gray of dusk was done,
> When sheep were calling darkly down the shadow hills of Cleeve,
> And far below the village candles shone."

This is strongly reminiscent of the "Irish Twilight" of a few years ago. Other poems are typical undergraduate verse, following conscientiously in the Romantic tradition. This, however, is not meant as derogatory criticism. The poems are pleasing. They show a definite promise. "Baccalaureate" and "Realities" seem to me to be the most praiseworthy of the collection. In these two poems, MacLeish strikes an underlying strain that continues through his later works. He is appealing for the intuitive fears of reality as against the baffling limitations of the senses and of reason. The struggle in regard to reality assumes greater and greater importance as his technique improves and his dominating thoughts appear.

Seven years elapse between the appearance of *Tower of Ivory* and that of his second volume, *Happy Marriage*, which appeared in 1924. These poems mark a definite step forward in the "education of the poet." For seven years, MacLeish had written little and his re-entry into the literary world was auspicious. The sonnet sequence is worthy of praise. The lines have amazing beauty, possessing an almost irresistible combination of the poet's personal ecstasy and tenderness. The verses, for the most part, are rather uneven, but this discrepancy is ably counteracted by his flashes of imagination and his phrasings of an unusual beauty. One feels more strongly in this volume, the poetic power, the truth and vitality present in MacLeish's work.

The following year produced a third volume, *Pot of Earth*. In this book, several points are evident. The most important harks back to that criticism mentioned in connection with *Tower of Ivory*: the influence of other poets on MacLeish. The influence of T. S.

Eliot on *Pot of Earth* is felt in the free handling of the meters of the verses. But the vigor of the images, the technique of deft suggestion, and the delicate shifting of light and gloom are qualities which belong to MacLeish alone. With the appearance of this volume of verse, eminent critics agree that the poet's style, technique and poetry are worthy of close watching. By this time, MacLeish has found a more or less underlying motif. He has become engaged in probing into the "hidden heart of life," and his poetry, from this period on, can be termed, for the most part, "great".

During 1925 and 1926, MacLeish gradually developed into a more polished poet. His works were watched closely by the critics. Then in 1928 appeared *The Hamlet of A. MacLeish.* It was highly praised. Poetry lovers began to recognize that there was "something," a mighty power and a definite, appealing thought back of MacLeish's poetry. In *Hamlet*, MacLeish began to be recognized as something of a technical genius. He had perfected the technique of expressing himself with cunning, brilliance, and power. The influence of T. S. Eliot is still remarkably strong, but MacLeish's own genius was rising to the top. He shows delicate charm of imagery, felicity of expression and clarity of thought. His blank verse is rich, the result of a truly poetic vocabulary. Above all, he is a fine craftsman, a poet of distinction.

With the appearance of *New Found Land* in 1930, MacLeish came before the literary world as a claimant to the title of one of the few major poets of the present day. The poems are characterized by that same subtle, but perfected craftsmanship which had been present in his earlier works. There is the same exquisite melody and imagery. In addition, there is present a delicate thread of melancholy.

The effects for which MacLeish strives are procured with a minimum of fireworks. Part of his strength as a poet lies in his simplicity of language. He uses common words, Anglo-Saxon in origin, and monosyllables in simple images. In places, however, his sense of cadence is not quite perfect. His sentences and thoughts tend to be clipped and elliptical. The poetry has a style all its own, characterized by sobriety, deliberation, a haunting and genuine sincerity. MacLeish says that poetry, like any art, can only reach its highest level in a universe of which man is the center. The test of

a poem is its power to withstand emotion. A bad poem remains raw emotion, exciting emotion in the reader by its own excitement. A good poem has *become* and has taken sensuous form.* So much for theory of poetry. He also has a criticism of the new age and the new writers. This new age is one of evasion, he writes, exemplified in the evasion as regards the realities of the late war and of sex. The confusion of the time has set its mark on poetry. The modernist attempts to express an incomprehensible age in verse by sketching starkly the thing he sees, or by a brilliant analysis of the nervous excitement with which he sees the thing.

"Under the photographic sketches of poets, the time itself works out its purposes. What these purposes may be, whether this half light is of evening or of dawn, no man now living, knows. Only we know that in the dusk, gigantic shadows move and misty stars swing over and a wind goes by. And there are those who say that when the day is full again, it will be seen the high gods moved among us unaware."†

MacLeish takes these two criticisms as a yard stick for his own poetry. Man and his problems are the center and substance of his poems. He has even in his later groups succeeded in weeding out the raw emotion. The emotion is there, and is definitely felt by the reader as the being of the poem, not as the outpourings of a strictly personal emotion. That is to say, the reader feels the poet back of the poetry but the poet is an impersonal being rather than a person like the reader. Most significant of all, however, is the fact that MacLeish sets forth, through the medium of poetry, his idea of reality. In their criticisms of MacLeish, critics object to his having been influenced by Eliot and Pound. Rather, it would seem that they fail to understand that MacLeish is extremely sensitive to time and its changes. He is not transfixed by the beauty of a brick kiln or by the folk-lore latent in a country fair.

In spite of certain lapses into oversensitiveness, and the reproduction of other poets' mannerisms, MacLeish should be ranked as one among the foremost of living poets. His poems are ingenious in construction, impeccable in versification, and possess a peculiar emotional intensity.

*MacLeish, Archibald: "Amy Dowell and the Art of Poetry," *North American Review*, 221: 511, M., '25.

†MacLeish, Archibald: "The New Age and the New Writers," *Yale Review*, 12: 321, January, '23.

Certain lines of the *Hamlet of A. MacLeish* have fluidity and eloquence. Here is the sun that

> " . . . comes
> Swelling among us with a large light, with the
> Browsing of bees about him, with flattering
> Tree sound;"

Later, in his description of the creation of things, the first apparition appears while

> " . . . the wind
> Sweeps from tree to tree in the wet night."

After the creation of the world, there comes a yearning for peace. It is somber, yet appealing in expression:

> "At dawn, at Teheran, I have heard from the Ancient
> Westward graying face of the wandering planet
> The voices calling the small, new name of God."

MacLeish seems to be almost haunted by a problem, which beginning with the *Hamlet*, forms an underlying cry of his poems. The problem is an attempt to voice the lack of communication between man and the earth. He has an overwhelming sense of the earth's denial of itself to mankind; and he expresses a powerful desire to return to an innocent world, to establish innocent communication between man and his natural world—a world which was before "the irremediable woe, long done, lost in the times of memory." This wish is expressed in the following six lines:

> "Let there be shelters built in the wild fern
> For girls and their first sickness; also hovels
> Of green thorn on the hills for the times of women.
> Let there be laws inscribed for the keeping of chastity;
> And knots made to number the days of the moon.
> Otherwise harm will come of it."

This desire is linked with the poet's sense of loneliness, terror, and frustration:

> "Where is thy tongue, great spectre? Hast thou not
> Answered to others that with hearts like ours
> Followed the poets, speakers in the earth?
> Dids't thou not show them?"

Through his poetry, which communicates an almost bodily pain, he asks the question:

> "Where wilt thou lead us? Speak
> and suddenly the gray
> Light and the wind in the branches and the dawn and all
> Vanished "

This same question of unanswered frustration is found in *New Found Land*:

> "You who have spoken words in the earth,
> You who have broken the silence,
> utterers,
> Sayers in all lands to all peoples,
> Writers in candle soot on the skins
> Of Rams for those who come after you,
> voices,
>
> Echoed at night in the arched doors
> And at noon in the shadow of fig trees—
> Hear me!
>
> Were there not
> Words?
>
> Were there not words to tell with?
> Were there not leaf sounds in the mouths
> Of women from over sea and a call
>
> Of birds on the lips of the children of strangers?
> Were there not words in all languages?
>
> Were there not words to tell with
> to tell
>
> What lands these are, what are these voices
> Crying among us as winds rise?

Some of his poems seem to be a statement against himself of this frustration, terror, and despair. They are a challenge to himself. In so expressing this frustration MacLeish has opened himself to public attacks. The poems in *New Found Land* seem to indicate that he has turned, and has set his path toward a goal of discovering his "innocent world," and of discovering words in which to tell of this world.

New Found Land is a volume of fourteen poems written in various forms of irregular lyrics. All of them are characterized by the exquisite technique so typical of MacLeish. There is a powerful incantation of melody, a compelling force imagery. This force sometimes makes the reader accept without question poems whose minute analysis might reveal a weakness of conception. The best lyrics are of a rich rhetoric, charged with a certain positive emotion. They are all noteworthy for the unusual use of words, which are used in their old and vital meaning in a manner peculiar to MacLeish. The poems have a unity of sense and sound; and an arrangement such as to give each word its full value.

His poems have been accused of being obscure, and of being a meaningless jumble of words, words without rhyme, rhythm or reason. Perhaps these poems have an intentional obscurity, for it is true that we can only guess at the sources of some of them. We feel rather than understand the poetry. This quality, to me, has a definite merit. Although the lines of a poem need not be perfectly understood, the emotional content can be sensed because the sound suggests the meaning.

For example, the following two excerpts have a definite feeling in them, although I confess that the thought escapes me:

> "What is a dead girl but a shadowy ghost,
> Or a dead man's voice but a distant and vain affirmation
> Like dream words most?"

Or:

> "Our history is grave, noble and tragic.
> Many of us have died and are not remembered.
> Many cities are gone and their channels broken,
> We have lived a long time in this land and with honor."

"You, Andrew Marvel" is one of the best poems of *New Found Land*. The symbolism and imagery are peculiar, exquisite, appealing. The poem deals with the inexorable approach of death, which is symbolized by a long westward march of night. This follows through a set of perfect quatrains. The shadow creeps from East to West, chilling the fields, darkening ports, flooding the sea with night:

"And here face down beneath the sun
And here upon earth's noonward height
To feel the always coming on,
The always rising of the night.

.

"To feel creep up the curving east,
The earthly chill of dusk and slow
Upon those underlands, the vast
And ever climbing shadow grow

.

"And Spain go under and the shore
Of Africa, the gilded sand,
And evening vanish and no more
The low pale light across that land.

.

"Nor now the long light on the sea,

.

And here face downward in the sun,
To feel how swift, how secretly,
The shadow of the night comes on."

Another poem, "American Letter," is a positive, honest and sane expression of the dilemma of an American artist, who is hurt by the crudeness of a newer America. He longs for the aged sweetness of European tradition, but he realizes that expatriotism is a false way of escape, since:

"This, this is our land, this is our people,
This, that is neither a land, nor a race. We must reap
The wind here in the grass for our soul's harvest.
Here we must eat our salt or our bones starve,
Here we must live or live only as shadows.

This is our race, we that have none, that have had
Neither the old walls nor the voices around us,
This our land, this our Ancient ground—
The raw earth, the mixed bloods and the strangers,
The different eyes, the wind, and the hearts' change.
These we will not leave, though the old call us.
This is our country, earth, our blood, our kind;
Here we will live our years 'till the earth blind us."

The poem shows splendid craftsmanship. There is a half realized feminine rhyme (*strangers*—change; *shadows*—had; *kind*—blind us).

"Immortal Autumn" has been classed as the most beautiful poem of the generation. The poem has no punctuation and should be intoned in order to realize its full meaning, its imagery. Such intonation sounds like a tolling of bells.

"I speak this poem now with grave and level voice
In praise of autumn of the far horn winding fall
I praise the flower-barren fields the clouds the tall
Unanswering branches where the wind wakes
sullen noise
I praise the fall it is the human season
now

.

"We are alone there are no evening birds we know
The naked moon the tame stars circle at our eaves
It is the human season on this sterile air
Do words out carry breath the sound goes on and on

I hear a dead man's cry from autumn long since gone
I cry to you beyond upon this bitter air."

Most of MacLeish's poems are rhythmically complex. They show a definite mastery of free cadence. The lines seem to fit so perfectly into a balanced paragraph that even in spite of license, they fall into the category of strictly conventional writing:

"It is colder now. We are drifting
North by the Great Bear. The leaves are falling,
The water is stone in the scooped rocks. To southward
Red sun, gray air.

.

"Each man believes in his heart he will die,
Many have written last thoughts and last letters,
None know if this wandering earth will be found,
We lie down and the snow covers our garments,
I pray, you—if any open this writing—
Speak in your mouths the words that were our names."

Linked with his beautiful imagery and exquisite phrasing, is a certain cynical note. This tends to align MacLeish with the modern trend of cynicism and hopelessness, which is found in so much modern verse.

"As for the nights, I warn you the nights are dangerous
The wind changes at night and the dreams come—
It is very cold. There are strange stars near Arcturus
A voice is crying an unknown name in the sky."

And again there is the same note in this:

"We have always said
Some day we would find this other country.
Our expeditions, however, are not successful,
Nothing is seen. The lonely alone have sighted
Far out in the sea what may be an island."

MacLeish's latest poem, just off the press, *Conquistador*, is a long narrative telling of Cortez's expedition of 1519. The story is told by Castello, "an old man in a dry season," a tale drawn from the memory. The poem is handled in the clear, vivid technically perfect manner so typical of MacLeish's later period. But in his newest work, MacLeish has justified that high regard which the critics have accorded him. He is one of the finest masters of poetic technique of today. Indeed, most critics seem to believe that MacLeish has "arrived." He is a truly great poet!

In speaking of Cortez's heritage to the New World, MacLeish writes:

"And their speech they have left
on the coins to mock us;
And the weight of their skulls at
our touch is a shuck's weight
And their rains are dry and the
sound of their leaves fallen."

It is at the end of the story of the expedition that the purpose of the telling of the story is revealed:

"Old—an old man sickened and
near death;
And the west is gone now; the
West is the ocean sky."

The tale is ended and "death is the rest of it."

In concluding this brief discussion, which may perhaps show, in some small way, the charm, appeal and merit of the poetry of Archibald MacLeish, I take the liberty of offering a personal opinion, which probably has no value except that it is personal. MacLeish seems to be one of the most distinguished and one of the most genuine poets of the early twentieth century. His past achievements have been notable in the realm of poetry. His present position is certainly one of promise, and he has given the literary world every right to believe that his future is destined to be a brilliant one. Even if we should believe that he would never write another line, he should be ranked importantly. He has created a moving poetry, full of exquisite imagery—a poetry which has a definite and merited appeal.

Hide and Seek

Frances Reid

I once saw a moon-beam playing hide and seek
Through the leaves of a silver poplar.
It reminded me of the vivacity of your eyes
Attempting concealment
Through thin leaves of indifference.

Ruth

CHARLOTTE MACOFFIN

ON one of my morning jaunts, I wandered farther than usual. My survey of the new region automatically ended when I saw a little boy sitting mournfully astride a fence post, sobbing and gulping without restraint. With more curiosity than pity I approached him and asked the trouble.

"Wull—wull—wull, Dad, he killed my rooster yesterday, an'—an'—an' now I ain't got nothin' fur a pet." And the crying broke out afresh.

"Well, now, that's too bad. But don't cry, sonny; there will be lots more roosters to have as pets. Come on, tell me all about your rooster. I'd like to hear about him."

Surprised and tickled at finding someone interested in his former pet, the little boy smeared his eyes with a grimy finger, gulped again and began.

"Wull, he wuzn't very old, he wuzn't, and I don't see why he had to be killed. There 'uz lotsa others, an' he 'uz oney born jus' las' year, in May."

He stopped to see if I was listening. Being convinced that I was, he continued.

"Gee, he 'uz a poor fellow. Seemed as though he had the toughest time. Somepin 'uz awwuz happenin' to 'im, and it's funny he lived as long as this.

"When he 'uz born, he had five brothers and sisters. Four of 'em 'uz black, an' him an' another one 'uz so pretty and soft, an' yellow. Dad, he jus' killed the old rooster what 'uz their pa. But anyhow, he never killed things what 'uz other things' pets!"

A pause ensued, while the little story teller grasped the idea that the chickens had never known their father, and correlated it with the cruelty just committed.

"Wull, they 'uz the nicest chickens us kids'd ever had. 'Cause they 'uz ours, you see. 'Cause their ma was. But somepin awwuz has tuh happen. When they 'uz just five days ole, the whole bunch got the gapes. Yuh know what the gapes is?"

I shook my head.

"It's a sorta sickness chickens get sometimes. They act jus' like they got he-cups. An' they choke an' can't catch their breath or eat or nothin'. Wull, Sis an' Tommy an' me, we tried tuh feed 'em milk an' stuff, an' we kep' 'em by the stove, but it didn't do no good. They all died but Ruth. He 'uz the oney one left."

"Ruth? I thought you said it was a rooster."

"Oh, yah, but his name 'uz Ruth. Yuh see, when he 'uz tiny an' fluffy, us kids couldn't tell he 'uz a rooster, an' he looked jus' like he 'uz gonna be a hen, so we named him Ruth. Gosh, I'm sorry now. It'd be tough tuh have a girl's name when yuh 'uz a boy.

"We 'uz awful mean tuh him. We liked tuh see him hop way up off the ground, so when he'd come around, we'd throw sticks at 'im tuh make him go. We coulda killed 'im lotsa times that way. Aw heck, yer never sorry fur watcha done till it's too late!

"Inna fall, Dad cut his wing, an' he couldn't fly no more. I bet it hurt tuh have his wing cut off, donchu? I wouldn't like tuh have nobody take a scissors tuh my arm, I wouldn't.

"Las' fall, he almost got killed; Tommy an' me set traps fur the rats, an' Ruth went along an' got his foot caught in one. I don't know how long he 'uz there, jus' hurtin' and hurtin', but it musta been a long time. Anyway, Tommy found 'im an' took 'im out. His foot 'uz purty near cut off, an' it hurt 'im so. He awwuz had a big scar, an' he limped."

I sighed to let the child know his tale was having the proper effect. He needed no other encouragement.

"Our dog, Topsy, useta be so mean tuh 'im. He'd chase 'im an' chase 'im, an' 'en, when he finally caught 'im he'd jus' take 'im atween his teeth an' shake 'im till the feathers 'ud fly. He almos' had the daylights skwushed outa him that way. Ruth didn't even know what Topsy 'uz, till one day I tole him, 'an 'en he knew.

"He darn near died, more'n once. One time, when the lake 'uz froze over, he went out on the ice. It'd been meltin' that day, an' there 'uz water all over the top. Ruth stood still a while tuh rest an' look aroun', an' it froze, an' froze 'im right in, an' he couldn't get out. We didn't know it at all, but Davy, he's a fren' of mine, he saw 'im at night, an' went out an' chopped 'im loose. Gee, he 'uz jus' terrible cold. He couldn't walk fur a long time. It shore is lucky Davy saw 'im, or he'd jus' natcherly a died, right there.

"All winter, we kep' 'im locked up purty much, so nothin' could happen, but jus' as soon as spring came, he got in tuh more trouble right away. He 'uz goin' aroun' pickin' up angleworms an' seeds an' things wherever he could find 'em, an' one day he saw a 'nangle-worm on one side of he fence when he 'uz on the other. He stuck his head through tuh pick it up, an' when he went tuh pull it back, his comb, yuh know, the big red thing on top of his head, it got stuck, an' he couldn't get it loose. He pulled an' pulled, an' tore his comb, an' bled, an' finally he began tuh cry 'cause it hurted so much. Dad, he heard 'im, an' went an' pulled 'm out. We had tuh fix his comb with stickum plaster, 'cause it 'uz tore so.

"Oh, yah, an' I remember, it 'uz sorta funny, at right on his birthday, he had somepin else happen tuh 'im. Somebody lef' the garage door open, an' Ruth went in. I s'pose he 'uz jus' lookin' fur things tuh eat. Anyway, we never saw 'im, an' when we locked the door at night, he 'uz still in there. He stayed there all night till the next noon. When I went in the garage, he 'uz smeared all over, everplace on 'im, with that blacky oil what Dad puts in the car. He'd knocked the bottle down an' smashed it, an' 'en sat in the grease. We had to wash him with soap an' water tuh get him clean. He mighta drownded in grease, I guess, if he hadn't justa been lucky."

My little entertainer heaved a pathetic sigh. His face, which had been lighted up during the story, became shadowed again.

"An' 'en tuh think that Dad killed 'im yesterday. Jus' fur some ole comp'ny comin' fur dinner! Gosh, I hate those people!

"Dad jus' called Ruth, an' Ruth came runnin' 'cause he thought he 'uz gonna get somepin tuh eat. An' Dad grabbed 'im an' chopped his head right off, 'fore I could holler or nothin'. An' the blood squirted all over, an' Ruth flopped all aroun', but Dad jabbed him right quick in some hot water. An' 'en he 'uz all killed."

Another sigh, a gulp, and tears came again. With a tragic sob, the story was concluded.

"An' after all 'at, an' him bein' our pet an' everthin', me an' Tommy never even got none of him tuh eat!"

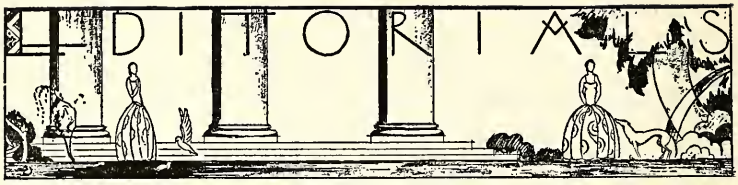
Translation of Episode in Praise of Spring

Vergil, Georgics II, 323-345

Sarah Forsyth, 1932
(1930 scripsit)

'Tis spring that makes the woodland fresh with leaves,
And then the earth nigh bursts with fruitful seeds.
Great Jove in wedlock joins glad earth and sky,
And Earth her offspring nurses at her breast.
The country hedges ring with birds' clear notes,
The mating season calls all nature forth.
Fair lands give yield, and meadows bear their fruits
When wooed by Zephyr's soft, caressing breeze,
A dewy freshness clings to every bough.
With springtime suns the grass grows green anew,
The pale vine-shoots burst forth with buds and leaves,
No longer dreading winter's rains and blasts.

I think the world first came to life in spring,
For then a springlike joy and calmness reigned.
The biting winds of winter were not known,
When first wild creatures drank the light of day,
And iron-strong men, the sons of Chaos, rearèd first
Their heads from night to gaze on new creations,
And crawling beasts and glist'ning stars were made.
The tender plants could not have bourne to live
Unless there were a lull in winter's ice
Before the blist'ring heat of summer's sun—
So with the joyous spring Earth welcomed them.



When June comes, bringing the traditional examinations and Commencement exercises, there is a general tendency to relive "school-girl" experiences and bid fond farewells. For the Seniors, there comes an end to these experiences, but those of us who are left will know the beginning of new ones. Many phases of life have been altered for our benefit and pleasure, and it is through the help of many of our departing Seniors that certain changes have been accomplished.

For our personal benefit, new and more lenient Student Government rules have been passed, and old ones amended.

We no longer feel any tutorial constraint since attendance at Chapel and Church has ceased to be compulsory. Perhaps prescribed religion is beneficial for this formative period of our life, but we have the satisfaction of knowing that those who go to Church now do so willingly.

A very good opportunity for mental recreation is found in the Browsing Room to which have been added this year over fifty new books, largely chosen from a list of students' requests.

It is interesting to know that the faculty are being tested, a thing which we so often feel to be burdensome. Intelligence tests were given to one class in order to check the knowledge gleaned by them in two years at Sweet Briar. These tests show finally the general standing of the college and the comparative intelligence of the student group here, which, in part, must inevitably involve a judgment of the teaching ability of our faculty.

The new gymnasium provides for us the best that we may demand in connection with our sports. This achievement of past classes is a credit to them and the faculty who have planned and helped in its construction.

June, then, should not bring us to the close of things but to a realization of this year's many accomplishments and to the anticipation of improvements whereby we can better Sweet Briar and the happiness and general well-being of those who are here.

As We Pass By

"Fierce little bombs of gleam snap from his spangles,
Sleek flames glow softly on his silken tights—
* * * * * *
He falls like wine to its appointed cup,
Turns like a wheel of fireworks and is mine."
—STEPHEN VINCENT BENET, *The Trapeze Performer.*

E. M. FORSTER

Putting my weakest books to the wall last night, I came across a copy of "Howard's End" and had a look into it. But it's not good enough. E. M. Forster never gets any further than warming the tea pot. He's a rare fine hand at that. Feel this teapot. Is it not beautifully warm? Yes, but there ain't going to be no tea.
—*Journal of Katherine Mansfield.*

"It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than such an opinion as is unworthy of him."
—FRANCIS BACON, *Of Superstition.*

SUICIDE'S NOTE

The calm,
Cool face of the river
Asked me for a kiss.
—LANGSTON HUGHES, *The Weary Blues.*

A wise man of the nineteen-twenties might have said that he cared not who made the laws of the country, if only he might write its national advertising. For here were the sagas of the age, romances and tragedies depicting characters who became more familiar to the populace than those in any novel The four out of five who, failing to use Forhan's, succumbed to pyorrhea, each of them with a white mask mercifully concealing his unhappy

mouth The pathetic figure of the man, once a golf champion "now only a wistful on-looker" creeping about after the star players, his shattered health due to tooth-neglect The man whose conversation so dazzled the company that the envious dinner-coated bystanders could only breath in amazement, "I think he is quoting from Shelley." The girl who merely carried the daisy chain, yet she had athlete's foot These men and women of the advertising pages, suffering or triumphant, became a part of the folklore of the day.

—FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN, *Only Yesterday.*

"Tu ne serais pas une femme
si tu ne savais pas si bien
te faire et te refaire une âme,
une âme neuve avec rien."

—PAUL GERALDY, *Âmes, Modes, etc.*

"Death to life is crown or shame."

—JOHN MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

The ass stood quietly where he had been left He hung his head slightly and fixed his eyes afar off, and he stared distantly like that without seeing anything while he gathered and revolved his thoughts

Hay can be eaten in great mouthfuls. It has a chip and a crack at the first bite, and then it says no more. It sticks out of one's mouth like whiskers, and you can watch it with your eye while it moves to and fro according as your mouth moves. It is a friendly food, and very good for the hungry.

Oats are not a food; they are a great blessing; they are a debauch; they make you proud, so that you want to kick the front out of a cart, and climb a tree, and bite a cow, and chase chickens.

—JAMES STEPHENS, *The Demi-Gods.*

"Go and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all times past are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot."

—JOHN DONNE, *Song.*



We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop in lending us the books we review.

HAIL COLUMBIA

Marie A. Lawson

DOUBLEDAY-DORAN & CO., NEW YORK, 1931

This book is of general interest to all of us since it is the work of a former Sweet Briar student. Mrs. Lawson, who was Marie Abrams, ex-'12, has illustrated her first book herself; these illustrations add a distinct charm to the book and would make a definite appeal to children who were reading it.

"The story of the pioneer nation of the western hemisphere, of wide lands and of many waters—of struggles and aspirations, of luxury and log cabins, of sails and skyscrapers—of buffalo and big business, of documents and dreams—of war and peace and progress. And of Columbia's children—the people of this—the United States of America——" is collected in a sweeping narrative to stimulate the interest of the youth of the nation in the struggles of their forefathers.

By means of vivid phrases and emphasis on the romantic incidents in America's growth, Mrs. Lawson presents an entrancing account of the birth and life of the United States. Though many chronicles have been written about the magic growth of the New World, *Hail Columbia* is distinctive in its purpose. This aim to arouse the imagination of youthful readers does not mean that history is obscured by fiction. The facts are related, but the detail is left out. One splendid picture falls upon another in rapid succession. As "a connected story of living people that moves along logically because the author has related each event to other events

that went before and followed it," it excites admiration for the founders of the nation, respect for their work, and sympathy for their hardships. Then, too, it arouses amazement at the progress of civilization in general, and of America in particular since 1492.

As a history, Mrs. Lawson's book displays a broad comprehension of its subject matter and builds up a background which explains the country as it is today. It also shows the author's knowledge of human psychology, for she includes incidents which will arouse the curiosity of young Americans, and will induce them to more extensive reading.

—SARAH HARRISON, '32.

BRIGHT SKIN

Julia Peterkin

THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO., INDIANAPOLIS, 1932

Bright Skin suffers by comparison with Julia Peterkin's *Black April* and *Scarlet Sister Mary*. It is easier to read, the style is more finished, but it lacks a dominant personality such as April or Mary, and there is too much attempt at drama. The author's forte lies in description of the country and the lives of the plantation negro, not in drama; and the effect is static and often trite when she enters the tragedies of mixed blood or New York disillusionment.

The plot is three-cornered: Cricket, the "Bright Skin" is adored by her cousin Blue, a naive, honest darkey. She, in turn, loves Man Jay, a no'count rover. She is going to marry a yellow bootlegger, but he is killed, so Blue marries her and stands as the father of her child. Cricket, with her restless, unhappy mixed blood, cannot stand the deadness of plantation life so she runs away from Blue, and later gets a divorce from him so she can live with Man Jay in Harlem.

Blue is the best character, partly because, like the gigantic April, he is more generalized and more typically negroid. And though the book is named *Bright Skin* for Cricket, Blue is really the center of interest. That is the main weakness of the book: miscegenation, from the title, would seem to be the theme, but it is treated very unemphatically and rather weakly, and Cricket, its victim, is drawn with very little vividness and rather too much sentimentality.

The setting is in the deep South: the marshy rice country of Carolina. Miss Peterkin's knowledge of this land and the Gullah negroes—their superstitions, their amusements, their family relationships—is deep and inexhaustible. This is the real thing: there is nobody that writes about the plantation negro with more understanding. And it is chiefly for this reason that the book is quite well worth reading. The negroes plant the fields and get religion and get drunk and dance and exchange wives and fish for shrimp; and the whole pattern of their lives is clear and vivid to us.

—SARAH FORSYTH, '32.

MOZART

Marcia Davenport

CHAS. SCRIBNER & SONS, NEW YORK, 1932

Miss Davenport's biography of Mozart is a vital chronicle, written as one wishes a good biography to be written, with a foundation of factual information, vivified by the introduction of dialogue which serves to show her subject as a definite and distinct personality. In certain instances, it is clear that the author has formed her own opinions, though they may be quite radical when compared to those of previous Mozart biographers—as, for example, in her treatment of the composer's father, whom she condemns for the policy he adopted in his son's early career. Often the intense interest which the author displays in her main character has tended to place in antagonistic positions many of his contemporaries, who might not have been thus portrayed by another. Nevertheless, one senses that Miss Davenport has an appreciation of Mozart which must come from a thorough understanding of his music and a sympathy with the spirit which conceived it.

Though touching upon Mozart's music both in general and specific instances, this biographer does not deal with the technicalities of composition, thereby making her estimate of Mozart's art meaningless to the reader without a musical background. Altogether, the book leaves one with a sense that it is the product of a vivacious, concentrated, modern American mind, exploring the delicacies and nuances of an infinitely different and fascinating era.

—DEBORAH GALE, '34.

THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE

Radclyffe Hall

JONATHAN CAPE & ROBERT BALLOU, INCORPORATED,

NEW YORK, 1932

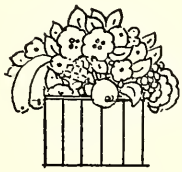
There is always one question asked by those who have heard of, but not yet read Radclyffe Hall's last book, *The Master of the House*: "Is it like *The Well of Loneliness*?" But it is most emphatically different. One can easily say that *The Well of Loneliness* won its astounding wide-spread fame by its daring subject of sexual inversion as well as by its treatment; but if this new achievement ever reaches the same degree of renown, it will be surely because of its literary merit for, although unusual, its theme is far from shocking. The originality of portraying a reincarnation of Christ in the form of a little peasant from the unique Provence, the unorthodox and yet deeply religious effect of the author's conceptions, make one put this work in a pigeon-hole quite by itself. It is not really a novel; it commands too much of a sweep over the lives and ambitions, desires and emotions, of all the characters in the whole little Provence village of St. Loup-sur-mer, and even Radclyffe Hall's startling little shocks of realism do not prevent the general effect from being almost Biblical due to the simplicity of her narrative, the leisurely recounting of one little anecdote after another, and above all, the superhuman qualities of the boy-hero of the book, Christophe. He felt a Christ-like compassion for animals; seeing others suffer made him experience a real physical agony; and once when his playmate, Jan, struck a snake in an effort to kill him, a mysterious red weal appeared on Christophe's back. At such moments, when Christophe seems far above being just a peasant boy and the son of a wood worker, Radclyffe Hall makes use of an introspective method into his thoughts, the analysis of which reminds one strongly of Marcel Proust, for Christophe distinctly feels that he is experiencing the same things that he had known somewhere long ago. The mystic powers of the boy are emphasized by Anfos, a half-wit working in his father's wood shop, who keeps calling him "Master" and begs him to speak "the Words"; but they are only half-remembered words and cannot come. The abnormality and

intensity of his own feelings sometimes terrify Christophe, particularly when he discovers that he has some strange God-given power of healing in his hands.

Although he is the central figure of the book, the characters of the village, who influence his daily life from the time of his birth, are no less strongly portrayed. Radclyffe Hall seems to have really caught in tangible words the celebrated but illusive charm of Provence and its superstitious, religion-steeped peasants.

In simple but poetic beauty, the force of the book transcends any time or place when at the end, in Palestine, Christophe, led by a vision, wanders from his own lands with only his silver rood for protection, and falls into the hands of an enemy patrol. Radclyffe Hall unfolds the tragedy of a second crucifixion, for Christophe is nailed to a door "while his dying eyes gazed out to the east—the east where the flaming majestic dawn rose over the world like a resurrection."

—SALLY SHALLENBERGER, '32.



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Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office at Sweet Briar, Virginia

Autumn

Nancy Phyllis Horton

The earth is decked for sacrifice.
The harvests all are reaped;
Upon Time's altar now at last
The offerings are heaped.

The blood-red leaves among the rest
Now pay earth's final price;
Upon the altar blood is shed—
The earth is decked for sacrifice.

Above the scarlet of the leaves
Is seen the rising mist;
The censer swung by silent hands
In some hid, woodland tryst.

The altar now is garlanded,
And gold leaves round are spread;
Before the deity of Time
The crimson blood is shed.

Before this festal, gay yet sad,
She pays her final price;
The rising incense fills the air—
The earth is decked for sacrifice.

Prince Leric and the Troll

MARION WALKER

ONCE upon a time, in a most remote and distant land, O little cabbage, there lived a king whose name was Wealfric. Now Wealfric was a very wise, discerning man and in all the land his kingdom was the most prosperous. The royal granaries and storehouses were bursting with yellow corn and wheat, and rich cloths and spices, and all day long came the clink of coins from the windows of the treasury. At the palace the Lord Mayor and the Council slapped one another on the back between sessions and called each other by their first names. In the streets the people sang and feasted and made merry. Even the meanest beggar had a bit of silver to jingle in his pocket. The king's knights jousted and cracked each others' heads and careered over the countryside on sleek chargers. The Chamber of Commerce, at its weekly luncheon every Monday at twelve-thirty, brandished its goblets and shouted, "Who's all right? Wealfric! Who says so? We all say so—" The land dripped milk and honey.

But, alas, there came a day when all was changed. The clink of gold no longer drifted into the market place. The people went about with the corners of their mouths turned down, shaking their heads sadly. Four of the Royal Bankers jumped from the church steeple within a week. Everywhere great signs blared: "Going out of business!", "Cut-throat prices!", "Every lance and helmet in this store half price!" The Council sat in the throne-room all day and wracked its brains and issued feeble press-items. The Chamber of Commerce chewed its fist in despair. The knights creaked through the empty streets in rusty armour.

King Wealfric summoned his three sons to his office.

"Boys," he said, leaning back in his chair and taking off his last year's crown to ease his forehead, "I've had another pay-cut. A frightful nuisance, isn't it? How about the three of you going out into the world and seeking your fortunes?"

"Our what?" asked Leric, the youngest. "Really, sir, isn't that a rather sentimental term for these hard times?"

"Don't be flippant." Wealfric was testy. "When I was your age I had killed six dragons and won two kingdoms and—"

"Don't forget the ladies in distress."

"Impertinent!" growled the king. "Have you anything in mind, Meric?"

"Well, I was just thinking," answered Meric, the eldest son, a big lumbering fellow with a sleepy smile and little eyes that blinked incessantly, "I was just thinking that maybe I might get into professional jousting. You know I was captain of the varsity squad last year and there's money in it."

"Step right up, folks! Meet Babe Meric! Autographed battle-axes for the kiddies! My God!" snorted Leric.

"Not a bad idea, son—I'm glad one of you can turn his education to some account. How about you, Beric?" said Wealfric.

"Listen, Dad, I've got a swell idea. How about letting me have that old castle out on the Tintagil road? It's so full of cobwebs and mortgages that you'll never use it. Some paint, the furniture touched up, some good musicians, the cellar restocked. Presto, an exclusive club for the court crowd. No cover charge, depression prices. I know a singer, Isolt Somebody, who could entertain. What do you say?"

"Beric, my son, you shock me. You really do. Consider the family name!"

"But, father, this is no time to be squeamish. We must be democratic, show the people that we are hit too, or the first thing you know what will we be? Figure-heads, I tell you, figure-heads, symbols, yes-men for the Council—"

"Yes, you're right, quite right. Ah, for the good old days before the League of Kingdoms and Disarmament, when we could have solved the whole problem nicely by gently but firmly quashing our more wealthy neighbors. Take the castle, do with it as you please, but the first breath of scandal—well, how about you?"

Leric lit a cigarette before answering. He had always been a problem. Fancy a king's son frittering away his time on poetry and philosophy and hunting and riotous parties and imported chain-mail and lively ladies. The scrapes he had gotten into! True, he was the cleverest of the three and he had moved in the smartest set at the university, but, gadzooks, suppose his brothers were killed

in battle and he left to rule. Wealfric shuddered and eyed his son severely.

"I suppose you have a still more brilliant solution for the problem," he remarked drily.

"I have," answered Leric, blowing out smoke in long, delicious clouds, "and much more simple and to the point. After due consideration, sir, I have come to the conclusion that the only profession for a man with expensive tastes and a disinclination for physical exertion is matrimony. Therefore, come tomorrow, I shall set out in search of a rich wife."

"Remarkable. Have you anyone in mind?"

"Oh, several. However, I think I shall first visit old Gerun—you may have heard me speak of him. Quite a friend of mine at the university, splendid chap, scads of money, and a sister who is reported to be not too bad. It's a try anyway."

"How do you know she'll have you?"

"She'll be mad about me. They all are."

Wealfric pulled a shabby copy of *Who's Who* from a bookcase. "At least you picked out a respectable family—none of these nouveaux riches. Yes, indeed,—two giant-killers and several illustrious rulers. I hope you get her. A home and babies are so settling."

"Father, please, the indelicacy of the older generation quite appalls me."

"The indelicacy of the last report of the Finance Committee quite appalls me. If you need money for the courtship see what you can get for some of the family silver at some reliable antique shop."

* * * *

Leric arrived in the kingdom of his friend Gerun two days later. Gerun was in a meadow behind the castle practising charging against a dummy strung between two trees. Leric reined in his horse.

"Hello. Warm work for a hot day, isn't it?"

"My word, old man, where did you come from? Just passing through or can you stop for awhile?"

"To tell the truth I came on business. I want to marry your sister. A beastly depression at home, everything all shot—you know how it is. She's not engaged, is she?"

"Oh no. I'm so glad you looked us up. Suppose we speak to my father at once. We had a depression ourselves a couple of years

ago—awfully nerve-wracking while it lasted. That's over, but we have other troubles. Father, may we speak to you for a moment?"

King Fredor was slouched against the side of the throne, dejectedly stroking his pet falcon. He appeared to be sad and worried. "So you want to marry my daughter. As a son-in-law you meet the general requirements nicely, but are you acquainted with Amendment XXXIV, Section XIV, of our constitution? For many years our land has been harrassed by a gruesome troll who lives on the mountain-top. Every twelvemonth he steals into the village at night and carries away two plump children for his New Year's Eve stew. Two great panthers guard his hut and the forest around the base of the mountain is bewitched—no one has ever come out of it alive. And now, according to law, the man who weds the princess must rid us of this monster."

"Dear, dear," said Leric, "how very troublesome. I shall attend to it tomorrow. And now may I see your daughter?"

"Young man, this is a very serious matter. Many others have tried and failed."

"Quite true, Your Majesty, but neither celibacy nor poverty hold any charm for me, and then I rather like the novelty of the adventure."

"I admire your courage, Prince Leric," sighed Fredor, "but damn your judgment."

* * * *

In the evening Leric and the princess were strolling in the garden, arm in arm. Her reputation as a beauty was quite justified—she was indeed very lovely. Her skin was like old ivory, her features delicate, and her eyes large and black. Her dusky hair fell to her knees in thick braids entwined with pearls. Small wonder that her suitors had been many.

"It pains me to think of your journey tomorrow. Have you made any plans, any scheme to foil the monster?"

"No, I haven't. Perhaps I had better think of something. Magic is slippery stuff to have to contend with. It's not pleasant to think of being suddenly changed into a rock, or a serpent, or an apple tree, or a spider. Have you any suggestions? Did my—ah—predecessors ever have any particularly happy thoughts on the subject? It's always wise to profit by other's mistakes, you know."

"Poor lads—and some of them were most attractive too. But do you see this ring that I have here in my pocket-handkerchief? My nurse got it from a one-eyed witch—it's a charm; when you have it on your finger no one can put you under a spell. People talk so about a girl who has been tentatively engaged so many times that I made my nurse give it to me to give to my next suitor. It ought to get you through the enchanted forest even though it won't help you with the Troll—His magic at such close quarters would be too strong even for this. Goodbye, Prince Leric, it has been nice to meet you anyway."

"Goodbye," said the prince, "and thanks awfully. Perhaps you had better not expect me to tea tomorrow—something may detain me on the road."

After she had gone he paced up and down the court-yard, viewing the situation from all angles. If the charm failed to work he would never get farther than the outskirts of the forest, and even if it did he would probably end in the troll's soup-pot.

"Leric, my boy," he sighed, "you're in for it this time."

* * * *

The next morning, when he set out, the sun was shining brightly and the birds were singing gaily in the hedges. The country people in the fields leaned on their hoes to watch him pass and to wish him good-day and God-speed. The forest loomed nearer and nearer and as he approached he could hear a great rumbling in its midst. He made sure that the ring was firmly on his finger and entered. There were no birds nor was there sunlight in the wood, nor leaves on the trees. The bare, black trunks stood in desolate rows, but their long branches writhed and snatched at him and, but for the ring and a few stout blows which he laid about him with his broad-sword, they would have mangled him in no time. At last through the trees he saw a faint light and soon he was in the open again. Above him loomed a great mountain on whose top-most peak was perched a crude hut. A rocky path twisted up only its steep side. Leric tied his horse to a stone and started up on foot. After an hour's climb he reached the troll's house. Rap-tap-tap, he knocked at the door. At once a terrible screeching and howling broke out inside.

"Come in," growled a deep voice.

"Thank you," said Leric. "That's really quite a hill you have here. Ever thought of an escalator?"

The troll was sitting in a big chair by the fire surrounded by five coal-black panthers, all spitting and yowling.

"Who are you?" his evil eyes glittered, "and how did you get through the forest?"

"Prince Leric, son of Wealfric—the great financier, you know. This is really charming, sir, charming, so cozy and all. I passed through the most unusual bit of forest on the way up—most extraordinary."

"Young man, prepare to die!" The troll shook with rage.

"My dear fellow, that's not very hospitable."

"Irrelevant and quite beside the point. You have to expect this sort of thing from trolls."

"I see, an old custom. But it must be frightfully dull up here if you kill off all your guests."

"They usually don't get this far." The anger faded from the creature's face and he looked almost wistful. "It does get lonely up here with only these for company." He gave the nearest cat a contemptuous kick. "Sometimes when I sit here on winter nights and think of those old days—"

"Your childhood?" asked the prince politely.

"Childhood! How trivial! No, my former life—before my soul migrated to this wretched state. O, if I only hadn't done it! If I had only stood firm!"

"Don't take it so hard, old man. What happened?"

"For centuries and centuries and centuries I struggled, advancing my soul from one state to another until at last I reached the zenith of achievement. I was a pupil of the great Pythagoras at the Cult of Orpheus at Croton. Ah, those nights of gazing at the stars! Those talks with the Master! I was the apple of his eye, his most brilliant disciple. And then all was shattered! And what caused it! What caused it! Beans! Common worm-food! Beans! From the time that it was decreed that we, the Brotherhood, must not touch them I was swayed by a great desire. God, how I craved them! Their savour haunted my dreams. Visions of them swam before my eyes. Their odor was ever in my nostrils. At last I could stand it no longer. I succumbed, and as a punishment I had to start all over again at

the lowest spoke of the wheel of life. Since that luckless day I have been a mud-puppy, a toad, a bat, a screech-owl, and now a troll. When I think of all the lives I must endure before I reach such bliss again—"

"What do you suppose you will be next time?"

"A giant, perhaps."

"That would be better than this, would it not?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Then why don't you commit suicide?"

"Good Lord, no! I'd be damned forever. You have to stick the game out each time—it's no use cheating."

Leric hitched his chair closer to the fire and rested his chin on his hands for a few minutes. Then a light broke over his face. "But suppose I should murder you. That wouldn't be your fault, would it?"

"You mean if I should let you kill me—stand quite still and let you hack my throat in two? I would be afraid to risk that. There is something distinctly suicidal about that scheme."

"That's so. But suppose you and I were sitting here quietly drinking tea and chatting about one thing and another and I should suddenly jump up and thrust my sword into you. How would that do?"

For a moment the troll looked doubtful and then a smile spread over his face. "Splendid!" he cried, "Splendid! Let us have tea immediately. How can I ever thank you, my dear, dear friend!"

"Don't mention it," said Leric.

In the twinkling of an eye the two were seated cozily across the tea-table. The panthers had curled up on the hearth, fast asleep. The tea-kettle purred and hummed.

"Two lumps or three?" beamed the troll. "Do you know, I haven't been so happy for centuries. In another five hundred years I should be quite a respectable person again. I hope I shall pass through a poet-stage this time—I missed it before. I was a priest once though. And another time I was Nebuchadnezzar's favorite wife. Dear, dear, what a ravishing creature I was!"

"Do you mean to say that you aren't particular about sex in these, ah, migrations?"

"Not at all—its so broadening to alternate now and then, although

I do prefer masculinity on the whole. Why I was the sweetest female rabbit at one time—that is until a dog got me."

"Horrible! What do you do between changes?"

"That's the best part of it all. We, the transmigrating souls, flit around in eternity renewing old acquaintances and comparing notes while we wait for new bodies to be born."

"Very interesting," mused the prince, glancing at his watch and waiting until his companion had swallowed an especially tempting bit of toast and marmalade. "I hope you'll excuse me, but I am in something of a hurry."

And with that—click, clack; he cut off the ugly troll's head.

With the head in his saddle-bag, he hastened back to the palace, where the people received him with much rejoicing. The king gave him half his kingdom and he and the princess were married next day and lived happily ever after.

Good Friday

HELEN HOFFECKER

HE was tired of living. He wanted to die. He was tired of the worry, the noise, the confusion of life. He wanted, instead, the peace, the quiet, the stillness of death. He wanted Beth.

He was old. Ninety long years old. His body was weary with age. But his spirit was countless ages older—it was weary unto death.

He was tired of his small drab-brown room at the back of the house. It depressed him when he awoke early in the morning and lay there counting the cheerless stripes of the wallpaper pattern. It chilled him as he got slowly from out of his bed—he shivered.

His heart labored painfully when he had finished the task of "redding up" his room. Yet, he persisted in doing it. It gave him a certain feeling of usefulness, which pleased him.

The stairs leading to the first floor, he had to descend carefully. The feebly glowing gas-light cast flickering shadows making him cling tightly to the small railing that he might not stumble. His feet fumbled for the next step. He had to remember the hole in the carpet on the fifth step. A bad place that—one of the children might fall, hurting himself.

After he had wished them a good morning, his breakfast was eaten in silence. He had learned to drink his coffee without sugar. It embarrassed him when his hand, shaking uncontrollably, spilled the slippery grains.

The brisk chatter of his daughter-in-law's conversation annoyed him. He wanted to brush it away as he would a gnat, but he was too tired. His son's loud, gruff answers startled him. The shrill voices of his granddaughters disturbed him, as they talked of dresses, of men, and of dances. Why couldn't they speak quietly as Beth had spoken? He remembered her voice, soft and gentle. Suddenly, he wanted, very much, to hear her voice again.

His two grandsons, he regarded with pride, although their rough play and endless pranks often confused him. Strong little fellows they were, thoughtful and generous, too, always offered him a piece

of their candy. He never took any—instead, he gave them each shining new pennies that they might buy more. Thus, he unconsciously sought to bind them to him.

Breakfast finished, he generally went out of the house to the park. It was only a block's distance up the street, but he was gasping for breath when he reached his favorite bench. From here, when he was not lost in reverie, he watched the people.

Everything seemed to be in motion—a hurried, ceaseless motion. His eyes ached from watching. And there was the noise. The noise of traffic—the whistles, the horns, the motors. There were the shrill cries of the vendors, the shrieks of the children, the complaining voices of their mothers. His head ached from listening. Then, he would try to sleep.

At noon, he returned to the house for lunch. It differed from breakfast only in that his son was not present—all food seemed to taste alike to him.

After lunch, he went back to the park. There was nothing else to do. He could not climb those dark stairs leading to his lonely room until evening. He sat in the park all afternoon, watching, listening, and sleeping.

When the evening meal was finished, he would say quietly, "Good-night." They all looked up, as though suddenly aware of his presence. "Good-night," they would answer and immediately resume their conversation. A feeling of loneliness overwhelmed him.

He would climb the creaking stairs, intent upon avoiding the torn carpet on the fifth step. The steps seemed endless. He was almost glad to enter the gloomy room.

When he had undressed and was lying in bed beneath the warm covers, he thought of Beth. Then he recalled what they said of him—"He hasn't been the same since Grandma died." It was true. His desire to live had died with her.

One morning, he awoke later than usual. Above the noise of the street, he heard the clear, lovely chimes of St Andrew's Church. He lay listening, and as he listened he remembered that it was Friday—Good Friday. He remembered how Beth and he had always gone to church on that holy day. He remembered how beautiful she had always appeared to him as she knelt beside him to pray. He lay there for a long time remembering.

He was tired. He wanted to lie there forever. His dull gaze wandered slowly from one familiar object to another. The rug was well worn. A knob was missing from the second chiffonier drawer. The seat of the upholstered chair needed to be mended. The gas jet was ugly and dirty. Perhaps they should have electric lights. He wondered if their brightness would hurt his eyes. His gaze remained fixed upon the jet. He lay there for a long time looking at the ugly fixture. Suddenly his heart beat rapidly. Horrified, he forced himself to look at the knobless chiffonier drawer. But the jet drew his glance as a magnet draws a needle. He lay there for a long time looking at the dirty gas jet.

And then he arose, but he did not dress. Instead, he shut the one small window. He sealed the cracks with paper. He drew down the shade. He went to the door and locked it. He used more newspapers to stuff the cracks between it and its frame. A picture of Beth was on his chiffonier; his hands, strangely steady, reached for it. He placed it on the table beside his bed. He walked over to the gas jet. His right hand grasped the screw. He walked back to the bed, smoothed its wrinkled pillow case and got in. He smoothed the covers over him.

The dim light filtered through the green shade. His eyes rested upon Beth's picture. Her grey eyes gazed steadily into his. A few muffled noises reached him. Soon they were stilled. Quiet, it was, peaceful and silent. He had been tired, so very tired. Now, he lay there resting. The grey eyes looked into his. It was Good Friday, and it was still. Soft grey darkness stole upon him. Stillness. Grey eyes. Quiet. Peace and rest.

Nocturne

Nancy Phyllis Horton

Why throbs the ground despite this barricade
Of time which cruelly separates tonight
From the dear phantasies of years decayed?
Why rustle all those leaves in rare delight?
No breath of air, no summer wind does blow
To even slightly stir the star-pool's gleam.
Dark Sappho walked a thousand years ago
Tonight. The ground which throbs does only dream
She moves again. Upon this night Iseult
Roamed here to still her restless heart. Each vein
And root cannot, as when she lived, exult—
They murmur discontent, the boughs complain.
Yon rose, why sheds she tear on dewy tear?
She dreams she feels the touch of Guinevere.

Only Thoughts

BETTY SUTTLE

A PLOT—what is a plot and why do stories have to have them —or do stories have them? Maybe we only think they do. Plots are impossible, elusive, bothersome contrivances to disturb me. I dream such lovely stories and in my sleep I say I will get up and write them down first thing in the morning. And then, I dream a better story and I all but hop up to write it, but that is too much of an effort. When the alarm goes off, all the plots are gone—all of them. Perhaps the shrill bell has frightened them away, has torn them from me; perhaps there never were any at all. I sit myself in a chair. I say to myself—now for a plot, then the story will be written. I sit . . . I think. Nothing but blank—then: the bishop was seasick . . . the tall thin bishop in clothes too big for him. He stood by the rail and looked down into the greasy water. No, that isn't mine—that's Norman Douglas's—that's *South Wind.* Why don't I have a bishop of my own? Miss Wilberforce, the Duchess, Dennis, all those people really belong to him. No one can take them away from him.

A story without a plot . . . a plot without a story—impossible! Let's see now, the father loses his money, the boy works in a printing shop . . . and then what? Nothing . . . he just works in the shop. A story—perhaps, but not the one I want. Things must happen quickly.

The words are here, a whole bunch of them, packed in, crowded together, pushing, shoving to get out, but they can't come. I can't let them. Words won't make a plot. Words won't make a plot. Words won't even make sense without a plot. It's too bad . . . they are such nice words, too. All the kinds of words I like . . . the kinds of words that say things just as you want them to. If I only had a plot, I could write a nice story with a nice plot and nice words. I wonder if there's any plot to me, to anyone, to being born and to dying, to life, to death. The boy works in the printing shop. What then? He just works in the shop.

Prunes and Celery

Harriet Williams

I CANNOT tell you why it should have been prunes and celery, but it was most decidedly, most instinctively, prunes and celery. We are such adorable asses, always asking "why?" We laugh and ask "why?"; we weep and ask "why?"; we chuckle and ask "why?"; we sigh and ask "why?". But reader, I cannot answer. Pray, do not ask, but just accept me.

Now, prunes and celery may achieve the same physiological effect within me; they are both members of the plant kingdom, and hence cannot walk; they may even both belong to the same phylum, class, and order. But therein lies not their attraction for me. Rather, I think, it lay in the fact that I like to eat them. Hunger and sex—Mr. James Joyce, you are welcome, and right as usual, perhaps. But this time, you see, all the credit must go to hunger, though it is a bit of a cowardly trick thus to desert sex, especially in this day and age. But on with the dance; Mr. James Joyce, I have promised this one.

I came upon a forest of celery. Cool, white stalks towered above me, and then branched into delicate green and yellow. Efficient and straight, they calmly stood. I remembered suddenly that someone had once remarked that celery was good for one's nerves. At the time the statement had insulted rather than increased my appreciation of that favorite vegetable. But now I understood. Had anyone, indeed, been to this charming spot before me? The silence made me instinctively feel that I was then alone, and I was loathe to believe that. But, after all, that was probably expecting too much.

As my eyes became adjusted to this new realm, I saw that there were prunes scattered here and there to form the lower landscape. They were wrinkled and black, very black, with shadows of deeper blackness; in places they were so black that unseeable blackness is the only way to describe their blackness. But I liked them. I liked their blackness. I lowered my fascinated eyes from the tops of the celery and kept them fixed upon the blackness for a while. The prunes were scattered in groups and singly, like boulders. Some

were piled in irregular mounds, others formed astonishingly regular pyramids that rose somewhat above my head. Amidst this charming topography I wandered—for, though so unusual, its effect upon me was charming. The air in this forest must have been made up of the regular proportion of oxygen, nitrogen, and lesser gases, for I had no difficulty in breathing, but there was this addition—a clean, refreshing, slightly herbaceous quality that was almost, but not quite, a distinct odor.

As I approached one of the pyramids, I noticed that there was an object on the top that moved slightly. Perhaps it was living. I went closer and looked up. There was a black cat sitting on the topmost prune, his tail curled around in front of him. There was the most remarkable expression upon his face—he was grinning broadly.

"The Cheshire Cat!" I thought. But no, for he was very black and he did not disappear. He stared at me with his large green eyes. Suddenly his mouth gave a violent twitch and reversed itself into an upside down crescent. His nose, such as it was, wrinkled up, his left eye blinked rapidly while his right remained calmly staring, and, most astonishing of all, his right ear bent forward, as if made of rubber, and he grasped its tip with his teeth. Or course I was astonished. I felt that something had to be done quickly. I couldn't remain just standing there. So I twitched my face into the same position as his. For an instant I felt most peculiar. Good heavens!—I even grasped my ear between my teeth. Whereupon the cat's face immediately resumed its original grin, and I too, relaxed into a more usual expression.

"Well, I guess you're pretty good," he said approvingly.

"Do you really think so?" I replied with youthful eagerness.

"I never thought you could do it."

"Yes, it was a surprise."

"That ear trick has always stumped everybody else. I like you."

"Do you really? I like you—very much."

"Come back again some time, won't you?"

"Thank you, I'd like to."

I turned my head to look into the forest. The leaves had turned red, and deeper yellow, only a few still remained green. A breeze

rustled them and blew softly against my face. A little shower of leaves fell, but they didn't mind for they were worm-eaten. I turned to the cat again.

"I guess I'd better be going. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!"

He smiled and I smiled.

"Good-bye."

Geisha

Nancy Phyllis Horton

The moon, like a geisha girl,
Comes out of her temple.
Her face is hid behind a fringe of cloud-fan,
But soon her breeze-finger sweeps it away,
And she smiles her golden coquetry.

"A Man Was Walking—"

ISABEL SCRIBA

A MAN was walking on the bridge. He looked as a kind of oldish man looks when he is deep in thought and his eyes do not see anything. He paced the length of the bridge and back again with long steps.

His hands were in his pockets, and with his left hand he turned over and over two stones which were in his pocket. At first he did it rather thoughtlessly, the way one drums one's fingernails on the table,—playing bridge. Then he thought what a nice comfortable accompaniment to thinking it was to have stones in one's pocket. He wondered how many people had stones in their pockets. But then, how many of them were thinking? Maybe it was "chuckling" he was doing.

The stones had been there some time. On two different occasions, it had been quite windy.

The first time, he had found his newspaper outside his door with the stone on it to keep it from blowing away. Reaching for the headlines he had put the stone in his pocket, quite carelessly. He never threw things away; it was just a habit.

The first stone was smooth on one side. It felt as though it must have been something else once.

As the man walked up and down he could remember, and it humored him a little to remember, how the next time it was windy he had gone for his paper wondering what kind of a stone he would find this time.

It was even better, he thought, as he compared them in his pocket. It was mostly smooth too, but rather in the shape of a fish with a sharp beak. That was the part that had to be avoided.

Almost every night he walked the bridge he had determined to throw this one overboard, because he was forever trying to find where the sharp place was—and then finding it. On this night he didn't think he would ever throw it away; it was comfortable to have to avoid something.

As he turned homeward, he thought it would be nice and warm at home. He hoped the cat would have a nice disposition. He

would find the cat, and then go to sleep in his chair. Perhaps the cat would purr. He might write a letter, but he would probably go to sleep first and leave it until some other time.

He took out his key to let himself in the door and noticed that there was a piece of paper folded in the handle. He went in, pressed the button on, and unfolded the note:

"I brought back your cat, but it likes me better than it does you. Anyway, you don't want him. I like cats and someday he will grow fat, I think.

"P. S. I left you one of my best because you don't throw them away the way most people do. The glittery stuff is mica. It is on the third step behind the post.

"P. S. I don't think he will come back."

Editorial

This year, more than ever before, Sweet Briar is furnishing its students with a wider field of books from which we can pick and choose our reading. The Browsing Room has a larger assortment of good books of every sort—from a collection of Chinese poems to a complete set of Thackeray's novels.

The Book Shop has opened a Book Corner which should be a delight to those of us who try in some way or another to collect books.

If only we would admit it, collecting books is, for most of us, a rather superficial matter. There are books we buy because of their scholarly leather binding and goldleaf titles; the books filled with exquisite water colors or bold wood-prints; the "best-sellers" which mark us as ill-informed until we, like everyone around us, have read them; the great volumes of really fine books which we should have read long ago but which will sit on our shelves, mostly for the sake of appearance.

It seems a pity that we cannot choose our books with something which comes nearer sincerity or an appreciation of what is fine.

Naturally books are known by hearsay and general opinion—Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Three Weeks* by Glynn. But what a difference lies between them. And yet they have both been read and talked about, criticised and enjoyed. We would hesitate, however, to add a copy of *Three Weeks* to our library. Why? because we know it is not a great and lasting work, and yet there are few of us who really sincerely appreciate and enjoy *Paradise Lost.*

Good taste in books can and should be cultivated, and the opinion of scholars is a helpful pointer in this direction. Far more than this, however, should we avoid the superficiality connected with so many collections of books represented by a fine array, row after row, in a well-appointed library, books whose covers have never been opened. Let your library be your expression of what you deem good with a sufficient backing of reputation so that others may admire and enjoy it.

As We Pass By

And along the canals went all the people in the world, you'd think. And now it was a Frenchman, all silks and satins and "*la-di-da*, monsieur!" Or a Spaniard with a pointed beard and long, lean legs and a long, lean sword. And now it was a Greek courtesan, white as milk, sitting in her gondola as on a throne. Here was a Muscovite, hairy, dirty, with fine fur and fine jewels and teeth sharp as a dog's. And now an effeminate Greek nobleman, languid as a bride. And here were Moorish captains, *Othello's* men, great giants of black marble; and swarthy, hook-nosed merchants of Palestine: and the squires of Crusaders—pretty, ringleted boys, swearing like demons. And here and there were Scots and Irish merchants, kilted, sensitive folk, one moment smiling at you and the next a knife in your gizzard.

—Donn Byrne, *Messer Marco Polo.*

THE END

When I was One,
I had just begun.

When I was Two
I was nearly new.

When I was Three
I was hardly Me.

When I was Four
I was not much more.

When I was Five
I was just alive.

But now I am Six, I'm as clever as clever.
So I think I'll be Six now for ever and ever.

—A. A. MILNE, *Now We Are Six.*

When a true genius appears in the world, you may know him by this sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

—JONATHAN SWIFT, *On Various Subjects.*

The walls of spiders' legs are made
Well mortised and finely laid;
He was the master of his trade
It curiously that builded:
The windows of the eyes of cats,
And for the roof, instead of slats,
Is covered with the skins of bats,
With moonshine that are gilded.

—MICHAEL DRAYTON, *She Carries Me Above the Skie.*

"When we were little," the Mock Turtle went on at last, more calmly, though still sobbing a little now and then, "we went to school in the sea. The master was an old Turtle—We used to call him Tortoise——"

"Why did you call him Tortoise, if he wasn't one?" Alice asked.

"We called him Tortoise because he taught us," said the Mock Turtle angrily, "really you are very dull!"

—LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.*

It is only the man whose intellect is clouded by his sexual impulses that could give the name of *the fair sex* to that undersized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race: for the whole beauty of the sex is bound up with this impulse. Instead of calling them beautiful, there would be more warrant for describing women as the unaesthetic sex. Neither for music, nor for poetry, nor for

fine art, have they really and truly any sense or susceptibility; it is a mere mockery if they make a pretense of it in order to assist their endeavour to please.

—Arthur Schopenhauer, *On Women.*

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought;
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand——
Come, long-sought!

—Percy Bysshe Shelley, *To the Night.*

Book Reviews

We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop of Lynchburg for lending us the books we review.

Bloody Years

Francis Yeats-Brown

THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK, 1932

This book will be handed down to future generations as an historical autobiography; the stress made by the author falls entirely on the historical facts; however, Francis Yeats-Brown definitely states that he has used his own and others' experiences solely to accomplish his purpose—"an indirect plea for peace." The tales of his imprisonment, the descriptions of conditions which he observed around him, are all cited as elements which must be noted and studied to indicate the character of Turkey and of her part in the Great War.

Francis Yeats-Brown has chosen a simple structural background; the causes, some events and some effects of the war in Turkey. The merit of his work lies not in what he implies, but in the intrinsic value of the episodes which he chose to record.

Since the nature of the book is as it is, the style is necessarily direct, brisk narrative. There are no divergences into scenic descriptions, no lengthy character analyses; yet without too obvious devices, the author produces a picture of modern Turkey and some vivid portraits. Here and there in the course of the book, there are fragments of the simple, homely philosophy of a man who had been far removed from all that he held dear, and who, for the sake of belief in peace forever, would re-live in recording them, the "Bloody Years."

D. G., '34.

Obscure Destinies

Willa Cather

Alfred Knopf, New York, 1932

Obscure Destinies, Willa Cather's latest book, contains three separate stories, "Neighbor Rosicky," "Old Mrs. Harris," and "Two Friends." These will be found to be entirely different from her last two volumes, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, and *Shadows on the Rock*. In her clear, direct style, Miss Cather concerns herself with reporting the relationship one human has towards another, following the events over a number of years. She offers no explanation. The reader must draw his own conclusions. But this leaves no impression of there being a subtle, hidden meaning to each word, which can so often be very stupid. Instead the reader is aware of the philosophical undercurrent behind each characterization, plainer without Miss Cather's explanations.

Of the three stories, "Old Mrs. Harris" is the best and most important. Miss Cather grasps the pathetic completeness of old age in a remarkable way, and in her handling of the women characters she proves, as before in *My Mortal Enemy*, her special attribute for comprehending a woman's emotional moods. The story of "Two Friends" is slightly inferior to the others, or at least disappointing after reading the first two. It seems to lack the quiet charm and sensitive understanding of people found in "Old Mrs. Harris" and "Neighbor Rosicky." All too infrequent are the descriptive passages, delightful for their plain straightforward beauty. Here is one from "Neighbor Rosicky":

"Over yonder on the hill he could see his own house, crouching low, with the clump of orchard behind and the wind-mill before, and all down the gentle hill-slope the rows of pale gold cornstalks stood out against the white field. The snow was falling over the cornfield and the pasture and the hay-land, steadily, with very little wind.—a nice dry snow. The graveyard had only a light wire fence about it and was all overgrown with long red grass. The fine snow, settling into this red grass and upon the few little evergreens and the headstones, looked very pretty."

Obscure Destinies will serve to increase Miss Cather's popularity. It pleases as much by its insight into people's thoughts and feelings as by the charmingly direct manner in which it is written.

B. B., '34.

67 Years Old

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CONTEST

THE Poetry Prize for November offered by THE BRAMBLER, has been awarded to Nancy Phyllis Horton, '35 for her poem, which appears in this issue.

A Poem

Nancy Phyllis Horton

Astral tides for eons have drifted
Across these heavens once empty and bare;
Infinity's chasms, wide and abysmal,
Stretch only to find Eternity there . . .
And pour out their fire to neighbouring stars—
Rivers of ice forever are flowing
In the vast barren plains of the moon and of Mars—
The bloodshed and rage of millions of battles
Are lost in the hum of Eternity's might . . .
Why do I stoop and smooth out a flow'ret
That wilted and drooping comes to my sight?

Miss Simpkins

ELIZABETH COMBS

THE Muses, as my father used to say, pursued Miss Simpkins. Sometimes it was in a humorous vein and sometimes it was in a serious vein, but one way or the other they were always pursuing her. You seldom ever called on her that you did not find her with pen and paper out in her little back garden if it were in summer time, or before the fire-place in her miniature parlor if it were winter time, scribbling busily. She wrote endlessly and sent reams of manuscripts from publisher to publisher each year. None of them were ever accepted but this did not seem to discourage Miss Simpkins. She kept her rejected manuscripts in a large mahogany box on a stand in the parlor and she looked upon that box and its contents with as much pride as if it were a beautiful leather bound set of books with "Works of E. M. Simpkins" engraved on each volume. The Muses, it seemed, had first begun to pursue Miss Simpkins when she was a young and sentimental girl, now many years ago. There had been an unfortunate love affair, so gossip had it—some said that the young man had died of consumption, others that he had met with an accident while hunting in the Maine woods and still others that he had jilted her—and after that Miss Simpkins took to the Muses for consolation. And they had been after her ever since.

She had lived in the tiny house with the shady back garden down at the end of the lane for as long as I could remember, but my father used to tell me of her coming. It was when he was a very young man just beginning to practise medicine. She had driven into town in a ramshackle old wagon piled high with her household belongings and pulled by a decrepit horse, causing something of a sensation by the odd appearance of her entry. She, of course, heard in a round-about way some of the comment that she occasioned around the town, and it was not wholly displeasing to her for she felt that it was a requisite of a true instrument of the Muses to be considered a little "queer." It was not long before something of her story also got around the town—her unfortunate love affair, the death of her

parents and then her migration to our little town. For a time she had been a source of much curiosity and gossip, but when the novelty wore off, so to speak, she became one of those taken for granted curiosities that you tell strangers to the town about but don't pay much attention to yourself.

In those early days when she first came, she was young and, so my father used to say, not unattractive looking, but ever since I had known her she had been a tall angular spinster with straight gray hair pulled back from a too-high forehead and an ever-present pair of horn-rimmed spectacles, for she was very near-sighted. She lived alone in her little shingled house except for an aged and sour-faced serving woman, who kept house for her. She made no friends in the town and seemed to have none anywhere else. She had no relatives left who were aware of her existence, except a younger sister whose picture she kept on the mantel in her parlor and to whom she wrote once a month. The sister, from her picture taken as a young woman, was strikingly good looking, and full of vitality. Miss Simpkins said that she was immensely popular and had a host of friends. She was married now and lived with her husband and two children somewhere in New York. She never came to see Miss Simpkins and Miss Simpkins never went to see her, so that, but for their dutiful monthly letters, they might as well not have existed for all that they were to each other.

As a child, I was always fascinated by Miss Simpkins. I thought her story immensely tragic and romantic and I was tremendously intrigued by the fact that she had devoted her life to writing. I used to visit her as often as I could find an excuse to. I think that I was the only person in the town, except my father who was her physician, who had been in her house more than two or three times. I used to go and sit in the back garden or in the parlor, munching cookies that the sour-faced old woman had made—she wasn't really at all sour if you only knew how to take her—Miss Simpkins would read me some of her "lighter things." These made a great impression on me. I listened to them avidly and could not understand how anyone could produce such wonders. I asked her once why she didn't "make a book, like my book of fairy stories," out of them so that she could sell them, and she replied something about "some day—maybe . . . but the best works are often not appreciated until after their authors are dead." I didn't understand what that

had to do with her stories, but she said it in a pained way, as though she were trying to convince herself that something very unpleasant, which she knew *had* to happen, wouldn't happen. I never asked her again. When I grew old enough, she read me her serious things too, and they were very serious and some of them very deep. Once I admitted, rather timidly, that I did not understand one of her particularly deep essays. I expected her to be very scornful of my ignorance, but instead she only smiled and replied, "No, my dear, you are not to be expected to. The world does not understand them either—I am ahead of my time. But some day when I am dead and buried they will appreciate me, and that is all I ask."

By this time, of course, I no longer thought that Miss Simpkins wrote the most wonderful things that had ever been written—in fact I was rather inclined to be bored by her lengthy dissertations, but I still went occasionally to call on her and listen to her read, for I saw that my attention and praise pleased her immensely. Once, coming unannounced into the garden, I found her crumpled up in a limp, red-nosed, red-eyed, heap over her writing table, weeping violently. I was completely taken aback and hastened to inquire if anything had happened. She shook her head and then after she had quieted down somewhat, she managed a rueful smile and, pointing to a thick roll of manuscript on the table, said:

"It's just that thing rejected again. I did work so hard on that one—I thought that they'd just have to take it, one of them. And now it's back again. I'm beginning to think there isn't much use my trying—I'm afraid I'm a failure. And I'm getting old now. I suppose I may as well give up."

I was surprised beyond measure for I had begun to think that Miss Simpkins rather liked rejection slips, but I did my best to comfort her and assure her that she wasn't a failure. Finally, I remembered her own words and with as much conviction as I could put into my voice, I assured her that her works did have merit and that if they weren't appreciated now they would be some day in the future, even if it weren't until she was gone. She clutched eagerly at this straw of comfort.

"Do you really think so?" she asked. I gravely declared that I did.

"Oh, if I could only be sure of that I wouldn't care," she exclaimed. "You see, my writing has been the only thing—in my life, and if I've made a failure of that, too, then there wouldn't

have been much use of my living at all. I've had such a lonely life—there's been nobody to care for and nobody to care for me, and I rather thought—" she glanced at me a bit shyly—"I rather thought that I might gain some sort of a comradeship with the world through my books. But even though it shouldn't come until I were dead, I wouldn't mind waiting. If I could know that then I would have that comradeship that I have never had in life, I could die happy."

And so I repeated over and over again that I was sure her work would some day be famous until finally she was restored to her confidence in herself and, though still somewhat red-eyed and red-nosed, to her old smiling self.

After that I tried to call on Miss Simpkins more often, for I could not help feeling sorry for her. I used to take over fruit from our garden or a book, and sit with her and get her to read to me, and I made my praises even a little more extravagant than before. She would drone on in her monotonous voice, occasionally making some penciled change, and then when she finished she would beam at me through her glasses, modestly disclaiming my praises. And so her uneventful life went on. She grew a little bonier and more angular and the mahogany box in the parlor grew fuller and fuller, but otherwise nothing either in her or her routine ever seemed to change.

Then one morning my father came into the breakfast room and told us that he had been called by her housekeeper to go to Miss Simpkins. When he came back three-quarters of an hour later, he announced gravely that she was dead. She had had a stroke in the night and had lived only a few hours. I was greatly shocked. I somehow could not picture Miss Simpkins as being dead. It did not seem possible that she would not be sitting out in her back garden busily writing. She had become such a fixture in the town that it was hard to imagine the place without her. My father said that they had sent for her sister, but that, of course, she had not reached there before Miss Simpkins died. I wondered what her last hours had been like and whether she had died still firmly believing in her posthumous fame. I hoped she had.

When the will was read, it was found that Miss Simpkins had left everything she had, including the precious box of manuscripts, to her sister. That lady had arrived from New York a few hours after Miss Simpkins died, and after the funeral,—to which prac-

tically all the town went out of idle curiosity,—she began a thorough cleaning up of the house. The box of manuscripts had been left to her with the injunction "to be done with as she thought most fit," Miss Simpkins, doubtless, expecting that they would be carefully treasured for some years and then brought to light and fame, but her sister, when she found what they were, without even a glance at them, swept them all into the furnace and shut the door with a bang upon them. I felt a sudden blaze of anger when I first heard of this, but then I realized that after all there wasn't anything else that could have been done with them.

And so passed Miss Simpkins. But I never go by her house—now empty and boarded up—that I don't wonder about her just a bit. Are the Muses still pursuing her there in the other world, and does she still have a big box of rejected manuscript, and does she still hope for the fame that will never come to her? I wonder—I shouldn't doubt it.

Reflets Dans L'Eau

Gwendolyn Pratt

A meadow pool is not the only place
 Where images of azure worlds are cast,
Where Spring bends down to see her lovely face,
 And leaves her shadow long ere she has passed.

There is a pool within the heart as well,
 Where loveliness may look, and pass away,
And sweeter than the face of Spring, the spell
 My heart-pool holds since you looked in one day.

Fantasy

MARJORIE LASAR

I AM exquisite and unearthly, sheathed in shimmering white satin lying in my crystal coffin at the bottom of the sea. It's very cool in this misty green water—and I like being dead. I shall lie here cool and distant and see what happens. I think I am resting in a sea-haunt. White coral plants curl their gnarled fingers around my coffin and the sea-moss caresses it lovingly. Schools of tiny fish flash by me like silver motes dancing in the sunlight and I see a chubby sea-urchin peeping at me from under an overturned sea-shell.

I smile happily when I see a band of mermaids peer through the moss. With a merry backward glance, the leader glides into the center of the grotto. They are the loveliest creatures I have ever seen. Their auburn hair is decked with pearls and anemones. Some have violet eyes and some have green eyes, and all of them are beautiful. They play together or by themselves with great shining bubbles, and if one escapes their outstretched arms, there are many more to play with.

A great wall-eyed dolphin romps through the water, very intent on going nowhere.

I could almost laugh for joy when a water-baby comes galloping around a rock on a wee sea-horse and my mermaids let him join them and give him tiny bubbles to play with.

All the while the water round me is changing from green to blue, to a lovely lavender haze and soon when the mermaids let their bubbles escape and when they go away, the water is a deep, dark blue.

I am afraid I shall be lonesome, but I hear a few friendly crabs scuttle across the sand, and little phosphorescent fish twinkle in the water, like stars. I wonder where I have ever heard of stars before and smile because I am so happy, because all day I can watch the mermaids and all night I can watch the little shiny fish and lie forever sheathed in shimmering white satin in my crystal coffin at the bottom of the sea.

Foreword

Back in the dim dark ages of 1931, one of our Seniors lost her lapin jacket. Searches were conducted and meetings were held; sleepless nights and wretched days failed ever to disclose the whereabouts of the precious possession. In this event, that shining light and brightener of our days, Bard Ainsworth, of the class of '32, strummed her lute and immortalized sweet Adelina in lilting verse.

The Rape of the Coat

Sally Ainsworth

Canto I

Awake, my lute that long has hung untouched—
For years have flown since last thy form I clutched—
For now events have gathered as a storm
And winds of passion sweep across thy form,
And all thy strings awake and sound a chord
As when *Apollo*, th' humble poet's lord,
Strokes o'er his lyre; or when the shepherd boy
Plays on his oaten pipe his rustic joy
And all his woolly charges leap to hear
The plaintive madrigal sound sweet and clear.
But mine no theme that Corydon would play
To Phyllis underneath the budding May.
A tragic theme commands thine earnest labour
And solemn notes must issue from my tabour.
Begone, *O Momus*, to thy sylvan haunt
And sing of merriment, as is thy wont;
But thou, *O Clio*, be my sober stay
And keep frivolity and mirth away.

Canto II

Apollo had but shortly filled the blue
And from the grass had dried the sparkling dew
When one bright beam he wantonly had shed

Searched out fair *Adelina's* sleeping head.
It touched her pillow and her visage there
And made a gilded halo of her hair.
It traveled slowly to her lidded eyes;
She moves in slumber, and behold! she sighs.
At last old *Morpheus* released his hold
And she awoke to see a blaze of gold
As when the flowers blossom unaware
And ope their petals to the balmy air,
As dewy-eyed as roses newly born
Fair *Adelina* awoke to greet the morn.
But though the feathered songsters sang their lay
And with their motions recognized the day,
Her face is sad; her pillow, damp and wet,
Bears evidence of sorrow and regret.
Large tears like pearls course down her pallid cheeks,
And lo! in tones of tragedy she speaks:
"Alas, to waken only to repine!
"A lot of grief and anguished heart is mine.
"Was ever maid beset so by the Fates,
"Who hopes, and yet who hopeless, sits and waits?
"Ah cruel, cruel, that thrice-wretched she
"Who stole my little coat away from me!
"Deprive me of my fan, my rose brocade,
"My coachman, or my faithful tire-maid,
"My billets-doux, my highest treasured note,
"My lover or my lap-dog, not my coat!
"*O Pallas*, goddess marvelously bright,
"I prithee look upon my piteous plight,
"Shew mercy on me, hear my humble pray'r—
"Behold, I rend my gown, I tear my hair,
"Keep not my little coat and me apart,
"Restore to me the darling of my heart!"
Her accents failed; she sighed one last sigh more,
And slipped, insensate, down upon the floor.
Her little Fluff beheld his mistress there,
And loudly yipped his horror and despair.
He laved her lily hand with his pink tongue,
On which a salty tear-drop glistening hung,

But though he capered round and round her head,
She lay as one with grief and sorrow dead.

CANTO III

The goddess heard, and hearing, summoned hence,
A messenger to give swift recompense.
Down *Iris* flew, and as she passed she left
The great white clouds behind her ripp'd and cleft;
As some great barque that skims across a lake
Leaves foamy waves on either side the wake.
From mouth to mouth the heavenly order pass'd
And left the maidens of the earth aghast.
The summons was to meet in *Pallas'* grove,
And, by the tawny beard of mighty *Jove*,
To bring their rabbit coats when thence they came,
And to the erring maiden, death and shame!
When *Adelina* heard this stern decree,
Hope took the place of deepest misery.
Into her pallid cheek came back the rose,
She picked up Fluff and kiss'd him on the nose.
She called her maid to fetch her hoops and stays—
The only spark that she had shown for days.
She piled her powdered hair, and on her face
Put patches in the most judicious place;
A broad-brimmed hat, with mauve and purple bows
Bedeck'd, and divers other furbelows
Most strangely fashioned topped the structure's height
And all but hid her face itself from sight.
"My red-heeled slippers!" cried she in command,
And, picking up her skirts in either hand,
"Fetch me my shawl!" a thing of Indies weave
Of lawn so fine as almost to deceive
The eyes, and not seem to be there at all—
More like a mist than any common shawl.
She stops, and bites her lip, and says, "I wore
"My little coat not many days before!
"Ah, will the blessed miracle occur
"That I may once more stroke its lovely fur?"

Her chair is at the door; away she goes
To see what Chance will graciously disclose.

CANTO IV

O Deities who watched the Greeks destroy
The topless towers of unhappy Troy,
Who with impassive faces saw from skies
The slaughter, nor gave heed to *Helen's* cries,
No calm th' ensuing holocaust could stand,
Such as had never been by sea or land.
Unwarned and unsuspicious there they flock'd
Her coat in each one's arms securely lock'd.
O wretched maids, who innocently dared
To go there thus unarmed and unprepared!
The blow fell silently; stunned by surprise,
Their coats were snatch'd before their very eyes.
Then did a lamentation rend the air
As when an eagle sees her nest laid bare;
Or such shrill outcry as a Pom will make
When that his tail is trodden by mistake.
The caves of Dis re-echoed to the wail
And Echo rang it back from hill and dale.
Maternal hearts were wrung much more than when
The Jewish babes were slain by Herod's men.
The bleating of the sacrificial goats
Was naught to their loud clamour for their coats.
Some struggled vainly, till their feeble strength
Gave way, and down they prostrate fell at length.
Why dost thou falter, O my Muse, to write
The incidents that made that grisly fight?
Alas, my human tongue is far too weak
To paint the picture, or full justice speak.
But *Adelina*, with her flowing skirt
About her loins in warlike fashion girt
The central spot commanded, and her call
Of, "Give me mine!" was heard above it all.
At last the tumult died, the last cry quell'd,
The last imploring victims duly fell'd.

Though *Adelina* held the battle-ground,
Yet her own coat was nowhere to be found.

Canto V

Cease now, my lute! The lingering chord will throb
And fade as did fair *Adelina's* sob.
One plaintive note will carry faint and far
Away to where the western mountains are.
The herdsman, trudging homeward to the fold,
Will stand transfixed, in one last blaze of gold,
To hear thy dying fall, while to his eye
The tear will gather, though he knows not why.
Fond lovers, standing at the close of day,
Beneath the sloe and cherry's blooming spray,
Forget each other as they hear the note
Upon the blue-grey dusk of evening float.
Farewell, farewell; and may thy next refrain
Be burthened with a happy theme again.
May *Adelina's* nuptials cause thy strings
To carole as the Philomela sings.
But until *Hymen* bide thy music swell—
Jove, speed the day!—my lute, a long farewell!

Flight

MARJORIE SMITH

IN the spring Dan took his new rifle and shot the eagle that had stolen so many of his father's chickens. Two days later the eagle's mate, that had a nest in the tallest jack-pine on Ridge Point, stole one of the best Leghorn hens. Dan divided her chicks among several other broods.

Then he took his rifle and went to the Point and waited. Soon the eagle came back to the nest. She was carrying something which she fed to the young eaglet in the nest. Dan hadn't known the eaglet had hatched so soon.

In a few minutes the eagle left the nest. She would hover around in the vicinity because she had spied Dan below. He waited until she gave him an easy mark. Then he fired. It was a good shot. She fell through the leaves and branches and lay struggling in the underbrush. He shot her again, and she lay still.

Then Dan stood his rifle, stock down, against a tree. He wanted to see the eagle—and, besides, he liked to climb. The tall pine was straight and bare, but it took him only a minute to shinny up it. He was proud of his skill.

At the top of the trunk there were several spreading branches on which the six-foot high nest was built. He climbed cautiously through these.

There was a slight stirring in the nest as Dan reached the tip of it. The one young eaglet,just hatched, an ugly, shapeless mass, covered with transparent skin, yawned its yellowish beak at Dan. Its tiny tongue stuck out, and its bulging eyelids flickered dumbly.

Dan laughed at it. Ugly little devil. He wanted to keep it—if it should live. He slipped it into his shirt and pushed it gently around to his back. It was very warm against his flesh. It did not stir as he climbed cautiously down the tree and carried it home in his hand.

Dan's father laughed at the ugly eaglet and gave him a dollar for killing the old eagle.

Dan fed the eaglet meal and scraps of cooked meal. It lived. Pretty soon it had some downy feathers and could walk a bit. Dan tired of it and put it with a brood of chicks. The old hen was surprised, but she accepted it among her chicks. The eaglet followed her with her brood. It learned to scratch for bugs as the chickens did.

The eaglet soon learned to find enough to eat. The summer passed. The eaglet wandered around the chicken yard. Sometimes it flopped over the fence and wandered around the orchard. Sometimes Dan came to pet the eagle because people were interested in the eagle with chicken habits. Indirectly some attention came to Dan. So he didn't entirely forget his bird.

When fall came Dan had to go to school. Once in a while he saw his eagle, but not often. The eagle wintered with the chickens, roosting beside them in the warm chicken house and taking short excursions into the snow-covered yard.

Spring came. The chickens were outdoors again. Several hens were setting on nests of smooth white eggs. The eagle scratched for worms, caught bugs in the sunshine and sometimes flopped over the fence into the orchard.

Then, one dawn, a wild eagle swooped over the chicken yard in search of food. The chickens ran for cover. The eagle on the ground ran, too. The wild eagle flew on. The young eagle came out from under his bush and watched the distant bird. A rooster flapped his wings and crowed. The eagle stretched his neck, waved his huge unused wings and screamed. The chickens ran again to the bushes, and stood looking at their old comrade suddenly grown terrifying.

At dark the strange eagle came back. He swooped down. The chickens ran, but the eagle on the ground stood. He stretched his neck, flapped his wings and screamed. He ran to meet the swooping eagle, who lifted on seeing him. He flapped his wings with all his might and rose in the air after the strange eagle. A surprised moment of hesitancy, and then he flew higher in his somewhat awkward flight. The wild eagle flew away to the west. The young eagle followed into the hazy sunset. He never came back.

Poem

M. L.

Jonquils laughing in a brass bowl,
Sea-spray—God's imprisoned sun-shine,
Pink tea-cups and sugar-cookies,
And gay, bantering words
Are mine.

Valley-lilies, chaste and dewy,
Ships in bottles, stained glass blue,
Cool pale water in cool pale caves
Are for quiet souls
Like you.

Chinese Village in Summer

Evelyn F. Morris

DUSTY, tortuous road banked by straw huts . . . dirty, naked children playing tag under an old elm . . . mangy dogs scratching themselves, between barks at passers-by . . . old men sitting in the doorways fanning the flies away . . . sweating bodies of men threshing grain on hard mud floors . . . rhythmic rise and fall of wooden flails . . . plodding steps of a donkey crushing grain with a crude stone roller . . . occasional grunt of a water buffalo wallowing in the village stream . . . group of chattering women washing rice for the afternoon meal . . . another group thumping clothes methodically to get all the water out . . . village loafer asleep under a weeping-willow, unconsciously twitching his nose to remove a fly . . . slight rustle through long grass shows that there is a breeze somewhere . . . repelling smell of dead fish drying in the hot sun . . . strings of garlic, hanging from the door posts . . . little babies staring immobile at the world in general, seen from the backs of their elder sisters . . . village youths listening respectfully to a traveler's tale of the country around them . . . monotonous squeak of a wheelbarrow hauling fertile soil from the nearby river to the fields . . . protesting clucks of hens wandering from one place to another . . . a pair of hogs, grunting at one side of the road . . . even, swaying tread of men carrying burdens for a long distance . . . they rest a moment in the shade of a tree and pass on silently . . . incessant glare of mid-day sun . . . heat waves rising from the earth in all directions . . . everywhere the enervating rule of Heat.

Clirsto

DELIA ANN TAYLOR

CLIRSTO smiled to himself as he climbed the mountain. He smiled proudly and contemptuously, although a bit fearfully; proudly because, since the beginning of time, no one had ever done what he was going to do; and fearfully because the gods would not like what he was going to do. One man, so the people said, had once climbed the mountain and seen the tree, and had lived. But no one had ever touched one of the Apples. And now Clirsto was going to pick three. He wondered now why he hadn't ever wanted the Apples for himself. He had heard about them all his life, in the little village at the foot of the mountain. But he would never have been on the mountain, now, climbing steadily, if it hadn't been for Tarmina. Ever since he had first loved Tarmina, she had asked things of him that were impossible; impossible until he had tried them. But never before had she asked (never before had anyone asked) a thing like this: three of the Apples. He thought now of the evening before, when she had asked him. He had been wonderfully amazed: he had left her with vague answers. He had prayed to the gods: he had thought it through and he had made up his mind to tell Tarmina it was impossible. But in the morning, it was different. He had gone to tell Tarmina good-bye, and had started. He had wanted to wait until another day when clearer weather would make better climbing, when the sun would be warm in the heavens and the sky not covered with great grey clouds. But Tarmina had said no, and he had gone. He thought about Tarmina now, waiting at home and praying for him. He thought about purple orchids growing. He thought about anything but the great grey rocks around him and the great grey clouds over him and the Apples. It was mostly the Apples that he tried not to think about,—the Apples and the stories he had heard about them. He wondered if the stories were true and then he thought about Tarmina again.

It was late in the afternoon when Clirsto found the tree. The clouds were banking higher and the wind blew harder. Clirsto was

tired and hungry and thirsty. But he had eaten his little pocketful of food at noon by the stream. And the stream was a long way down the mountain. So he picked three of the Apples and started back.

Clirsto couldn't keep his eyes off the Apples. He tried putting them in his pocket but there was room for only two. He had to carry the third in his hand. He was thirsty and he knew the Apple was juicy, and not too sweet. He was hungry and the Apple was big. He tried to think of a stream of cold water, but the stream was lined with loaded apple trees. He could see the apples. He could feel them, he could taste them. . . . When he had finished the Apple, he ate the core. He was sorry then and afraid. He expected the vengeance of the gods. But nothing happened. He walked on down the mountain and soon he realized that he had eaten an Apple and that nothing was going to happen to him! He laughed aloud, and he thought Tarmina laughed with him. But they weren't nice laughs: hers was mocking, his was disillusioned.

Hours later, when he got to the stream, he was tired. He thought he would drink and then rest. He pushed the two Apples farther into his pocket. He lay at full length on a rock and drank deeply. He drank until he heard a splash: a tiny, tinkling splash. He sat up and touched his pocket. Only one Apple was there. He put his hand inside. Only *one* Apple was there! He was afraid. He ran, he cried, he stumbled and fell. He lay still a few minutes, the last Apple clutched in his hand. Nothing was going to happen! He laughed again and Tarmina laughed with him. He lay down to sleep where he was, the Apple on the ground in the curve of his right arm and he dreamed.

He dreamed he had gotten home to Tarmina with the three Apples. He had reached out his hand to give them to her. She had laughed and he had looked. In his hand lay three stones. It had not been a nice laugh—that laugh of Tarmina's. It was a mocking laugh.

He woke up and reached for the Apple. It was gone. Clirsto was afraid. He ran, he cried, he stumbled and fell. His blood covered a big round stone. He moved once. He tried to laugh. It was a good laugh: the laugh of a man who believes. He laughed and whispered, "It was impossible, Tarmina."

As We Pass By

"Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where."

—STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Marpessa.*

"—Don't you hate Protestant women? They have such scrubbed, unpowdered souls. Women and religion should always paint a little."

—CLEMENCE DANE, *Broome Stages.*

First he ate some lettuces and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the bend of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop, thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened.

—*Peter Rabbit.*

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapt in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky East,
A white and shapeless mass.

—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *The Waning Moon.*

"The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks."

—SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Letter to Lord Chesterfield.*

The enduring love is the love that laughs. The man and woman who can laugh at their love, who can kiss with smiles and embrace with chuckles will outlast in mutual affection all the throat-lumpy, cow-eyed couples of their acquaintance.

—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, *The World in Falseface.*

"next to of course god america i
love you land of the pilgrims' and so forth oh
say can you see by the dawn's early my
country 'tis of centuries come and go
and are no more what of it we should worry
in every language even deafanddumb
thy sons acclaim your glorious name by gorry
by jingo by gee by gosh by gum
why talk of beauty what could be more beaut-
iful than these heroic happy dead
who rushed like lions to the roaring slaughter
they did not stop to think they died instead
then shall the voices of liberty be mute?"

He spoke. And drank rapidly a glass of water.

—E. E. CUMMINGS, included in *Our Singing Strength.*

Book Reviews

We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop of Lynchburg for lending us the books we review.

Nicodemus

Edwin Arlington Robinson

MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK, 1932

Edwin Arlington Robinson's new book of eleven poems continues his tradition: he is still an analyst of men's minds in emotional crises. Reading between the crammed lines we find a still deeper study,—that of the currents of the subsconscious.

The longer poems are almost wholly dialogued ("Toussaint l'Ouverture" and "The Prodigal Son" are monologues), and as such can present within themselves contrasts of thought and feeling on the same subject. In the title poem, Nicodemus stands for the thinking men who did not dodge the truth of Jesus's life and teaching:

> "God knows what ails us in Jerusalem.
> You cannot wash the taste of your misgiving
> Away with wine"

Caiaphus is the blind and deaf adherent of tradition, and perhaps the bigoted priest who would not endanger his position. Yet he is not so much a type that he cannot try to save Nicodemus, loving this "madman who has been a friend."

For though the dialogues pit one view against another, their men and women are not mere types. Their minds are subtle woven webs of the associations of the men they are and of the men they have been. Who can tell what Jaël is, whom Barak calls the "tiger's wife"? She has soothed Sisera who lulled her to sleep like a mother, and then driven a nail through his temples. Now she exults with

unholy, patriotic joy in the name of Jehovah! This exultation is like Deborah's song—Robinson has done what Shaw calls letting the spirit of the age blow through his pages. Yet Jaël lives, not only as an historical character, but as a woman before whom Barak says:—

"The Lord pondered
More than six days, I think, to make a woman."

Though they follow the natural train of associations, these poems are carefully and symmetrically designed. The long double theme of a woman's misgivings and of her lover's usual self-justification as to the death of the woman's husband for which they are in a sense responsible, is tied to three stanzas of the song of "the March of the Cameron Men." The theme is analogous to that of "Annandale Again," except that in the latter, it is all the man's doing, who sees what Damaris's life is, and would save her from it. Half the explanation is in a sonnet written in 1910 and included in this volume.

The collection seems complete without "Hector Kane" and perhaps "The Spirit Speaking." The compact style of the other poems is that of the Robinson of the sonnets. Still, the beginning of "The March of the Cameron Men" reminds us of "Tristram," and other parts of it, of "Cavender's House." May we make so bold as to find a suggestion of Vigny in "Sisera" and of Shakespeare in "Nicodemus"? Is this praise enough?

G. S., '33.



The Princess Marries the Page

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Harpers and Brothers, Publishers, New York, 1932

How glad we are that Miss Mary Kennedy and Mr. Deems Taylor were Edna St. Vincent Millay's guests at Steepletop and that Miss Kennedy was searching for a one-act play for the Cosmopolitan Club of Philadelphia. Edna St. Vincent Millay had written this play thirteen years before, while she was at Vassar College, but the manuscript had been lost and forgotten. She was able to unearth it, and it was thus that it was published. The work is a youthful work

and, as the authoress herself says, "very slight," but it has that fragility that can touch the heart. It is the lyrical story of a princess who goes to the tower-room and finds there a page, piping lovely songs on his silver pipe. The page is wanted by the king as a spy; the princess, having fallen in love with him, saves him and finds that he is guiltless and himself, a king. It is the simple manner that appeals to us and it has the gentle touch of loved fairy tales. It is the naiveté that runs through all of Edna St. Vincent Millay's work. She has a magic touch, and the magic creeps into our hearts, and we can not but love the fragile drama.

B. C. H., '33.

Oliver's Secretary

Dora Neill Raymond

MINTON, BALCH AND CO., NEW YORK, 1932

Oliver's Secretary, John Milton in an Era of Revolt, by Dora Neill Raymond has just been published.

This book is a distinct contribution to four important aspects of the seventeenth century. It may be studied as a history of England's revolt against Charles I, as an appreciative criticism of Milton's immortal writing, as a genuine, vivid picture of seventeenth century England, and as a scholarly biography of the man, John Milton.

The approach of the author is essentially that of an intensive student, a just scholar. She quotes from contemporary records; and the reader senses a feeling of pride to be so delightfully introduced to original source material that has been compiled through years of study and presented in a straight-forward, expressive, logical manner.

Her style is concise, and often subtle in its brevity. There are philosophical comments, and comments that are witty in the true Lockian sense, resemblance of ideas not merely of words.

In portraying Milton's character, Mrs. Raymond's approach is appreciative. One might well think the author a sympathetic contemporary of Oliver's secretary. As she lives Milton's life again from his little-boy days on Bread Street, his college days at Cambridge, his happy retirement at Horton, his political activity, and

his last bleak days at Bunhill, the author reveals Milton's intellectual development as a result of his environment. It is the result of his intellectual environment which stimulated his mind and guided his pen along lines of political, ecclesiastical, and social revolt.

The vocabulary of Mrs. Raymond is sufficient. Of few that can be said. Her choice of words is excellent, at times beautiful, at times startling. She, with her inexhaustible command of apt words and phrases, has written a full life of Milton.

This book is not for every reader to comprehend. Its literary qualities, its vast store of information is stimulating,—challenging us to further study. Possessing that very quality, *Oliver's Secretary, John Milton in an Era of Revolt,* surpasses many biographies.

C. B., '34.

First Night

Lorna Rea

Harper and Brothers, 1932

"We're not all made the same on top, and we're very different underneath, . . . but we're all wanting a bit of entertainment, needing to be taken out of ourselves and given a change from our ordinary lives and our ordinary selves" . . . That, tho' applied to the play by one of Lorna Rea's characters, is precisely what the novel, *First Night,* does for us.

We forget ourselves to be whisked away to a fashionable London theatre on the first night of a new play given by a young and hitherto unknown author. The story opens a half-hour before the play begins and closes shortly after the final curtain, but, in the meantime, we meet the members of the company and parts of the audience taken from the stalls, the dress circle, the boxes, the pit and gallery. We glimpse their lives, lives typical of the social strata which they represent: lives connected by nothing but the glamor of the play. We learn of the tremendous importance of the play's success or failure for the young author. We see the audience, indifferent, good-natured, more pre-occupied with its own matrimonial difficulties or digestive disorders than with the play; we listen for signs of failure, a cough or foot-scrape. We linger in the foyer, seeing the movements of

folk, smelling the smoke-laden air, catching bits of the chatter, all intimate revelations. Back-stage we journey for a quick peek into the leading lady's dressing room, we sense the nervous tension, the air charged with anxiety. We jump from character to character, some likeable, some detestable, some pitiful, some cruel. Yet there's no disunity, no scraps; the whole is nicely assembled by the spell of the theatre. Enchantment, color, charm, movement is everywhere!

Though superficial by necessity, the novel is exceedingly entertaining, its movement is rapid, its interest, undeniable, its style, simple but effective. All in all we get an excellent and vivid description of a London first night, the crowds and chatter, the scheming and jealousy, the hopes and fears, all combined in a light and sympathetic novel. J. L. D., '34.

Exchanges

The Brambler Exchange department has received numerous college publications for both spring and fall. In the October number of *The Pharetra*, of Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa., the class of 1936 has made several noteworthy contributions. "Sun Thoughts," by Esther Mullowney, contains three charming word pictures of the sun as a maiden at dawn, a jester at noon, and a priestess at evening. The title of a poem by Joan Humphrey-Long, "Loveliness," might well be applied to its delicacy of style and subdued picturesqueness.

Marie J. Reed's "Paean," in the autumn issue of the *Vassar Review*, is suggestive of Carl Sandburg's poetry in its subject, that of a steel worker, and in the crude strength it expresses. The magazine is to be praised for its articles on world-problems and travel, in addition to its short stories and other types of literature, in lighter vein, dealing with local topics.

In addition to these magazines, The Brambler wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following publications:

The Concept—Converse College.

The Carolinian—University of South Carolina.

Lasell Leaves—Lasell Junior College.

The Chronicle—Sophie B. Wright High School.

Sweet Briar Alumnae News—Sweet Briar College.

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1933

SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

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Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office at Sweet Briar, Virginia

Sonnet

NANCY PHYLLIS HORTON

How often from the dim Acropolis
At midnight when the little lights below
Like tiny silver flies danced to and fro
Have I stood watching them. How well I miss
The lilting magic of such nights; the feel
Of columns, smooth and warm although the chill
Of night had made the gazers on the sacred hill
Like ghosts of marble virgins downward steal.

Yet I forget the dusks of Thessaly
As lief my fancy turns to other things—
When you appear a Gothic churchbell rings
And cold, gray, northern skies are dear to me;
Why should you seize me with such sweet surprise—
Reflected sword-light dancing in your eyes?

Fog

Elizabeth Combs

FROM the very outset of that voyage, we had all been oppressed by a vague feeling of uneasiness and a sense that some uncanny influence was hanging over us. Or rather I should say from the moment when the stranger first appeared on the dock and asked the captain for a place in the crew, we felt this foreboding come upon us, for until that time, we had been in the gayest of spirits. I, in particular, was jubilant and excited. For the others, this was nothing new, but to me, a business man who hadn't had a vacation in four years, sailing as one of the crew on an old four-masted trading schooner was a great adventure. We had finished loading and now had an hour before midnight, when the tide would be right to set sail. It was misting a fine white spray, hardly more than a heavy fog, that sparkled brilliantly in the circles of lantern light and fell in a white blanket in the darkness beyond. A slight swell rocked the boat gently to and fro. We were waiting for the signal to weigh anchor. Some of the men lounged against the ship's rail smoking their pipes, blowing the smoke into the damp air where it hung in heavy clouds until a sudden breeze whipped it away, and keeping up a bantering conversation with their comrades on the dock. One group of those on the dock were throwing dice around a lantern and their ejaculations or curses and sudden outbursts of glee told how the luck was running. A second group, of which I was one, had gathered around a sailor, who had perched himself on a coil of rope by the edge of the dock and was leading a chorus of lusty sailor's chanties. It was our group that saw the stranger first. Our singing had drowned out the sound of his approaching footsteps so that when he appeared suddenly before us out of the foggy darkness, we were startled and our song died quickly away. He was a tall and thin young man, with unkempt dark hair, and unnaturally large black eyes. It was evident that he was under a nervous tension. In the silence which followed his arrival all eyes were fixed upon him with a curious stare. No one made any move to speak and under the speechless scrutiny, he shifted uneasily, then finally he spoke, in a

low, well modulated voice that marked him as above the class which his clothes suggested. "Where is the captain? I want to know if he has a place in the crew for me," he said.

A big burly sailor laughed loudly. "Pretty early finding out, ain't you Buddy? You don't find—"

"Wait a minute, Bill," interrupted one of the others, "Jake's got his leg broke and can't sail and that makes us one short. Cap was going to sail one short, seein' it was so late, but maybe he'd want to take this chap on. Come on Buddy, I'll take you to the cap'n."

The stranger followed his conductor up the gangplank and down into the cabin, and for some minutes after his departure, the rest of us stood around strangely silent for a crowd of sailors, only making some few desultory and rather forced remarks. Somehow or other we all felt peculiarly uneasy. We had been carefree comrades before, but since the man's arrival there seemed to be some alien and restraining influence over us. We could not fall back into our easy joviality again. It was such an unusual thing—for a mere man to affect one this way when he had simply appeared and spoken a few words—that I think we all felt a little ashamed of ourselves. These rough, uneducated sailors who were accustomed to accept a man quite naturally and without question as a "buddy" or else to take a violent primitive dislike to him and seek every chance to work it out with their brawny fists, could not comprehend this new reaction, and many of them, I am sure, began to have a superstitious feeling that there was something a little supernatural about the stranger. However, none of us wished to admit that a man so much the inferior in size and weight to most of us could upset us. We avoided mentioning him entirely and did our best to start up our light-hearted conversation again. But our efforts weren't very successful—if we weren't speaking of the stranger, we were thinking of him and all hoping that the captain wouldn't take him. Our hopes were to be disappointed, however, for a few minutes later the man reappeared and announced that he was sailing with us. We did our best to welcome him, but the reception wasn't a very genuine or enthusiastic one, and our restraint was heightened by the fact that instead of responding to our attempts the stranger drew away from us and, leaning his folded arms upon one of the piles, stood smoking incessant cigarettes and gazing out into the fog in aloof silence. Only

his restless bright eyes and the drumming of his long slender fingers showed the nervousness and excitement under which he was evidently labouring. We all felt now that we must show this man he could not bother us and so we set about valiantly keeping up appearances. It seemed a vital necessity to us, although the stranger was evidently totally oblivious of our presence. The smokers on deck took up their heavy jokes, the gamblers returned to their game, and we joined loudly in our songs again. We did not allow a moment of silence, but that our gaiety was forced was certainly evident. All the time, the stranger stood gazing out into the fog, never speaking and never changing his position and, though we tried to appear quite unconscious of him, we could not prevent a great many uneasy glances from wandering in his direction. We were all immensely relieved when the order came to weigh anchor and we fell to work very willingly.

We set the sails, making fast the ropes, hauled up the anchor, cast off the lines, and in a short while, the wind filled our sails and we glided quietly away from the dock, through the fog and the black waters, and our trip had begun.

We sailed steadily for two days, and during that time the fog grew heavier and heavier, until it hung so thickly about us that the tops of our masts were cut off from our view. During that time, too, the oppressing sense of the stranger's presence hung always over us. It was evident that he was at home on the sea; he did his work rapidly and well and he climbed masts and swung out on yard-arms with an ability that excelled the best of our crew. He very seldom spoke to anyone. When he was not busy, he was generally to be found hanging over the stern rail, staring out into the impenetrable fog. On the third day after sailing, the Captain announced that we had gotten off our course and he could not get our bearings. He was afraid that we had run in quite near the coast, and in such a dense fog he did not like to go on for fear of striking a reef or a shoal. So about midday we cast anchor. We rode at anchor all that afternoon and, when night came, the fog was still as heavy as ever.

That night I was on watch, and when I came off duty, I decided to take a little exercise to limber up before turning in. I swung briskly down the deck, revelling in the relaxation to my cramped limbs and thinking with pleasure of my bunk awaiting me. Then

suddenly, back at the stern, I came upon the stranger, leaning on the rail and looking out into the fog. I was surprised, for I couldn't imagine what anyone would be doing on deck at that time of night when he could have been in his bunk. I determined that I would try to find out something about this man. I walked over beside him, and leaning my arms on the rail, I greeted him with a very casual "Hello." He turned and looked at me for a long silent interval, then he nodded and turned away again. He did not seem to resent my intrusion nor to be pleased at it. My presence seemed to mean no more to him than that of the coil of rope on the deck.

But I was going to have a try at him anyway, and so I said, "You know, I don't know your name, Buddy."

He looked at me as though trying to bring his mind to bear on what I was saying, then he shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't matter much."

"No—but you must have a name."

"You can call me Jack."

I repeated the name hoping he would add his last name, but he didn't, and I was at loss what to say, so we lapsed into a long silence. He was the next to speak. He turned to me abruptly, startling me. "You're not one of the sailors," he said, more as a statement than a question.

"No," I replied—I had managed to keep it from the others, who were not acute observers, but there was no use trying to deceive this man.

After a second's silence he spoke again. "Neither am I."

There was my opening, but something about him forbade me from taking it. We stood there together in silence. I don't know what it was that held me there, but somehow the man's personality had cast a spell over me and I did not want to leave but remained leaning on the rail beside him, wishing that he would speak or that I could think of some way of beginning a conversation with him. We remained thus for a long time—I don't know how long, but hours must have passed, for presently the darkness began to lift and signs of day to filter through the fog.

Suddenly the man at my side gave a hoarse cry and gripped my arm fiercely, "Look!" he called. "Look!" There it is, don't you see it?" A thrill of excitement ran through me at his touch and

the sound of his voice, and I looked eagerly to where he pointed, but could see nothing but the fog.

"What?" I asked almost in a whisper.

"Don't you see?" he repeated, still holding my arm and pointing outwards with his other hand. "Don't you see it, that great white ship, towering there over us, with its masts so tall and its sails so white? Don't you see it, shrouded by the mists but almost upon us? Look, it is there, it is there in the mist, the ship!" His hand trembled on my arm. I followed where he pointed and suddenly it began to take form before my eyes, to emerge from the fog, its tall masts and white sails towering above us as he had said. It was almost as though the sails were made of the clinging mists that hung all about it and blurred its outlines—but it was there just on the other side of the vapory white veil.

"Quick, we must hail it," I shouted, but he restrained me.

"No," he said. "No—it will not come any closer—it won't do any good to hail it."

"Are you crazy?" I cried, trying to shake myself free.

"Listen," he answered, "it has come for me—the fog will not lift until I go to it. Do you understand?"

I don't know why, but I looked at him, shuddered and believed. "What does it mean?" I asked, again scarcely above a whisper.

He had turned from me and was gazing intently out at the mist-draped ship, and I, too, stood watching it in silence. I suppose my cry had alarmed the watch and he had aroused the rest of the crew, for a moment later when I turned, although I had not heard them approach, I found them grouped around us in a semi-circle. I do not know what strange influence had emanated from us to them, but something—whether something in our appearance or something supernatural in the atmosphere—had struck them all into dumb silence and, though they evidently did not comprehend the situation, they were powerless to utter a word. We were all waiting—waiting for the man who stood there gripping the rail to speak, and after a minute he did. He spun around quickly and in his eyes there was a strange wild light as he flung back his head and faced us.

"You see that ship?" he said, and he raised his hand high and pointed backwards but he did not take his eyes from us. "You see

that ship that looms there in the fog behind us, so great, so white, so shadowy, so near and yet half hidden from us?" and as he spoke I saw in the eyes of the men that the ship was taking form for them as it had taken form for me. "That ship has come for me and until I go to it, it will not leave nor will the fog. It has followed us since we first set sail—always it has been there in the fog behind us, always half hidden but always there, and until I go to it, it will follow this ship on and on across the wastes of water, and with it this great blanket of fog in which we will wander lost, never able to get out, until we perish on some rock or our food gives out and we starve like miserable rats in its clammy silence."

No one spoke—not even the captain could break the silence.

"Do you hear?" cried the man again, "Do you hear? I tell you that until I go to that ship it will pursue you on and on through the fog to your death! You do not understand? No! Well listen and I will tell you. I will tell you the story—you shall all hear it—and then I shall go—I shall go to that ship, and the fog will lift and you will be free. Listen then.

"Always, ever since I was a boy, I have loved the sea with a passion which other men do not seem to know. To me, the sea is not some dull lifeless thing—to me it is a human thing, alive and vital, full of moods and changes, longing and loving, as we long and love, and forever speaking to me, calling to me—it is part of me and I am part of it, and we cannot be separated. That love for the sea I have felt ever since I can remember. My father before me loved the sea, but to him it was denied and that frustrated love of his was born in me too, to make my own love even greater and stronger. My father was wealthy—I could have had anything I wanted. He sent me to college but I was always impatient for the vacations to come, when I might ship on some tramp schooner or else go alone in my own small boats on shorter cruises. The year I graduated from college, my father died and with the fortune he left me, I built myself a home far out on a lonely promontory by the sea, and there, where the waves could talk to me as they beat on the rocks at night, I was happy. But I did not stay for long at a time—most of my time I spent in my boats and often I would ship with the crew on traders for that life I loved. And so I was happy and my life was one of carefree liberty, and I belonged to the sea and the sea be-

longed to me. And then one summer there was a frightful storm. A ship which had strayed from its course was wrecked off the coast from the promontory on which my house stood. I was there—there was no one else to go and I put out in my little boat to try to help. But when I got there, the ship had already gone down and all her passengers with her, as far as I could see, except for one who had clung to a spar and who was washed to my boat already unconscious when I picked her up. She was a girl, young and frail and beautiful. I took her back to my home, and there I cared for her myself—for there was no one else—until she was well and in that time we fell in love. I had never felt the love of woman before, and to this girl, so tender, so lonely, so helpless, I gave all my heart. When she was well enough, I took her to the city and we were married. But her dreadful experience had filled her with a horror and dread of the sea. So helpless and gentle herself, to her it seemed wild, savage and cruel, and she could not think of it without shuddering with terror. 'I will teach her,' I thought, 'to love it once more—to love it as I love it, and she and I and the sea, we will be happy together.' But it was no use. I could not, no matter how hard I strove, win her confidence to it nor abate her terror, and at last when, white and with tears trembling in her great dark eyes, she clung to me and begged me to give up the sea, I promised. I promised, for I loved her—I loved her so that I would have crawled at her feet, I would have died for her; to me she was a symbol of all that was noble and beautiful and pure, and her love was so sacred that I trembled when I took it. All my life was for her. I loved her even more than the sea."

He paused, and for a time he remained silent, gazing at the men grouped around him. What was it in his tale that could hold them thus speechless? What could his words of love mean to these men to whom love signified the women of the docks and the saloons? No, it was not what he said, it was the man—his burning eyes and his deep voice, it was the thing that had made them all uneasy when first they saw him, it was the supernatural in the air, it was the great white ship there in the fog—it was all of these things that held them there spellbound waiting for him to go on.

"And so I promised to give up the sea," he resumed at last, "and for a long time we were happy—so wonderfully happy; our life was

a beautiful dream and we asked for nothing but to have each other and to belong to each other always. Then one night a great wind was blowing and as I listened to its screaming through the trees, it seemed to me that I could hear the voice of the sea calling to me, and there was nothing I could do but follow it. I walked and walked through the night—I did not know what I was doing or where I was going, and when I found myself on that lonely wind-raked promontory, the waves were beating on the rocks, and the spray rose up and stung my cheek, and the salt air that howled over the dark waters blew in my hair. And I flung out my arms, and I shouted, and I was drunk with the sea, for I had not had her for so long. All that night, I wandered there by the sea, and it was as though the rest of the world had ceased to exist, and I was happy and wild and exultant. The next morning, I was still half out of my mind, and did not know what I did or where I went. I came to a place where a ship was sailing and then I was on the ship and we were sailing, away from the land, out across the beautiful open sea. That voyage—it was a nightmare! It was half wild, delirious joy and half horrible, tormenting remorse and fear. I cannot remember it—even now it is a dream to me; a dream like that of a fevered brain in which there is always the sense of some frightful impending doom, haunting, harrowing, pursuing the dreamer. At last, it was over and we were back. When we docked, I was the first to spring to land and to fly with terror-lent swiftness to seek her,—to seek her—to find her—dying. She lay there, so beautiful, so ethereal, her black hair spread about her on the pillow that was no whiter than her face, and in her eyes the light that told me the truth. I could only fall on my knees beside her bed and bury my face—I could not speak. But she laid her thin white hand on my hair, so softly, so gently, and as she stroked it, she spoke."

" 'Ah, my darling,' she whispered, 'I thought you had gone from me forever—I thought you would never come back to me. I knew it was the sea you had gone to. You have never loved me as I have loved you, with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my being; always there has been that other love in your life and always I have known it. At first, I thought I could win you from it but then in the end I knew I had lost. Whether you came back to me or not, it would always be between us. And, oh my darling, without you for my own I couldn't, I couldn't live.' "

"What could I say to her? I loved her with a passion that was beyond belief, and yet it was as she had said, and I knew it. That other love was in my heart and I could not put it out. As long as I lived, I would need the sea. There was nothing I could say."

"It did not last long. She died in my arms. I held her tightly, fiercely, as though I would not let her go, but it was no use; she could not stay. Just at the end, she turned her eyes suddenly upon me. 'I am going from you,' she said, scarcely above a whisper, 'And you will be alone. But you shall not go back to the sea—I will never let it have you. If you do return to it, I shall come back and pursue you, even across the sea that I hate and fear so, and I will find you and take you. You shall never belong to the sea! I will not let you!' "

"She had uttered these words with an intensity which exhausted her. She closed her eyes and lay still in my arms. She never spoke again. For months after that, I was like a mad man. I shut myself into the house—I would not go out, and I would let no one come near me. All the day and night, I passed in the room where she had died, nearly insane with my grief, and vowing a thousand times that I would not live any longer. At last my head began to clear, and I grew saner. It was not that my grief was any less, for it was as overpowering as ever, but only that I could contemplate it in a calmer way, and I began to consider what my life was to be. There was one thing I realized—if I were to go on living, I must have the sea. It was the only thing which could make the world bearable. For a long time I hesitated, remembering the words she had spoken, but at last I could stand it no longer.

"And that is how I came to be a member of your crew. When we set sail that night in the fog and the mist, I knew that she would come for me—and now she is here. She has been following us from the moment we got outside the harbor. At first I was afraid—but now I am not afraid. Now I am happy. I shall go to her on that beautiful white ship and together we will sail away—away through the fog, across the sea—away forever and forever." His voice had sunk to a note of deep tenderness and the feverish excitement of his eyes had given place to an expression of almost visionary happiness and contentment, so that when I looked at him and then at the fair, misty white ship, my whole being thrilled to

a feeling of awe and mystery, such as I had never experienced in my life. For a moment, he stood silent, then suddenly he raised his eyes to the ship as though in adoration, and reverently he said, "I must go alone to meet her." Then he turned to us. "Lower me a boat," he said, and without a word, the men did his bidding. Not one of us spoke to him and, as he rowed away alone towards the ship, we were still speechless. In scarcely a minute, the little boat and its solitary occupant had disappeared completely in the fog. For a long time we all remained, hypnotized, gazing fixedly where he had vanished through the heavy white curtain.

Then all at once, with a sudden rush, my faculties seemed to come back to me. I felt as though I were awaking from a very vivid dream. I was bewildered and passed my hand over my eyes, then dazedly I looked astern. Suddenly I gave a start. "Look!" I cried, "The ship has gone!"

It was as though the sound of my voice had broken a spell and in an instant every man had come to life. The captain sprang to my side and gripped the rail. "My God! What has happened!" he muttered hoarsely. He began to hallo loudly, but there was no answer. We kept it up for some time, but the fog swallowed up the sound of our voices instantly and we had no success. In about half an hour, the fog began to lift, and in a few hours, it was practically cleared away. We spent the rest of the day cruising in circles around the vicinity, but we did not see a sign of the man or the boat. Finally we gave it up and with a dreadful doubt and a question hidden in our hearts that could never be answered, we sailed away. The rest of the journey, we had fine weather. We arrived at our destination without further adventure.

Hymeneal

Marion Walker

My dear, if deity, to please the ways of men,
Must present be at these our marriage vows,
Let it not be that ancient God who spoke
With bearded patriarchs on Horeb's heights;
And vent his temper on a straggling band
Of half-starved, wretched vagabonds.
His name has been too mauled and soiled
For centuries by countless loud-mouthed fools,
And greasy-fingered hypocrites.
It calls to mind too many ghastly nights
Of frantic prayer in solitary cells;
Too many souls that suffered death in life.
Nor let us call upon Olympus, dear—
Those paunchy, loose-mouthed, drunken gods;
Those wrinkled goddesses with sagging breasts.
But let us find a quiet, secret room
And double-lock the doors against the world.
There shall we build, with blocks of jade,
An altar, covered with a silken cloth,
That some old Tyrian dipped in indigo.
On it ten golden candlesticks shall stand,
And from the carven censers, musky clouds
Drift up and hang between the flickering lights.—
An altar for an ancient idol, found
In crumbling ruins of a buried shrine—
A lump of lapis held between her knees,—
An antique goddess, at whose awful word
Man sprang to being on the muddy banks
Of some slow Oriental stream. Her priests
Long gone, her temple lies in dust;
Her very name is lost, yet on her face
And folded hands is peace and quietness.

The Happy Ending

MARY MCCALLUM

SHE was such a grey girl that she passed unnoticed in a crowd. Still that was hardly to be wondered at for she moved only in the grey crowds of a grey city's humblest suburbs. There was nothing strange about her: she ate three meals a day and worked in a grey factory. She even had a grey soul, but she did not resent her life. She did not know that there was anything but dull grey, and, although she was neither educated nor clever, she did not believe in the life after death. There must be many like her in our cities, whose only passion is a deep-seated resentment that one day they must pass from nothing into nothing. They are never happy and certainly the grey girl would never have been happy if she had not died as she did. One grey day she slipped beneath a truck and went down resenting it fiercely. But she died with a smile, in a red, red haze of pain for she had learned.

Eve Had Lilith

Marion Walker

THEY were sitting before an open fire, her head on his shoulder. "I was talking to Betty today," he said, "Did I ever tell you about Betty? We went to high school together. I was crazy about her then. But I got over that and now we're friends. You wouldn't believe it, but we're just like a couple of men. She's awfully attractive too, pretty and sort of gay. She tells me all about the man she's in love with, and I tell her all about you. We sit around and talk by the hour. Just as if she were a man or I were another girl. You wouldn't believe it, would you? It certainly is a funny thing—" That was in March.

They were walking along a country road hand in hand, on the first spring-like day of the year. "I saw Betty yesterday," he said. "Did I ever tell you about Betty? We went to—" That was in April.

They were sitting in a movie; a great and charming English actor was engaged in lively repartee with a lovely lady. "Betty was telling me about this," he said, "Did I ever tell you about Betty—" That was in May.

They were sitting in the moonlight on the lake shore. "I adore you," he whispered, "I could never love anyone else like this. Now look at Betty, good-looking, but— Did I ever tell you about Betty? It's the funniest thing—"

"Darling, if I should ask you something would you not feel hurt?"

"Of course not, what?"

"Dear, every time you speak of Betty must you give her *whole* life history? You've told me all about it at least a dozen times."

A pause. "I was afraid of that."

"Of what? I didn't mean—"

"That you wouldn't understand."

"But, dear, I do understand!"

"—I was afraid you'd be jealous!"

"But I'm not jealous, idiot! Jealous! Good Heavens! I only said that because when you start telling me about her it goes on for

hours, and you always say the same thing. (If he doesn't wipe that conceited smirk off his face—)"

"Women never understand those things. I was afraid of this from the first—"

"But, Scott, there's nothing so remarkable about a friendship like that! Why look at Frank—he and I are just like brother and sister; we tell each other everything just as you and Betty do—"

"I was afraid you'd look at it this way. I don't blame you, of course—"

"Will you listen to me for a minute! I AM NOT JEALOUS!"

"There, there, dear—I won't talk about her any more. Would you like to go for a swim tomorrow?"

"You shall talk about her! I tell you, I AM NOT JEALOUS! Let's get that settled right now (Why did I ever start this)! It's too ridiculous!"

"All right, honey, just as you say. We won't talk about it any more. Just forget all about it—" That was in June.

They were becalmed about a mile from shore, great swells rocked the boat gently. "I had a letter from Betty," he said. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear—I forgot. What did you think of that article in *The Atlantic?*"

They were drinking beer at Sailor Ann's. "Betty was telling me about a place—Oh I'm sorry, honey, I always forget—have a pretzel!"

They were in the aquarium watching a cross-eyed seawife bump its nose against the glass. "I stopped in to see Betty this afternoon," he said. "We had a long talk about you. I told her how you felt—that you were jealous. She was terribly amused. We both laughed and laughed about it—Ouch! Look where you're going, dear. Those French heels hurt like anything!"

He had stopped the car on a promontory that overlooked the lake—only his name wasn't Scott this time. On the whole, his shoulder was nicer than Scott's; it didn't hurt her ears. "You are so lovely," he said. "You remind me of a friend of mine—her name is Alice. I want you to know her sometime, you'd love her. We were kids together. And now we're regular buddies, nothing else, you understand—just real friends. Sort of like a brother and sister, or as if she were another man. Why, she and I—"

His shoulder was rather knobby after all.

Sonnet

Nancy Phyllis Horton

Why do you hold me so above reproach
And so devoid of human ills and wrongs?
You tell me that in idylls and old songs
Can any one my qualities approach.
Why do you think I am so set apart
From other human beings, with no fault—
And have me every day your life exalt
And only tread the threshold of your heart?

Why, twice a year, do you come and confess
Within my arms your heavy-laden soul
And pray me to forgive you and console
Repenting eyes with kisses which you bless?
What makes you think I don't do as you do?
I simply do not talk as much as you.

Requiem

SALLIE FLINT

THE funeral was over. Martha sank gratefully into a low rocker and stretched out her feet. It had gone off very nicely. There had been three floral wreaths and a lovely lot of carnations. Jenny would have been pleased. A little pile of notes and letters of sympathy lay on the hallway table. People had been so kind—neighbors running in to lend a hand with the housework and "tidy up a bit while you try and get some rest, poor dear." Martha had been a little dazed at first by all these friendly offers of assistance, feeling quite sure that Jenny wouldn't have approved of these large, capable women taking possession of the neat little kitchen and strewing things around as they saw fit, but, when she found them firm, she submitted with a good grace, allowing herself to be dosed by endless cups of tea, and, in a secret way, which she would not have admitted to herself, rather enjoying the fuss made over her. Jenny had never made a fuss over anything; life had gone on serenely in the little white house for the two sisters. Now Jenny was dead and Martha sat in the cold parlor with her best black silk dress on. She would get up in a minute and change it; Jenny had always made her take it off as soon as she got back to the house. "When you have only one black-silk you've got to take care of it," she had always said. She would get up in a minute and change it; just now she wanted to sit there a little longer, her feet stretched out in front of her.

It was the first time she had been alone. Since that terrible hour, three nights ago, when the doctor had raised his eyebrows at the nurse and said in a whisper that was meant to be kind, "no hope—better tell her sister," she had been surrounded by well-meaning, energetic people who talked in brisk, cheerful voices: "everything is going to be all right" and "don't worry, Susan and I will see to all that." She hadn't cried at the funeral at all, thank goodness; Jenny had always hated her to cry. "It makes your nose so red, Martha," she had said. Everyone told her how remarkably well she had taken it. Now she was alone in the little white house where she and Jenny had lived together for over thirty years.

She rose with a shiver and went upstairs to the bedroom with its twin beds, square mahogany dressing-table with the silver framed picture of their mother in her wedding dress, and the full-length mirror on the door. The glass in the mirror was plate, faultless, Jenny's one vanity. Every morning, after her simple toilette, she would stand in front of it for a moment. To see if her petticoat showed, she would explain. Jenny was careful about things like that.

Martha undressed quickly, folding her clothes on the chair at the foot of one of the twin beds. She took down her hair, really lovely hair, brown and soft with streaks of gray at the temples. She pulled it severely back from her face and began braiding it. Suddenly, she stopped and leaned forward, close to the glass, staring at herself; not searchingly, just curiously, as if she had never seen the face before her, as one would stare at a stranger, meeting him eye to eye. Then she went on braiding her hair.

She turned to the window and opened it. Her hand on the sash, she hesitated. It had been the one source of discord between the sisters, the status of the window at night. Jenny had wanted it closed and Martha had wanted it open. They had come to an agreement; certain nights were Jenny's to have it closed and certain nights were Martha's to have it open. Neither would have dreamed of infringing on the rights of the other; it was a kind of unspoken compact strictly adhered to. Tonight was Tuesday night, Jenny's night. Gravely, Martha closed the window and went to bed.

Fantasia

GWENDOLYN PRATT

Oh, the world, my love, is a wonderful thing,
Where you are a princess and I am a king!
Our palace is builded of wine and champagne,
With a flag on its tower of a white pony's mane.
Where four Orientals with vigilant eyes
Feed us with nectar, dripped from the skies,
And serve us a butterfly wing for meat
With a dawn-dew sauce that is cool and sweet,
While a pale little maiden with silver hands
Strums us the ballads of distant lands.

Oh darling, the angels in heaven's host
Would never admit such a glorious ghost
As you, with your hair the color of noon
And your eyes that shine like the ring of the moon;
Nor once have they heard from Gabriel's horn
Such notes of sweet music, unuttered, unborn.
So rise, my beloved, and dance to the wind
The tango of devils and women who sinned;
Fling open your dress that the sun may light
The rhythm of limbs that are swift and white.

But hush, wild music! And dancer, be still!
A blackness descends across the hill.
Fasten your dress and lay your head
Upon my breast till this is said:—
Heart of my Heart, we forgot one thing
Feasting on nectar and butterfly wing;
We somehow forgot that there is Death
Who drains the lungs of royal breath;
So take my hand, and beloved, lie still—
It is not a cloud that darkens the hill.

Vision of Cecilia

Sallie Flint

SHE had always wanted to be called Cecilia. It had such a lovely, liquid sound; she liked to say it, drawling it out slowly like a note of music . . . Cecilia. It made her think of springtime in Auvergne (she didn't exactly know where Auvergne was, but she was sure that there was such a place and that it was lovely in the spring), sun on trees and water, and herself swinging on a garden gate. Just saying it over and over made her feel tall and willowy. She could shut her eyes and see her Knight riding towards her on his white horse. It was always white and she was always swinging on the gate, a rose in her hair.

She lay quite comfortably in the cool grass, her small, snubbed nose, with the freckles on it, pressed against the earth. That nose and those freckles troubled her; you couldn't possibly imagine a Cecilia with either freckles or a nose that turned up at the end. Maybe she would outgrow them; oh, it was going to be wonderful, this growing up. She would have a best girl friend named Marlene who would be small and dark, not as beautiful as she, Cecilia, would be, but beautiful enough to be her best friend. They would always be together and people would turn and stare at them and say: "Isn't it a sight to see the two of them together?"

But the most serious of all was, of course, her Knight's name. It had to be absolutely perfect, worthy to be coupled with Cecilia. Tristam used to be the favorite; she considered it now, munching on a soft piece of grass . . . Tristam and Cecilia, yes, that really was pretty good. There were others . . . Philippe, Maxmillian, Rupert . . . the grandness of them made her wiggle all over. Then, the very best one, the one she saved for the last, as she always saved the cream on her dessert for the last . . . Don Rodolphe! Don Rodolphe and Cecilia . . . she lay quiet and relaxed, letting the beauty of it seep through her.

"Martha Jane! Luncheon!" It was her mother calling from the front porch. Wearily, as one who leaves a paradise awhile to dwell with mortals, the future Cecilia got to her feet and ambled towards

the house. They'd see, some day; she would come down this very path in her trailing dress and walk gracefully up the steps. She would turn on the top one and say to her mother, "Mother, I want you to meet Don Rodolph, my true Knight." Then she would go away, sweetly and sadly, to Auvergne and her garden gate. It may have been the smell of fresh ginger-bread, or the snub nose and freckles, or both, but Martha Jane went yelling into the dining room and clattered to her seat.

Editorial

At Sweet Briar, among the hills and woods which are so much a part of our life here, it would be natural for us to be aware of the fact that our isolation bars us from some of the cultural opportunities which a city might afford. However, the College and the Committee on Lectures and Music have so arranged for fine concerts where we may hear the best of music and for lectures by distinguished men in various fields that, with the help of the radio and the occasional concerts in Lynchburg, we feel in this no great lack. True, we must catch up on drama, for the most part, during holidays, but it seems that we feel the greatest need in that we cannot frequently spend pleasant hours in enjoyment of all that a good art museum could offer us.

Yet, if we but think, we are not wholly without these resources. It is for this that we can turn to the exhibition gallery of the library. Not that we could possibly overlook an exhibit, but we probably have failed to realize the scope and variety of the collections offered us. It is even more surprising to learn that the greater part of these exhibitions is from our own library, some from our new Carnegie Art Collection, while a few valuable exhibits are loaned to us. In thinking back over the past Spring and Winter, we may remember the delightful colored prints of French costumes and the charming silhouettes which appeared in the gallery. Last year at the time of Dr. Crawford's lecture on textiles, we had an interesting exhibit of rare textiles from all over the world. There were loan collections of Holbein prints and of Grant Reynard's etchings—and, for those moderns among us, an equally interesting exhibition of modern photography. Nor must we forget the lovely loan collection of Colonial silver and china which was shown during graduation last year. This year we have had the very fine exhibit of Daumier etchings and the Durer woodcuts. From time to time, there have been outstandingly beautiful examples in our cases of the art of fine printing and binding. Memorable among these is the collection of the illustrated works of William Blake.

It is true that these exhibits are never overlooked but are they sufficiently appreciated? We cannot plead ignorance—*The News*

publishes instructive and critical articles about each large exhibit. Let us then linger a little longer and a little more attentively before the cases and give thanks for a library which offers us art as well as literature.

As We Pass By

I am obliged to you for those parcels of herrings. The melon is a crimson Cantalupe. Believe me, affectionately yours,

Wm. Cowper.

—William Cowper, *To Joseph Hill.*

About any one so great as Shakespeare, it is probable that we can never be right; and if we can never be right, it is better that we should from time to time change our way of being wrong.

—T. S. Eliot, *Shakespeare and the Stoicism of Seneca.*

A human being, he wrote, is a whispering in the steam pipes on a cold night; dust sifted through a locked window; one or other half of an unsolved equation; a pun made by God; an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing; a folder of Unfinished Business; a mob of intuitions governed by foreigners; a parliamentary body in which the minority is always right;—a temporary compromise between the impulses of self-preservation and self-destruction;—a superb actor in a hokum play; the chorus of a song whose verse everyone has forgotten;—the only animal concerned to identify itself.

—Christopher Morley, *Human Being.*

Sleep on, if you prefer dreams to an understanding of dreams. The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.

—George Santayana, *Dialogues in Limbo.*

I asked him what he was doing now. He said that he was an underwriter at Lloyd's. I asked him whether he was married. He laughed a little shyly. "No," he said, "you see it's the wimskies." I put on a serious and condoling expression, imagining that he had mentioned some obscure disease. "The wimskies?" I inquired con-

siderately. "The women, you know—I always call them that. They're all so fascinating, I can't make up my mind." I assured him that, to my mind also, women were delightful and perplexing little things.

—HAROLD NICOLSON, *Some People.*

Till seraphs swing their snowy hats,
And saints to windows run,
To see the little tippler
Leaning against the sun!

—EMILY DICKINSON.

In his loneliness and fixedness he yearneth towards the journeying Moon, and the stars that still sojourn, yet still move onward; and everywhere the blue sky belongs to them, and is their appointed rest, and their native country and their own natural homes, which they enter unannounced, as lords that are certainly expected and yet there is a silent joy at their arrival.

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE,
The Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

Book Reviews

Inheritance

Phyllis Bentley

The Macmillan Company, New York

Successfully to present a detailed account of one chosen locality, an author must have genuine sympathy, and understanding of customs and attitudes. It is just such feeling that one can recognize in Miss Bentley's presentation of Yorkshire life and development, for the novelist comes from a family connected with the woolen textile industry, of which *Inheritance* reveals such a clear, well-defined picture. Not only is this novel great in its developmental aspect, but from a human standpoint as well.

The story is fundamentally that of the Oldroyds, whose very existence has been bound up with the woolen industry, from 1812 down to the present day. The family, through the several generations portrayed, is characterized by determination, an indomitable will, and a firm belief in progress. The Bamforthes, the Thorpes, the Mellors and the Stancliffes are families who are complementary to the Oldroyds. They are associated in business, intermingled in marriage, and are the instruments by whose opposition or co-operation the stimulus to progress is afforded. Overcoming those who oppose it, elevating those who lend their support, the Industrial Revolution sweeps the families of Yorkshire in its tide. The Oldroyds reach the peak of power and success, having transferred their ambitious determination gradually from love of progress to desire for financial and social security, only to descend with the "crash" of 1928 and 1929.

Inheritance is the story of life, real life, and if it never soars into the realms of fancy, certainly it never lacks human interest. There is a stolidity, a closeness to the soil that leaves its impression with the reader even after the changing order has introduced luxury

into Yorkshire. The chronological method of telling the story necessitates a great sweep of time and the creation of numerous characters; but each person, while reflecting a remarkable family resemblance, retains a certain individuality which makes him unforgetable. Miss Bentley not only makes each individual wholly delightful and memorable but she endows every one with some lovable or admirable quality.

The title for the last chapter, "End or Beginning," is well chosen and particularly significant, in that the Oldroyds' position at the time is one of material nothingness; the reader is left to wonder whether David will start anew, fired with the same pride and determination as old Will.

We close the book realizing that we are grateful to Miss Bentley, whose creative ability and wide human interest have made *Inheritance* a powerfully dramatic supplement to historical accounts of the Industrial Revolution and the subsequent commercial and social development of England.

S. M. K., '33.

Ann Vickers

Sinclair Lewis

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND CO., INC., NEW YORK, 1933

Ann Vickers, Sinclair Lewis' first novel of a woman, is also the one in which character is most fully realized as a developing unity. Ann Vickers' life is traced from girlhood to maturity, through her college days, through twenty years of social service work, and through a searching for self-completion in marriage and in having children. Not until she is forty, does Ann truly know herself. This growing portrait of a woman's self is very human, very real, and is done with an amazing amount of penetration into feminine psychology.

But *Ann Vickers* is not alone a study of one woman. It is a picture of her times as well—of the generation just out of college before the war, the generation that knew war-hysteria, and that is now facing readjustment. Ann's central figure stands out against

a kaleidoscopic background: children's parties in Waubenaukee, Illinois; a Tafford County Jail; social settlements in New York, prisons at Copperhead Gap, somewhere in the south; caricatures of bourgeoisie affecting culture, hypocrites affecting integrity, jail wardens; the idle rich, the cringing poor, and street mobs. There are sincerer studies mingled with the caricatures: we think particularly of the beautiful old Marxian shoemaker, Oscar Klebs. There is bitter satire. The revolting picture of prison life at Copperhead Gap, with all the details of a hanging and of whipping prisoners in the Dark Cell, in contrast to the very humane Stuyvesant Industrial Home would suggest Galsworthy's purpose in *Justice*. If we look at the long speeches of the prison wardens, of the prisoners, and of social reformers all through the book, from a detached point of view,—that is if we detach *them* from their prime purpose of character-portrayal—we are reading essays on prison reform, the reform of social reformers, even on history, religion as opposed to religiosity—and everywhere there is a hint of futility.

But if there is a deeper purpose, it is rather the growth of a woman's character,—it is the fulfillment of a being. *Ann Vickers* is solid, interesting, on the whole optimistic, but we are not sure that it is pleasant.

G. S., '33.

Never Ask the End

Isabel Patterson

William Morrow and Co.

Such a book could be written only by a many-sided author and such an author is Isabel Patterson. She is the witty columnist of *The Herald Tribune*, who gaily recounts each Sunday the weekly doings of the literati; she is the scholarly reviewer of the latest books; she is the powerful romanticist, who wrote *The Road of the Gods*. Now in her latest book she has revealed another side of her character—that of a peacefully disillusioned modernist—but she is still charming and rather disturbing.

The book has been described as a modern novel but we must not conclude that the characters develop, that their lives move on to

climaxes as in the usual novel. True, several weeks elapse from the meeting in Paris of Marta Brown and her friend Russell Girard until she leaves to return to America, but little action takes place, if we can ignore a great deal of cursory sight-seeing and an occasional amorous adventure. The brief weeks are only a pleasant vacation in the busy lives of Marta and Russ and Marta's close friend, Pauline Gardiner.

The novel is really a character study, both individual and general. At the close of the book, we have a complete picture of Russ, quick, tender, and ambitious, Marta, clever, magnetic, and Pauline, restless and beautiful. When we have reached the last page, we know how each of the three has reacted to every important phase of life. We realize that they have met tragedy bravely, humorously, and ambitiously, and that it has left them now defeated but strangely content.

Despite its individualization, the book might be a study of any strong, courageous man or woman in their forties. It is really an artistic study of what Everyman wants of life and of his fellowmen. It discusses a general problem; it is full of our own perplexities.

The author's style is delightful. It is light, humorous, with an intense seriousness just below the surface. A great deal of its charm is derived from the peculiar mode of narration employed: the thoughts of the characters are presented to us just as unexpectedly as they occur to them, no matter what distant phase of their life is touched upon. The result, however, is in no way, chaotic. The thread of the narrative is continuous and easy to follow. The book reads swiftly, but should be read carefully or not at all. The subtleties of thought which make it worthwhile are easy to miss.

The book is the more pleasing for having a familiar air about it. It is full of things we have all thought of and believed, but never quite expressed. And we will all do well if we share, at the close of our own lifebooks, the thought of Marta Brown at the close of *Never Ask the End*:

"We had a good life. We would do it all over again, and hope to do it better."

M. Mc., '34.

Exchanges

Cargoes, from Hollins College, brings a fanciful study of that elusive subject, "Pan." Its lightness and captivating style, coupled with beauty of description, present a startling contrast to the story entitled "Mercy Killer," from the *Wellesley Review*. The latter, based on a brief news item, besides being clearly and impressively written, presents an interesting problem for further thought.

The *Distaff* spins for us the "Saga of the Sea," a short poem done in a trim, swinging manner that is in itself reminiscent of the sea.

"Indian Poems," in the *Pharetra*, show a versatility in handling rhythm and a comprehension of the Indian spirit for which the author should be complimented. The impression created by "War Dance" is suggestive of Vachel Lindsay's poems, which are to be chanted to obtain the full rhythmical effect.

In addition to those already discussed THE BRAMBLER wishes to acknowledge exchanges with the following:

Alumnae News—Sweet Briar College.
Asheville School Review.
The Aurora—Agnes Scott College.
Cargoes—Hollins College.
Cerberus—Ashley Hall.
The Criterion—Columbia College.
Distaff—Florida State College for Women.
The Echo-Isaqueena—Furman University.
The Hampden-Sydney Magazine.
Lasell Leaves—Lasell Junior College.
Mary Baldwin Miscellany—Mary Baldwin College.
The Pharetra—Wilson College.
The Prelude—Montgomery Woman's College.
Sibyl—Elmira College.
The Tatler—Randolph-Macon Woman's College.
Wellesley Review—Wellesley College.

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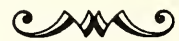
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SWEET BRIAR COLLEGE

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MAY, 1933

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Entered as Second-class Matter in the Post Office at Sweet Briar, Virginia

A Sonnet

Juliet Halliburton

Her hand is lovely as a butterfly
That hovers ling'ringly upon the face
Of scented flowers;—a lost cloud in the sky
That moves companionless. And like the grace
Of wind in hanging moss, it sways and bends,
Or droops like willow branches on a pool
Five slim, white, waxen candles,—at whose ends
Burn bright pink flames. Her finger tips are cool
As rain drops in the early spring. I find
My fancy she'd imprison in a band
Of dainty fingers curled, and high-arched wrist.—
(She tries such means my wayward thoughts to bind.)
How can I see the beauty of this hand
Till I have seen it clenched into a fist?

That Nice Hawes Girl

CHARLOTTE OLMSTEAD

"WHAT difference does it make if I am all alone? That doesn't necessarily mean that I want you for company." The moment she had said it she regretted it. It was quite unnecessarily brutal. He was a nuisance, but she should have remembered her manners. He blushed and stammered.

"I . . . I . . . Well, I didn't mean . . . I'm awfully sorry if I seemed to . . ."

"That's all right." She said to cover past deficiencies. "Of course you couldn't know you'd touch a sore spot with me. It was a very natural mistake . . . and I thank you for your kind attentions. But I'd rather not talk to anyone from Riverdale at the moment."

"That's awfully good of you, Miss Hawes . . . I'm sorry . . ." He drifted away, still acutely embarrassed. Miranda looked after him, permitted herself a small smile, and settled back in her deck chair. It was quite true that she was all alone, not only on the boat, but in the world, and she was enjoying it to the full. She had been rude to Peter Bentley in defense of her aloneness. Perhaps some day she would gather around her again the usual, impedimenta of friends and relatives, but now was granted her a respite from human relationships such as is given to few to enjoy. She was prepared to defend it at the sacrifice of politeness, honor, and even at the peril of life and limb. She was free at last.

For Miranda had had too many relatives too long. Elderly ones, who expected to be deferred to. Proper ones, who expected her to do nothing to reflect on the unblemished reputation of the Hawes family. Miranda felt that it was time that the family reputation had a few blemishes. It was entirely too untarnished to be respectable. All the best families had skeletons in their closets; Miranda was prepared to sacrifice herself to the public good to the extent of providing one for the Hawes family. She was the last Hawes, and the cupboard was in her keeping. She intended to see it well-stocked with grisly relics before she was through.

So far, she had merely progressed so far as booking passage for France. This was partly because the mere thought of Riverdale made her want to scream, and partly with the idea of picking up any small adventure that came her way. She had never tried skeleton-making, and she had a feeling it would be easier for her to begin in France than in Riverdale.

Peter Bentley was a nuisance, being on the same boat. But perhaps he would contribute to the success of the expedition by bringing back rumors.

"Oh, yes, hadn't you heard? Peter Bentley said he saw her making a perfect spectacle of herself at the Casino at Cannes . . . "

"They say she was going around with a Frenchman at the time. . ."

"I can't think what got into the girl, her Aunt Susan used to belong to our Sewing Circle, you know; it's one of the best families in Riverdale . . . "

But Peter was too "nice" a person to carry tales of that sort. He just lent an atmosphere of Riverdale to the boat . . . And she had been "that nice Hawes girl" so long. She tossed her head. Her red hair, at any rate, was an asset. It seemed to lend itself to scandal. Much nicer than mousy hair . . . still if she had had mousy hair she might have died it, and cut the bonds that bound her to Riverdale forever . . . Bother Peter. Damn, in fact; she could say damn now without disturbing Aunt Susan.

She got up and started to walk around the deck. That hair was her most striking feature. Otherwise her architecture was good but undistinguished, of not too early a period, and her brown tweed clothes were designed to set off her hair rather than her figure. The Hawes family did not hold with making too much of one's figure; one drew attention to the hair and face, rather. And Miranda had still some of the Hawes ways, not to mention her Hawes wardrobe; it is almost impossible to change all at once the habits of a lifetime.

She went to the bow and let the wind whip through her hair. It felt most refreshingly cold and hard. One could lean on it.

Presently she found herself not alone. A small dark girl had stepped up beside her.

"Beastly day," she shrieked.

"I rather like all this wind," shouted Miranda.

"I hate anything cold," said the small dark person uncompromisingly.

"Why stand in the bow then?"

"I wanted to talk with you. You have such pleasant legs."

Miranda laughed. She had never thought of legs that way. This person was amusing.

"Would you rather talk with me elsewhere?"

"Much."

"Well, we might go to my deck chair."

They walked back along the deck, and Miranda looked more carefully at the other girl. She evidently held with making the most of one's figure. She had rather a good one, too.

They sat down.

"There are hardly any interesting people on this boat—at least they certainly don't look that way if they are," said the dark girl. "I always look at people's legs to see whether I think I will like them or not. Legs are so expressive. And anyway, I think everyone concentrates on something in making estimates of character. I had an aunt who always told whether she would like people by their eyebrows. With other's it's hands. I always look at legs. There are such stodgy legs on this boat."

"Are there? I don't suppose I'd noticed, much. I generally look at people's hair."

"But people can do things to their hair—is it such a good test?"

"They can do things to their characters, too. And what they've chosen to do shows a lot."

"Maybe you're right. Anyway, I suppose we all watch people for our own dominant characteristics. You have lovely hair, so you watch hair. My aunt had very interesting and expressive eyebrows. My face isn't much, so I look elsewhere for interest."

"I suppose there may be something to that theory. Are you traveling alone, too?"

"Yes, quite. If I want traveling companions, I pick them up en route—then I have no compunctions about dropping them en route. It's ever so much simpler. Are you?"

"Oh, quite, I'm enjoying myself immensely, too—haven't been so free of Aunt Grundy for years."

"She's much worse when she's a relative, isn't she? Friends and relatives should be set aside—gently if possible, but always firmly—

at intervals, if one wishes to preserve peace, not to mention sanity."

"I've been developing that theory— I've even put my theories into practice by insulting the only person I know on the boat."

"That's a fine beginning. I quite approve. Very fortunately I don't know anyone on the damn boat."

"Then you don't need to prove your views."

"I have in the past—sufficiently frequently so that anyone I know always steers clear of me on a boat. It's grown to be quite a habit of mine."

"Never tried it before, myself. But I do enjoy it, so far at least. Only I didn't deliberately desert my family. I haven't any family, really, now."

"Do you mind?"

"Not now. Sometimes I think I ought to, and sometimes I wonder if I will when the novelty of being independent has worn off. It is, I have heard, rather dreadful to be alone, entirely, in time of trouble."

"Depends on your character, I should say. I always flee from everyone I know as from a plague when I'm bothered about anything. By the way, I haven't asked your name; it's easier than saying 'you' all the time."

"Miranda Hawes. And yours?"

"Eleanor Curtis. I'm not going to tell you where I come from, or we'll begin this stupid do-you-know-so-and-so-he's-a-cousin-of-mine business."

That evening she wandered into the bar when the nightly crowd began to gather. Eleanor was sitting at a table by herself.

"Come on over," she called. So Miranda sat down beside her and ordered a fine.

"I suppose you've been up in the bow again. You seem to be one of these cold-lovers."

"Yes, I have. When one has had too much of human relationships, an escape into impersonality is like an escape from a stuffy, overheated room. And at such times, well, I feel I need cold air, both moral and physical, as a sort of tonic. But I don't get up in the morning until noon."

Eleanor laughed. "You'll pass," she said. "If you had arisen at dawn and liked cold baths, there would have been no hope. Either you would have been an incorrigible liar or you would have

had perverted tastes. But as it is, I can see your point. I don't share your viewpoint, but then neither will you in another year—you'll be sticking to the tropics and liking it . . . Have another fine?"

"Thanks, I think I will . . . I don't know. One seems to like one's own country best. I myself, my people, and my people's people have all come from northern temperate lands. And it sort of gets you. I like warm countries, palm trees and sun and ease, but somehow after a while I always want to be back where there are real honest-to-God trees, like firs and maples, where you can go into the woods of a wet spring morning and look for crocuses and daffodils. I know you'll think me a hopeless romantic, and I expect I'll have to plead guilty to the charge, but it's an instinct that seems to cut pretty deep—like the elemental instinct of an animal. I have no particular affection for any place—it's only the type of landscape and climate that I feel most at home with."

"Well, my mother was Spanish, so my inheritance of climatic likes and dislikes is pretty well mixed. But I must say I do like a good southern place, the hotter the better. I don't wilt in heat—it makes me feel swell, and I'm never happy when I'm cold. But every human being has a right to his preferences—so here's to cold weather, if you like it."

She finished her glass.

"Now what do you say we go watch the dancing? It is sometimes fun, and one can frequently find amusing men. Besides, someone might buy you a drink, and I am sufficiently mercenary not to shrink from thus far exploiting my truly charming self."

"All right. Only I expect you to dance vastly better than I do, what with Spanish ancestry and what not."

"I dance reasonably well. But if you start running yourself down . . ." She shrugged her shoulders. "After all, if you don't appreciate yourself no one else will. Trite but true."

They walked aft into the ballroom. It was dimly lighted; there were little tables set around the floor, in imitation of a cabaret. They sat down at one of the tables and watched the dancers. It was not very interesting; watching other people dance seldom is.

"I don't call this exactly exciting," said Miranda. "I'll have another fine, I think, and go to bed. I am not addicted to going to bed early, but when there is nothing better to do . . . "

"Well, if you must . . . I hunt better alone, anyway. But I'll have the fine with you first."

They called a waiter to them and gave their orders. Miranda took out her cigarette case and offered one to Eleanor.

"By the way, if your mother was Spanish, why not a Spanish name?"

"It's really Eleanora, but that sounds like straining for romance, so I Anglicize it to match the rest of my name. I shouldn't have brought up the Spanish mother even if you hadn't mentioned—what was it? Oh, yes—inherited tendencies in climatic preferences. There! I guess that shows I have a college education."

"Curious, isn't it how one feels one must excuse oneself for using long words? I do it myself . . . "

"It was rather . . . well, stilted. I apologize. Well, here's luck in your adventures."

"And to you . . . Now, having finished, I'll leave you. Good hunting, *Chère Amie.*"

After her first week in Paris, Miranda found herself rather bored. Seeing a city by yourself is not much fun. So she was decidedly pleased when someone was announced to see her, and Eleanor Curtis appeared.

"Hello, Eleanor! So you really did look me up, after all?"

"Didn't you think I would?"

"Well, most people don't. But I was beginning to find my solitude just a little wearing. I guess the truth is I don't know how to set about having myself a time—I don't even know what kind of a time I want."

"How about a good, rackety, noisy time? That's what almost everyone takes as a first holiday from conventions. You might have the finesse to try something else—but even you should begin so."

"Well, how exactly . . . ?"

"That is always a question . . . Let's see, cabarets, boites—they are all in the spirit . . . I have it! Can you sing at all?"

"Scarcely."

"Dance?"

"A little."

"Well then, how would you like to become an entertainer at a cabaret for a while? I'm sure Uncle Henry will take you if you ask

him—he's a pretty good egg. And, anyway, you can't be worse than some of these gals. What do you think of it?"

"It might be amusing."

"That's lovely, then—I'll call up Uncle Henry right away. His wife will be annoyed, because she mistrusts me—quite without reason, I assure you; wait until you see Uncle Henry—but I think he will do it."

"When would that be to start?"

"As soon as you want—tonight if you like."

At eight-thirty that evening Eleanor left her at the door of the Rat Bleu. She introduced her to M. Saucourt—otherwise Uncle Henry—who explained what she was to do.

"We make most of the money we do by the liquor we sell," he said, "so that you are expected to induce the Americans to buy you whatever you can. You don't need to drink it if you don't want to. If they're rude you can kid them along—they expect that. And it doesn't really make any difference. If they get too fresh let me know. You are expected to dance with them, and—can you sing?"

"No, I'm afraid that's beyond me."

"Well, you can recite to music, then. And you might come around tomorrow afternoon to practise with the chorus. There is nothing very wonderful expected of you."

"You sound most awfully American."

"I was born and brought up in New York. But my father was French, and I stayed over here after the war. There's pretty good money in running a place like this; same patronage as a New York speakeasy and it's perfectly legal. Throw in a few entertainers and a few off-color songs, and there you are. Most of the girls are French, but there are a few South Americans. You are the only North American here right now but several have worked here in order to earn passage money home. They're all nice girls and of quite respectable families; some of them are helping their families out in these hard times. Two of them are dress models out of jobs. It isn't very good entertainment, I must admit—sort of amateur first-night—but so long as the Montmartre atmosphere is good and thick they take it and like it."

"Most of them wouldn't know a really good number if they saw it anyway. And we have a couple of music hall girls that bring

up the entertainment value. Most of the girls are just atmosphere. I can't pay them much, but they do get a commission on the number of drinks they manage to sell. It's good liquor and you aren't obliged to order champagne—and I must say we have a good orchestra. That's American, too—which accounts for it. Just try and get a Frenchman to play jazz!"

He would have talked on forever, if several girls had not come in then in street clothes. Uncle Henry stopped one of them, and addressed her in French.

"This is Mlle. Mirande, Yolanda." (Eleanor and Miranda had decided on Mlle. Mirande as her title.) "Take her in back and give her Louise's old costume. It ought to fit reasonably well."

She followed the others into a small dressing room at the back of the building. Yolanda smiled at her.

"American?" she inquired.

"Yes." She wasn't very sure of her French, but she could understand, and if she was always able to answer "yes" or "no"

"So am I; Buenos Aires. I suppose you are New York."

"No. But not far away."

"I suppose Uncle Henry has been telling you what to do and what not to do. The whole idea is to be very respectable. Uncle Henry will throw you out on your ear if you're not—but to look as disreputable as possible, to give the place that Bohemian air. That's Uncle Henry's idea, and I must say it works out pretty well. We don't have any legal troubles, and all the Americans recommend it to their friends because you don't get gypped, while 'they do have that real Paris atmosphere'. Of course it's a fake, but then so are all these places, and Uncle Henry doesn't make more than a moderate profit out of his faking. He's really awfully good-hearted, but so depressingly respectable. By the way, what did you say your name was?"

"Mlle. Mirande. Otherwise Miranda Hawes."

"Yes, I've two, also. Maria Ortega is so uninteresting. I expect we'd better be moving out, if you've got that costume on. There isn't room to turn around in here, and too many people."

Miranda had put on a bright blue bit of stuff that would hardly have conformed to Aunt Emma's ideas of propriety—but when in Rome, be romantic, and when in Paris, throw a party.

Henri bore down on them and handed Miranda a typed script as

soon as they appeared at the back doorway.

"You'd better learn that," he said. "You can recite it to piano—Yolanda will show you."

"How many girls are there?" asked Miranda.

"Eight in all, counting you. Six dance together—chorus effect—you're to go in that tomorrow, I expect, as an understudy—and everyone sings or recites something. Bibi and Fantine do a solo dance that's the best number we've got. Most of it is pretty lousy if you ask me or Henri. But they don't expect us to be good. Here, let's see what Henri handed you—oh, nothing new. I thought he might have broken down and bought a new song. That's the one the girl from Toulouse used to sing. Well, you see, you're expected to sing it in rather indistinct French and to roll your eyes and wriggle as if it were very naughty indeed. It isn't, on account of Henri's prejudices—though I don't see why we should have such stupid songs—but you are expected to make it sound as if it were. Red hair ought to help, but you haven't near enough make-up on. Here, let me show you. You are expected to look like a street-walker—that's part of the atmosphere—and to act as if you were a girl in a convent school—that's uncle Henry."

"Sounds like one great, big, happy family."

"Oh, it is. But you'd better see more or less how this song goes. You won't have to sing it until late, but you may be busy until then."

Miranda sat down in a chair in a corner and looked over the song.

"Better let me hear you say it after you've learned it," said Yolanda. "The song isn't much—it's all the expression you manage to get into it. You haven't sung much in night clubs."

"Not at all. I don't sing and I've hardly been into a night club at all."

"It's a racket like any other—and like any other there are good, bad and indifferent people in it. The difference is the late hours and the numbers of silly kids who are in it for the excitement."

"Well, I suppose I come into that category."

"Do you? I should have put you down as with more sense. But you never can tell. I suppose it's more fun than pounding a typewriter all day. Thank God, I don't do that. But here comes George—he's our pianist. I've got to go over a song with him—it doesn't matter here but I always have hopes of a stage engagement, and George always obliges with extra practice. Hey, George! Let me

sing that song over once, will you? You might watch me, Miranda, you'll maybe get the idea of the type of the thing they want."

She walked over to the piano, where a lean and pale young man sat. He struck a few chords and Yolanda began singing. She didn't have a very good voice, but it was passable; she looked about seductively and was very throaty about the way she sang it. George improvised all sorts of twists and turns in between. In the middle, she stopped him to tell him just what she thought of him, first in French and then in Spanish. Henri came up to her then.

"You must remember, Yolanda, that you are all supposed to be ladies," he remarked.

"Adds to the atmosphere," said Yolanda, airily. "Besides if he can't play right—"

Meanwhile George continued improvising very softly.

Miranda returned to the study of her song. Presently another of the girls came up to her, a tall blonde.

"Henri says you are American, like Yolanda. The other America, but it's all over the ocean to me. He also said you were getting Louise's song. Well, that's all right with me, but of you sing it as badly as Louise did . . . "

"I'm afraid I won't be very good. I've never sung before. I only expect to recite."

"That's all right, then; she hadn't either, only she expected to sing. You can get away with a good deal of murder on your songs here, but Louise . . . "

"Well, if you don't mind, I don't."

"I also hear you are to do an understudy for our famous chorus. If you can't dance better than that knock-kneed Louise, then I'm no judge of legs."

"Do you dance?"

"Do I dance? Listen, lady, I've been on the stage here and there longer than you've lived. But my feet aren't what they used to be, so I was darn glad to get this place bossing Uncle Henry's girls. I will say Uncle Henry treats you white. Good pay for this sort of place, and he doesn't let them annoy you. Some places—well, I could tell you stories. And Uncle Henry is always taking in people who are down on their luck. Our orchestra is usually composed of indigent Americans, but George sort of holds it together, and most Americans play jazz better than most French."

"Is George here all the time, then?"

"Oh, yes, he sticks around permanently. Poor George! He went and fell for that little South American. He's always going for some girl or other, mostly some stupid wench with stage-struck notions. But George is a good egg. If he only got some girl he fell for permanently, it would be very nice. Of course, with Uncle Henry here, he'd have to marry her, and anyway, George is that sort. I don't know how he came over here first; I think he rather fancied himself as a sculptor, but no one else did. But he's pretty good as a pianist —he and I put on the only good acts in this dump. It's sickening, though, the way he follows that Yolanda around. It used to be Louise, but George is too lazy to go around with any girl who isn't right here. And, anyway, he hasn't any money; he takes it out in piano-playing here. Well, I expect we'd both better be stepping in back; the folks are arriving, and Uncle Henry doesn't like to have us around at first. This place doesn't really get going until after eleven o'clock, anyhow; it's only ten now."

So Miranda followed her into another back room, furnished with a number of wooden chairs. It was very smoky and three more girls were sitting there, as well as several waiters.

"Hi Bibi," they called out.

"Hi, all of you—this is that girl Mme. Duplis sent around instead of Louise—Mirande her name is. American, too. That girl in black is Fantine; the other two are Lola and Mariette."

They all looked at Miranda and she returned the stare. When in Rome . . . Fantine was a big tall girl, like Bibi; the other two were also rather tall but quite thin. They were quite handsome, but not very intelligent looking.

Fantine was the first to speak. "Bibi, did you hear what finally became of Louise? She got that stage job she was always talking about—a little stock company going down south somewhere this summer. She wrote me a letter about it."

"Oh, well, if she just wrote a letter . . . Louise always was an awful little liar. She couldn't tell the truth if she tried. That was just talk, just putting on side for your benefit."

"No, really, she has it . . · I saw the programs and everything. She sent them to me. It's to play light opera, and Louise, besides being a member of the crowds, has some quite nice parts. I'd like a job like that one, although there's no telling where

they're going to strand you. Have a cigarette, what's your name?"

"Thanks. It's Mirande."

"No, but seriously, Bibi, it is gratifying to one's vanity to appear on a real stage, and apart from being vain, I have always heard that an actor makes a good husband. Especially the ones who play villian parts. And this cabaret business—well, of course with Uncle Henry out front, it is more respectable than most shops; still, when one says one works in a cabaret, they do not believe one. Not about that. It is much more respectable to be on the stage. And if one is good, one is received into society. Yes, decidedly it is more chic to be on the stage."

"You should be glad you have any job, Fantine, let alone grumbling about this one. There are lots of girls that would give their eye-teeth to work at Uncle Henry's."

"But Uncle Henry only has nice girls—that sort he wouldn't consider. They might get money on the sly out of his Americans. Besides, Uncle Henry has principles. He almost lets them interfere with his business. That is why the Americans like him. Also why it is pleasant to work for him. And a job with Uncle Henry is not so easy to get . . . "

"Then don't grumble at what you've got."

Uncle Henry himself opened the door at that point.

"There are two lonesome American gentlemen out front. Bibi and Yolanda, I think. Have you learned that song, Mirande?"

"I think so."

"Listen to her, Fantine."

Uncle Henry withdrew, accompanied by Bibi.

"You have that silly song about the *canards* and the *canaille?*"

"Yes."

"It's not a very good song; I doubt if Uncle Henry makes you sing it tonight. You can wait until tomorrow until practising it, if you like."

"Fantine," said Mariette, "Do you really think he pays Bibi more than the rest of us?"

"Well, if he doesn't he ought to. She's half the show, and you know it. More than half. Of course, she is a jealous cat, but that's no reason to pay her less."

Uncle Henry again appeared. "There are two more Americans that wish to dance. Mirande, you may go out with Fantine."

With some fear, Miranda followed Fantine. Nothing very dreadful, still . . . When one has been brought up a Hawes, one's first experience as a dance hall hostess is apt to be something of a shock. What on earth could she say or do? Best watch Fantine . . .

"Talk broken English," said Uncle Henry, as he led them to a table where two young Americans sat, pleasant-faced young men, out to see the sights.

"Messieurs, this is Mlle. Fantine," Fantine nodded her head, "and Mlle. Mirande." Miranda smiled. Then Uncle Henry left, and the two young men, who had risen, offered them a seat. Miranda wondered what they would have thought, if she had told them she was a Vassar graduate. They looked like college boys.

"*Et comment trouvez-vous notre belle de Paris?*" Fantine was asking them. They replied in French, but haltingly; Miranda spoke to them in English carefully free from idiom.

"And from what part of France do you come?" asked one of the young men.

"From Rouen," said Miranda instantly. After all, she *had* been through on her way up from the boat.

"And from what part of the town? I happen to know it pretty well."

This would have been a poser, if Miranda had not traveled abroad with her aunt. They had motored much, and she remembered the hotel they used to stay at in Rouen.

"In the Rue du Vielle Horloge," she said, promptly. "Just back of the cathedral. My father kept a jeweller's store."

That was almost a lapse into truth; a jeweler is not so far removed from a banker, especially in a medieval sort of town like Rouen.

"Tell me about your girlhood," said the young man, who was probably planning to put it all down in a book afterwards as the reminiscences of a Parisian cocotte.

She was beginning to enjoy the game as a game. "We lived in a few rooms over the shop," she began, Papa and *Maman* and myself, and the little Dodo. It was an old house, and there were always flowers in the window—pretty red ones—what is it you call them?"

"Geraniums?" he suggested.

"Ah, yes geraniums. It was crowded and small, but it was always clean and we were very happy."

Fantine was beginning to consider the question of beverages with the other young man. Perhaps I should do that at once, thought Miranda. Didn't Uncle Henry say . . . ? But the young man evidently knew what was expected of him; he forestalled her.

"Would you like something to drink, Mademoiselle?"

"Enchanté. A fine, perhaps?"

So the young man ordered two from a waiter; Fantine and the other young man had whiskey and soda, and Miranda wondered whether she had chosen rightly.

The young man continued, "Please go on, Mademoiselle. Your story interests me."

"Then in the summer we used to go out in the country and visit *grand'mère.* She had a charming house, with roses all over it, and a roof of reeds, with a beautiful garden. She had very charming cows, also, did grand' mère. We used to love to visit her; she was only a poor peasant, but always clean and smelling of fresh apples" (a poetic touch, that; Miranda noted with approval that he was taking notes under the table.) "That was until I was thirteen years old." She sighed romantically. "Then . . . " (what was a good ending? Ah, yes) "Misfortune overtook us. Papa had been away at the war for three years; but the fourth year he was killed. There were *Maman,* and Dodo as well as myself. *Grand'mère,* who had a good heart as well as such charming cows, took the little Dodo. He has grown up to take the place of the son she never had. You see, *grand'mère* had three daughters but no sons. A tragedy, *figurez-vous,* for a French family. Now *grand'mère* is dead too. She was a very old lady; but she has left her farm to Dodo, who lives there with his charming wife. But meanwhile, something had to be done about me. I was sent to Paris, where I became a dressmakers assistant. But monsieur, you have no idea—the work was so hard! And when I made the acquaintance of a young girl, an orphan like myself, for I must tell you that *Maman* did not long survive the death of papa, I was glad to find a position, as she did, in a cabaret. I have worked in a number of places, but this is among the best.

"But monsieur, your glass is empty . . . "

She felt quite proud of this tale.—a masterpiece of improvised fiction. Still, she was a little exhausted after so much effort. and rather glad when he suggested dancing.

"Do you know," he said after they had been around the floor

once or twice, "You dance more like an American girl than like most French girls?"

"Do I?" she asked, anxiously, "How is the difference?"

"You do not tend to turn in circles so much and you follow more easily. Then you are more supple; most French girls hold themselves—oh, like this", and he drew up stiffly.

So Miranda resolved to be stiffer in the future.

When they returned to the table, they had two more drinks all round, then the young men decided to leave and see what another place was like.

"I do not like those young men," said Fantine darkly after their retreating backs.

"Why, what's wrong with them? They seemed perfectly harmless to me—Just nice American kids."

"They were taking notes, and now they'll go off and write a book. I loathe these travel-book writers. They put things down wrong."

"Unless you have the foresight to invent tales for them. You should have heard."

"Of course I invented a tale, but they will write it down wrong, and it is not respectful. My father was a journalist and my mother wrote verse, and it is not for them to alter my words. But maybe these will be more accurate than the last ones were."

The rest of the evening Miranda found hrself similarly occupied with a succession of her fellow-countrymen. She soon found that most of them were less sure than was she of what they were expected to do; she gained confidence, and Uncle Henry commended her once.

"You are doing very well, Mlle. Mirande," he said. "You are making them feel that they have had a gay time and have seen life, and yet that you are a nice girl that they might introduce to their sisters to. That is the way I like customers to feel."

Miranda wished one of her relatives would walk in. She didn't sing at all; but the others went through their various acts. Bibi and Fantine had a rather effective dance together, and Yolanda sang soulfully, if not tunefully. She felt, looking down at her bright blue costume and her long bare legs underneath that she looked the part as much as any of them, and that she would like to see Aunt Emma's face . . .

It was about four-thirty before the last customer was sent out

homewards; she suddenly discovered how sleepy she was. Sleepy, but pleased with the world. They were all such nice people, Yolanda and Bibi and Fantine and Lola and Mariette. And dear old Uncle Henry. She felt she had known them all for years. Also George, the lean pianist, and Jim, the imprudent drummer, and Charley, the saxophonist . . . Nice people, all of them, such nice people. She yawned prodigiously and hastily retired to the dressing room, as she saw Bibi emerging in street clothes already. As it was, she and Fantine were the last to come out.

"Will you walk to the Metro with me?" said Fantine, and they walked together to the station. It was very still, scarcely anything stirring at that hour. The early risers had hardly started yet, and they were the late ones themselves . . .

Fantine said good-bye to her at the station; they took trains in opposite directions. "Don't forget—at four o'clock in the afternoon" were her last words.

It was nearly five by the time Miranda returned. She had at Eleanor's suggestion, leased a room where she had her own latch key, instead of having to rouse a concierge. So she let herself in, took off her clothes, and went to sleep as soon as her head struck the pillow.

It was almost one o'clock when she woke up the next day. She wondered at first why she had slept so late, then remembered the night before. It had been fun—hard work, doing so much dancing, but entertaining, inventing all those stories. What had she told the man from Ohio? Oh, yes, about being half-Irish and half-French, to account for her hair, and about having a drunken Irish mother to support. She had explained about her mother's being the man of the family, too, and how her father had always been delicate. It was quite an amusing story, only she had forgotten the details by this time.

She got out of her bed, picked up her clothes from the chair on which she had thrown them the night before, and hung them in the closet; then got out fresh. When she was completely dressed, she went around the corner to a *pâtisserie* where she got a big cup of chocolate and two rolls as a sort of combination breakfast and lunch; then she stopped a fruit peddler and bought an apple.

When she had consumed this she telephoned Eleanor and asked her if she knew a good dressmaker. Eleanor said that she did; and

agreed to come around and show Miranda just where.

The rest of the afternoon until four o'clock was thus spent. At four, she went around to the Rat Bleu; Eleanor again dropping her from the taxi.

Bibi was there already; the other girls dropped in, and George was also there. Bibi told them what to do; since Uncle Henry was not there, her language was not restrained, and Miranda's knowledge of colloquial French was considerably enhanced. It was something like being back in dancing school again. She worked hard and conscientiously, and found it reasonably difficult, but possible. They worked until six o'clock, then went out by twos to eat their supper. Bibi herself took Miranda.

"You're doing fine. Ever dance before?"

"Some. Not in a show or anything, though."

"No, I didn't think so. But you must have gone to a swell school. Anyway, most Americans have had better training in athletics to start with than most French—it comes easier to them. You ought to see some of the little bits of string Uncle Henry gives me. To try to make a Louise dance,—it needs genius."

They went to a little restaurant; Bibi ate heartily, a workman's meal. Miranda was more restrained, but found she had an excellent appetite.

"Ordinarily my young man takes me to dinner," said Bibi. "But he isn't in town just now, he has gone down to visit his family in the country. He is a sober and industrious young man; he will get married next year to a nice little girl his parents have picked out for him. Me, I shall not get married. My family had no money, so I dance. Unfortunate, perhaps, but I do not complain. I have a little money set by; I can retire when I am forty or so and still live on. That is a very comfortable thought."

After dinner, she returned to her apartment; she lay down and rested until almost time to go back to the Rat Bleu. She found her legs quite stiff and tired.

That night was much as the one before, except that she sang her song, to a tolerant if unenthusiastic audience, and watched the chorus with more appreciation. She knew what they were about, now.

Inventing stories was not as absorbing a pastime as heretofore; she found herself repeating. Still, she endeavored to suit the story

to the audience, being pastoral and poetic with bookish people—that is, people who looked as if they might write books, not read them—and rather hard-boiled and cynical with the business men. Fantine said that that was the unexpected, and would please them better. The startling always made a deeper impression, and the authors would go away and write about the sentimentality in a hard-boiled way, while the business men would remember the cynicism in a sentimental way. Or so at least Fantine said, but Fantine was fond of paradox. Her mother had been a minor poet and her father a journalist.

So the days passed. Every day Miranda got up at noon; every other afternoon she practised dancing under Bibi's tuition; every night she worked from nine or nine-thirty until varying hours the following morning. Usually, she did not work later than three thirty; the first night had been unusual, she gathered. Most of her dancing partners were polite, even when intoxicated, and Uncle Henry always attended to them when they were not. She was far less often insulted than at a country-club dance at home, and the dancing was far more proper. She saw many familiar types but no familiar faces.

Then one evening, as she was dancing with a man from Ohio, who was telling her all about America in labored French, two young men and a young lady came in the door. She glanced at them to see what manner of men they might be, and noted the lady with relief, because they had an unusual proportion of unaccompanied men that night and all the girls were busy at one table or another. It quite startled her to note that one of the young men was Peter Bentley and that the young lady was Eleanor. She had seen Eleanor come in before at one time or another—Eleanor always faintly winked at her in passing—but this was the first young man she had recognized. Her opinion of Peter went up considerably. If he had the initiative to come to the Rat Bleu (though that didn't seem to require a lot, judging from the people that came) he must have more enterprise than she had given him credit for. He looked quite normal and unexciting, but then most people do. Miranda was beginning to discover that things which are interesting to look forward to, and which make grand stories afterwards, are usually grey in the doing itself. Romance is all in anticipation and retrospect—actually doing anything seems like doing anything else—it is not much more exciting to dance in a cabaret in Paris for pay than it is

to dance at the stupidest of dances in the most correct of communities. Less, perhaps, for you get worse partners, on the whole.

She returned to the man from Ohio, and inspired by the sight of Peter perhaps, concocted a whole new story.

"You wanted to know how the girls here come to dance? Oh, it is a job. When one is a begger one cannot be a chooser." She sighed.

"And are you a beggar? Are you also French?"

"No, I am of no country. I was a Russian, the daughter of a peasant. When the Revolution came, I was in the front rank. I fought with the Woman's Battalion, though I was very young at the time (no use making herself a hag), and after I was a trusted worker. But one day I was heard singing a song thought to be unfavorable to the revolution; it was a cradle song I had heard my mother sing. A spy reported me as being in favor of the continuance of family life. My third husband divorced me at once, and I fled through the aid of a route to Poland that I had just heard of and was about to expose to the authorities. After incredible hardships, I reached Poland; the Poles would not help me because I was a Russian. I came down through Czecho-Slovakia and tried to find work; I went to Austria, but failed to find it either place. I was about to starve to death when I met my second husband, who had also been suspected of a plot against the government. Though I had divorced him then, and he had escaped without my help, he took pity on my distress, gave me French lessons and enough money to reach Paris. Here my first husband, also an exile, helped me to find this job."

The man from Ohio seemed to have become a little confused among the husbands.

"What became of your fourth husband?" he asked.

"My fourth husband? I never had a fourth husband—that would be most unlucky. No, I am a free woman, now. I shall never get married again, never. I am of no country; I shall have no loyalties. Always I walk my own way, aloof and proud. If you will buy me a glass of wine I will drink to the health of your country, though, M. l'Americain."

She felt that this was quite a nice new story, and watched Peter and Eleanor out of the corner of her eye to see whether they had heard it. They were sitting at the next table. Apparently they had, for they were laughing. She thought Peter had recognized her by this time, and when the gentleman from Ohio had left—after con-

suming several more drinks (he still seemed to feel that that fourth husband had been mislaid somewhere,) she walked over to the next table.

"Well, Miranda! You do think . . . began Peter, but she held up her hand dramatically.

"Mlle. Mirande, *if* you please."

"Then, Mlle. Mirande it is. Eleanor told me you were here. I think it's a most amusing idea. I don't know many girls who would have had the courage . . . "

"No courage required. I just came off and did what I wanted to. That's cowardice, if anything."

"How late do you work here?"

"Three-thirty, usually. It depends on how the crowds run. As late as I can get anyone to buy me drinks."

"Might I see you home some morning?"

"I should be enchanted. But first I must hold down my job; will you buy me a drink?"

"As many as you like. How do you like Uncle Henry, by the way? I've known him a long time; I even knew his father when he was a chef. It runs in the family; Henry is an excellent cook and could get a job any time, except that he prefers this —more entertainment in watching the human animal at play than at meal, he says. Well, I'll be going along—but I'll be back at three-thirty."

After he had gone, Miranda began to find the evening rather dull. There were two stupid Americans, rendered more stupid by the fact that they were very drunk, and then one of those people who know too much.

"You can't fool me," he said as he danced with her. "You're an American dressed to look like a Frenchie. All these places are fakes."

"Well, what did you come for if you don't like fakes?" she demanded, angrily. "That's what you want and pay for—you'd be disappointed if it weren't."

"Then it is?"

"Well, what do you think? Do you think a place like this is run for the fun of it?"

"And I suppose you get a commission on the drinks I buy you?"

"No; so far you haven't bought any. But if you did break down . . . Well, did you think I was spending the evening with you because

I had fallen madly in love with you at first sight?"

"If you go on insulting me, I'll have the manager in and get you fired. You won't be insolent when you earn your own bread—on the streets."

"As a matter of fact, I wouldn't go on the streets. But if I did, I should continue to be rude to you. You wouldn't pay for a drink even if you had the price—which I doubt. At any rate, it would be no worse than dancing here with every damn man that shows up. At least it would have a kind of honesty about it,"

Miranda's voice had risen quite high, and by this time there was quite a little crowd gathered around them. They had long stopped dancing and were glaring at one another.

"I'm sick of the whole damn sham!" cried Miranda. "Even a little honest vice would be better than this ultra-respectable demi-semi stuff. I'm tired of telling people that they are daring and trying to make them feel that they are seeing life. Seeing life! They aren't even seeing anyone living—all that's happening is that they are made to feel that they are being safely, respectably Bohemian. I hate this sly, smirking, shabby sort of thing—not on moral grounds but because it is just about the cheapest, nastiest . . . "

Uncle Henry had been called for by this time, and he came up from the rear, frowning portentiously. Someone called,

"Go on, redhead! That's swell. Pan them! I'll give you a job when you lose this one."

"I think, Mlle. Mirande, that you do not know what you are saying," began Uncle Henry. He evidently thought her a little drunk. Well, she *had* taken a good deal of brandy.

"Oh, yes I do. And you are the worst here. You are very nice to your girls, but they must go just so far and no farther. You spend your time on edges. I want to land into something with both feet."

Here she jumped. Unfortunately the man who knew too much was too near, and she landed on his toes. Everyone (except Uncle Henry and the girls) laughed, and it evidently annoyed him. People who know too much hate being laughed at. He backed off and swung at her—hitting her but not very hard. Instantly another young man jumped on him, crying,

"Hit a lady, would you?"

"She's no lady—a night club ———" the word he employed here would be most unsuitable, and Uncle Henry didn't like it

either. Nor did Miranda's champion.

"How do you know? I've seen you all the time you've been with her, and she sounds like an American to me; I won't have my countrywomen insulted!"

They became quite energetic for a moment, while Uncle Henry murmured,

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, please . . . "

Gradually others became involved. Even Uncle Henry was not as far out of the melée as he would have liked. From the looks he gave her, Miranda judged it best that she should discreetly disappear, so she slipped into the back room and did a lightning change act, and went as unobtrusively as possible out of the back door.

She came around and waited in an alley-way, where she could watch the front door. It was already about three-fifteen, so she didn't have to wait long until Peter Bentley arrived. There was a good deal of noise going on within, but she did not dare to peep, and stayed in her shadow until he was almost upon her. Then she darted out and took hold of his arm. He was pushing her off when he looked at her and recognized her.

"Well, well! Fancy finding you here. What's up?"

"Oh, I got rather sick of the whole job, so I told them exactly what I thought of it. They seem to be having a riot on my account, so I came away. I didn't wait to hear what Uncle Henry had to say. I was afraid it wouldn't be exactly —er—complimentary."

"No, Uncle Henry doesn't encourage candid opinions. By the way, now I see you, you look less like a night club entertainer than almost anyone I ever saw. Only red hair . . . "

"I know, I've always looked fearfully respectable all my life, which is a great handicap to any girl of an adventurous disposition. I never have to snub rude people—they usually aren't rude."

"So you take it out in snubbing friendly advances, eh?"

Miranda laughed. "I never did apologize for that affair on the boat, did I? You see, I had only very recently escaped from Riverdale and everything to do with it—I was thoroughly sick and tired of being a nice girl and all that went with it. I didn't have any room in my mind for anything else, and when you came up, I thought you were everything I detested in Riverdale. You are quite a respectable young man yourself, you know."

"Yes, I know. I was quite angry with you at first. I got hopeless-

ly drunk that night, and told all my troubles to Eleanor—not that I'd ever seen her before, but she happened to be handy. I guess you'd told her your troubles, too—anyway she was highly amused. There are elements of humor in the situation—two people, each repelled by the ultra-respectability of the other. She stage-managed our meeting of course—but we didn't get as excited as we might have. People seldom do go pale or faint even at quite a shock to their preconceived notions. By the way, where are we going?"

"We seem to be just walking; but if you'd like to go home, you can drop me at a Metro station or we can take a taxi."

"It intrigues me, the idea of your wandering around Paris alone. It simply isn't done, you know."

"Oh, yes it is, among the poor working girls, who work at night jobs. Same as New York or anywhere else. People make a good many mistakes in generalizations about other nations because they consider only one class. If I wear shabby clothes and a respectable face, I can go anywhere at any hour and be reasonably safe from rudeness. At least, so I've found."

"Do you really want to go home yet?"

"Not particularly. Night is really the same as day to me—always was. I don't care when I get my sleep so long as I get it. Where do you want to go?"

"Let's go down and walk along the river."

So they turned their steps in that direction, and went quietly through the almost deserted streets.

"Do you know, I've always thought it must be tremendous fun to live on one of those barges,"

"Yes, and try and live on one's salary; go down to market in the early hours of morning—they must be beginning to get up now— and bargain for worn vegetables; eat horse meat (they sell it at the little café where most of the girls go, and it isn't half bad. A little on the tough side, but you can stew it.)"

"And one could get a barrel of that thin sour red wine to drink; it would last one a year."

"Of course, one would have to learn to like French cigarettes—American ones would be an extravagance out of the question."

"And wear wooden shoes and a smock."

"I should wear a black cotton dress with a tremendous black apron, and I should skin my hair back in a knot. Maybe, if you were very

extravagant, you could buy me a pair of gold hoops to wear in my ears."

"We could see all of France very slowly; at night we could hear the horse munching quietly while we rested snugly in our little cabin. It would not be exciting, but it would be very peaceful."

"Do you know, I think that is the trouble with Riverdale—it is unexciting without being peaceful."

"Don't you find it true that anything is unexciting while you are doing it?"

"Yes, but some things are exciting to remember. I shall always remember I was once a dance-hall hostess and started a riot in a Paris *boite.* Honestly and truly, I was rather bored after the first few nights, when the novelty had worn off, but the idea is splendid to brood upon. And after all, it is important to provide one's self with interesting reminiscences. I have always tried to live so that if I died tonight, there would be as little as possible that I had missed. Of course, in Riverdale, looking after Aunt Emma and Aunt Susan, I couldn't very well. That's why I came over here to France. Looking at it in saner moments, I could have done just as well in Riverdale, but the idea of coming to France for excitement is just another pleasant thought. I suppose you may call these things illusions, but what of it?"

They walked along a little farther in silence, then Peter said, "I didn't know that other people thought that, too."

"Oh, thousands must. But of course, it is another pleasant illusion to cherish the ideas you have arrived at yourself, as if they were totally unlike anyone else's. Thus arises the worst sort of conventionality—that of refusing to accept ideas merely because they happen to be conventional ones, when one has arrived at them one's self. Let's sit down on this bench—my legs are tired and it's almost time for it to be morning."

They watched the river for a while again.

"I did very much what you have done and are doing a few years ago. I had been brought up in a fearfully conventional way, and I rebelled fearfully for a while. You may not have heard about it—it was while I was away at college. I did everything I shouldn't—I was conventionally unconventional for quite a time. Then it began to pall on me. It wasn't getting me anywhere. I didn't really like to drink too much—most of the women I went around with bored me

to distraction unless I told myself sternly, 'These are demi-mondaines. They are wicked creatures, leading an evil life.'

"Then by reversing standards, I could get very much the same pleasure out of it that an incompletely cultured person gets out of knowing he is using the right fork. Presently I considered. I said to myself that it seemed to me to be wasting a good deal of time on rather unsatisfactory enjoyment. So I went back to Riverdale and became a very respectable young man indeed. Conventions are not enslaving if you take them in that spirit. But I still find the majority of the inhabitants of Riverdale as dull as those stupid women—but no duller."

"I am beginning to come to that conclusion, too. I think presently I will go back to Riverdale."

"One usually does. If one finds two or three genuinely interesting and stimulating people in a lifetime, one does well. Otherwise—well, as it doesn't much matter about the rest, whether they are high or low, conventional or unconventional since they are all followers and not leaders, we might as well take the easiest course and conform. There is some wisdom in most conventions, in any case. So . . . "

They sat silent again. Then Miranda asked,

"When are you going back to America? And what will you do when you get there? Not that I mean to group myself with the vulgarly curious, or that I shall resent it if you tell me you are eloping with the third wife of a Russian count—still, I ask you if you know and would like to tell me, to do so."

"Oh, I shall return to the hardware business. There was a time when I rather fancied myself as a poet—but no good poetry was ever written yet by one who wanted to make himself a poet instead of wanting to write poetry. So I think a little hard labor would do me no harm. I don't think it hurts anyone. And aside from that, I read a little, paint a little, play a little—dabble in this and that, —the complete amateur."

"It isn't such a bad thing. You will at least be interested in more things. But you haven't answered my first question."

"I really couldn't say. This is my last, hard-won vacation. I mean to make the most of it. I am at your service—if you choose to let me show you at least some of Europe. I am, I assure you, kind and

clean, and some have told me that I am not always as objectionably Riverdalian a companion as you at first feared."

Miranda laughed.

"Well, if you want to, I have not the least objection. Only if I tell you to go away, you must go at once."

"I shouldn't think of acting otherwise. Perhaps, though, after a time you will get used to me—habit is a great thing, you know."

"My mother used to say it was half of love."

"Put it at three-quarters."

* * * * *

Some months later, Riverdale's sewing circle was heard to remark that that nice Hawes girl had married very suitably, after all. It was so nice for her, after looking after those two old ladies all those years. And it was so romantic, her meeting Peter Bentley, that way, in Europe. He was a good boy, too—a trifle wild, they say, in college, but boys will be boys—and he had since settled down very nicely. He was doing well, too, with his father's business. Altogether a very suitable match.

Creation

NANCY PHYLLIS HORTON

Rafael might have made thy head,
Thy shapely face and eyes' warm light;
But Phidias carved thy little heart,
So cold and hard and marble white.

He Went to the Opera

Jean Besselievre

He lived in the Bronx. He was small, slight and stupid looking. His eyes roamed vaguely over things and people. They questioned. They searched for something more. He had pale limp hair and soggy feet and he had a wife and three half-grown children. He also had a flat, three flights up—altogether thirty-three stairs, twenty-six of which creaked. But the twenty-sixth had only started creaking last week. He thought probably the moving men had done that. They had carried the piano off to sell last Wednesday. He often frowned when he climbed the stairs. He had gotten so used to twenty-five creaking. It jarred his sense of harmony after he had relaxed pleasantly at the twenty-fifth which had been the last for so long, to be suddenly stirred rudely by another belligerent squeal—the twenty-sixth. However, he supposed he would get used to it in time.

He rose each morning and ate three meals during the day and in the night time, he went to bed. Between meals, he worked,—except after supper when he stayed home,—read the greasy news, and became acutely aware of the smell of the children's hot feet. Then one day he went to the Opera. Someone in the office gave him a ticket, and he went to the Opera. He took the subway and got out at 33rd Street and walked around the block until he saw the sign that pointed to the balcony elevator. He looked at it, and went in and stood between tall, poor people and waited. He gazed in front of him and counted the number of light tan threads that ran through the man's brown overcoat. He counted them three times and the first two times, he got the same number, but the third time he did not. He decided he was excited and let himself be pushed into the elevator. The car rose and put him off at the top balcony, where he passed a blue ticket and received a seat from the brittle usher, who had four curls of gold braid sewed on each sleeve. He cleared his throat and said "eight" to nobody at all, but the usher said "What?" It startled him and he muttered "Beg pardon," and sat down—suddenly. Thinking it over, he got rather angry. "Well, it *was* eight,

too—four and four make eight," he thought crossly to himself and scowled at the fat woman across the theatre.

Then the lights went out and the orchestra, down in the pit, began very gently. In the balcony, he leaned forward and looked. There were a great many men down there. A bright light lit up the shirtfront of each one and the vest was all black. They made a pleasant noise and he decided to listen more closely. So he sat back, bumping a little the eager head behind him. He raised a mild, hesitant hand in her direction and mumbled "Beg pardon," but somebody said "Shsh!" So he sat stiffly and licked his lips until he felt the public resentment had passed away. Then, timidly, underneath his knee, he clinched his fist. A man three rows down moved, so he put his fist in his lap and whispered, "beg pardon," and decided he felt miserable.

A little later, he noticed the music again. It was louder now, and it crashed suddenly and then stopped, and he felt embarrassed. He looked straight ahead. He wanted badly to shift his feet, though he did not. But there was a muscle that ran up and down his leg and twitched, and he said to himself that he *would* shift it, if it were not all so quiet. So he waited for more noise and that eased the pain.

The curtain was raised and he looked. It was a foreign scene and he did not like the color of red. So he sat back when the music began and shifted his feet and heard the soprano sing. He listened and blinked his eyes several times. He grew uncomfortable and felt something behind his back. The cold perspiration on his forehead chilled him and he wished for a handkerchief. Then he touched the object with an exploring finger. It was soft. He drew back his fingers and saw it was a lady's hat. He felt badly because just a minute before he had bumped into the woman. His eyebrows raised nervously and he moved silently in his seat. The music was in full swing. He felt that a crash was coming from the orchestra, so he waited. It came and he rose and turned around. The woman looked at him. "It's your hat," he said thickly and placed it in her lap. Then he walked past two empty seats and out the aisle. He walked past the ushers and to the stairs and climbed down two flights and sat down. He felt his chin with a trembling hand and closed his eyes, frightened like a rabbit's. He wanted to go home. Desperately, he wanted it. Desperately, he hated eight curled braids. Desperately he

hated women's hats. He was afraid and felt the people coming after him, so he went down two more flights and found the subway. The wicker seat seemed hard and hostile and it irritated him. He read the advertisement for Ren Cough Medicine twenty-nine times. It angered him each time. He wanted to go home. He got out at the 231st St. Station and walked to the flat. He looked up at the two and one-half flights and life was bitter. He thought of those twenty-five creaks. His eyes were a little desperate as he passed the first six. Suddenly, he thought of that new creak—the twenty-sixth. He knew it would come. It always did. It never failed. He looked up at it for a second. There were nineteen more before even that. Then, very mildly, very forlornly, he sat down and wept.

Proscenium

MARION WALKER

There is a long gray curtain in my mind. In the shadowy places of my consciousness in hangs, veiling a host of phantom obscurities. I slide my fingers through its folds, groping for an opening, but I can find none.

Sometimes its stuff seems dusky velvet; heavy, impenetrable. Again it is some misty fabric, masking dim forms, which, moving toward its screen, flash clear for one swift instant, then fade again into uncertainty.

Behind this curtain, skim the unremembered things of childhood. I hear the whispering of their ghostly lips; I know that they are there, and yet I cannot reach them. Long dreamy days, each moment lived for itself, each moment high adventure. A score of precious summers, winters, autumns, springs lost forever. The coziness of being very young.

Some things come back to me; not incidents, but merely swift impressions. Three spotted fox-hounds lapping water at a pool. The dark dregs left in my father's claret glass. The abysmal yawn of a flight of cellar steps. These only serve to taunt me. I want the rest, all of them. They are mine. I have a right to them.

A Dream Journey

Charlotte Olmsted

I sailed across a silver spangled sea
Beneath a night of velvet and of stars:
Escaped, for one long moment, from the bars
That hold us all in our mortality.
I journeyed far, for beauty called to me,
And I forgot old longings and old scars,
The vain regret and silly care that mars
Each lovely moment's sweet tranquility.

I gazed at tiny pin-pricks in the dark
That were the stars, and waited for the day
To show strange lands arising from the deep.
The sun at last rose up, and clear and stark,
Where I had hoped new, lovely kingdoms lay,
The lone gray shores were as before my sleep.

As We Pass By

"Government's an affair of sitting, not hitting. You rule with the brains and the buttocks, never with the fists."

ALDOUS HUXLEY, *Brave New World*

"Life has loveliness to sell—
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Climbing fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup."

SARA TEASDALE, *Barter*

"Scholars who have treated the life of the ex-monk Bazhakuloff divide it into five clearly marked periods . . . he would sometimes prophesy, and undergo long periods of self-abstraction. At the end of one of these latter, after tasting no food and water for three and a half hours, he gave utterance to what was afterwards known as the first revelation. It ran to this effect: 'The Man-God is the Man-God, and not the God-Man.' Asked how he arrived at so stupendous an aphorism, he answered that it just came to him."

NORMAN DOUGLAS, *South Wind.*

"What lies broken now behind
That portico? Strange outworn masks
Of tragedy and empty blind
Masks of comedy The wind
Has torn with whispers,—broken swords
For fighting in a vast war only
Of the spirit,—spears to fight
The empty and the hopeless lonely
Wind, or elegant scornful waves—
And that drum for Time the clown
To beat his little marches down
The vistas to the listening grave."

Edith Sitwell, *Clown's Luck.*

"Thus I do, being mad:
Gather baubles about me,
Sit in a circle of toys, and all the time
Death beating the door in

White jade and an orange pitcher,
Hindu idol, Chinese god,—
Maybe next year, when I'm richer—
Carved beads and lotus pod . . .

And all this time
Death beating the door in."

Edna St. Vincent Millay, *Siege.*

Book Reviews

We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop of Lynchburg for lending us the books we review.

Marie Antoinette

(The Portrait of An Average Woman)

Stefan Zweig

THE VIKING PRESS, NEW YORK, 1933

Biographies without number have been written around the fascinating figure of Marie Antoinette, some of them sentimental and maudlin, others vehement and damning. For this reason, Stefan Zweig says in his introduction that he realizes the dangers of treading again this often crossed ground, and hopes that his treatment of it will justify his again opening the subject. His hopes have been more than realized, because, instead of the usual biased account, he gives us an historically exact yet fascinatingly written story. Seldom have the qualities of history and biography been so well combined and with so little detriment to one another.

Zweig takes as the keynote of his book the fact that Marie Antoinette was tragic from the very first, in that she was an average woman in the midst of events and situations far too immense for her understanding. This, says Zweig, is just as great a tragedy as when a genius is crushed by a too narrow environment, such as Napoleon on his island, or Beethoven surrounded by his deafness. Both Marie Antoinette and her husband would have been happy wholesome people, if fate had not destined them to be King and Queen of France. However, the tragedy of Marie Antoinette's life is somewhat alleviated by the fact that through her suffering she found in her last moments her true potential self and thus died—a new revelation before her.

Zweig's writing in this is marked by the same variety that characterizes his other works—one moment he is lyrical, then dramatic, at times almost fantastic and then again brutally realistic. At all times, however, he is fair, outspoken and courageous.

He first overwhelms you with the tremendous sense of responsibility and homage that was thrust upon this young Austrian Archduchess, completely isolated from her country and friends. Then he traces the development of the King's inferior, dull, procrastinating, indecisive character, which proved so fatal to him during the crisis of the revolution. In turn, he traces the Queen's restless, seeking, light, trivial character, which made her neglect affairs of state, advise Louis wrongly and give so much opportunity to scandal mongers. After thus explaining their characters, he goes on to show how they in every way unwittingly brought on their own doom and after doing nothing to prevent it, could only submit magnificently.

The book is stimulating and comprehensive in its treatment of Marie Antoinette and of the revolution that surged around her, and is indeed "a masterpiece of biographical literature and triumph of historical research."

P. C., '35.

Unfinished Symphony

Sylvia Thompson

Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1933

This book is the story of Helena Marvell, "the Last Symphony of a disillusioned egoist." Helena is a strangely beautiful young girl, brought up by her distinctly anti-social father on an island in the Mediterranean. Before his experiment is completed, Lawrence Marvell dies, leaving his daughter at the mercy of her typically English, higher class mother, brother and sister. Then we watch her slowly accustom herself to English society life, fall passionately in love with her brother-in-law and eventually marry a young American who has been following her faithfully, but hopelessly through the whole

book. When thus boiled down, the plot seems relatively simple, but Miss Thompson manages an impression of complexity by frequent character sketches and political conversations. She also manages to make her heroine seem quite real, in spite of the fact that the idea of an extremely frank young girl struggling with the hypocrisies of society is trite.

On the whole the novel is typically modern, displaying a rather brittle sense of humor, and written in a consciously sophisticated manner. But, if the reader desires an hour or two of light entertainment, it is quite satisfactory.

C. T., '33.

Exchanges

Among the few exchange publications which have been received during the spring months, *The Wellesley Review* is outstanding for its exceptional organization and quality of material. The *Ebb and Flow* column is both informative and interesting, as are the reviews of current books, drama, music, and art. "The Longing," a short story by Anne Wolfe, is a promising bit of student writing, which shows originality in treatment of an old subject, and ability for characterization.

The *Goucher Kalends* presents a new type of writing, called "Prosems," which consists of a short prose paragraph with the same thought quality as poetry. Besides being an interesting experiment, these prosems have possibilities of developing into a literary form which may approach poetry in beauty and clarity of expression.

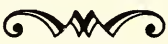
In addition to these magazines, we have received the following: *Cargoes*, Hollins College; *Distaff*, Florida State College; for Women; *Tasell Leaves*, Tasell Junior College; *Mary Baldwin Miscellany*, Mary Baldwin College; *The Prelude*, Woman's College of Alabama.

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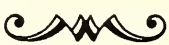
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COMMENCEMENT JUNE, 1933 NUMBER

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Entered as Second-class matter in the Post Office at Sweet Briar, Virginia. Published six times a year at Sweet Briar College. Subscription, $2.50 a year.

The Child Alone

NANCY PHYLLIS HORTON

"The wind is a hungry beggar
Lurking at my door,
I see his white teeth flashing,
And his fingers search the floor.

"The gypsies in the backwoods
Are hungry too tonight,
And oh! their shrieks of laughter
Have frozen me with fright.

"I turn to the holy crucifix
And the candle's golden light—
But the beggar winds are calling
In the black and evil night.

"Oh Christ! you had to hang alone
On your cross with thieves about—
Keep my golden candle
From ever going out;

"For the wind is a hungry beggar
That lurks at my door tonight,
And the gypsies in the backwoods
Have lit their green shrub light."

This poem is reprinted from *The Loom* and the *Literary Digest.*

Branches in the Storm

Elizabeth Combs

THE storm, which had been brewing all afternoon and had broken shortly after dark, had now reached its height and it seemed that the utmost of its fury was concentrated on the lonely little shingled house perched on the cliff high above the beach. The wind, driving across the black expanse of water, swept the heavy sheet of rain before it and flung it with bitter spite against the windows, then went shrieking around the corners and tearing through the trees twisting and tossing their branches and flinging them fretfully against the low windows of the little front room. To the woman, pacing up and down before the dying fire, these intermittent beatings of the branches were maddening. Again and again at their sound, she would start violently and, interrupting her feverish march, would listen intently and then, disappointed, would continue again, her eyes bright and wild, her hands twining nervously about a bit of cloth that she held. How much longer would it last, this agonizing waiting, this strained listening? She grasped the back of a chair and with a supreme effort forced herself to be calm, but in a moment the branches swept again across the window as though whispering softly "It will fail! It will fail!" and on the instant every nerve was tense again in a fierce denial of their message. No, no, it would not fail—it could not fail—not after all these years of waiting and planning—not after all these years of hating him! And she clenched the bit of cloth violently between her fingers as though she held in her hand all those long bitter years and would tear them to shreds. From the very beginning, she had hated him, but at first her life with him, though always filled with that dull aversion, had seemed so much better than the miserable one she had left to become his wife, that she had endured him in silence and covered her feelings with a sullen resignation.

But then the baby had come. She had never cared for any human being in her life before, and now upon this child she fastened all the pent up tenderness and affection of her heart in a fierce and jealous love that was almost adoration. He was for her the whole mean-

ing of life and she could not bear to have him out of her sight. The years of her son's babyhood were the first happy ones she had ever known in her life and they were of such a burning happiness that she hardly dared believe in their reality. But as the boy grew older, he conceived for his father an affection, a worship, almost as strong as his mother's for her son, and in his desire to please his father and to be his constant companion, he grew more and more away from his mother. At first she tried to hide the knowledge of it from herself, but even then she could not—she knew it was true, and every day made it plainer and plainer to her. The two of them were constantly together and she knew that she was not needed. Then something inside her froze into silence—She could no longer lavish upon her son the affection she formerly had. He did not need her love and she could not, though she longed to with all her being, show him her heart. So she became sullen and silent, and when she would have given her very soul to have been able to speak the tenderness that was in her heart, she could not, but spoke sharply and crossly, as though she were possessed of some devil who answered for her and whose words she could not control. And the stolid hatred for her husband grew into a flaming passion so intense that she could barely control herself when she was in his presence. She hated his constant good humor, she hated his never failing kindness to her, she hated his good looks, she hated the charm of manner that made him so universally liked—she hated him and all that was his with an insane and jealous hate that consumed her day and night and made her life almost unbearable.

Just when the idea first came to her to kill him, she did not know. It had come very gradually, at first not a recognizable plan, but slowly growing, step by step, year by year, until at last it was as much a part of her life as was the preparation of the daily meals. In the long, lonely hours she thought of it constantly and of the happiness that would be hers when he was gone—how her son would belong to her once more, and there would be no one to come between them. So she nourished the idea and it had grown, but the years had gone by until the boy was twenty and no opportunity had come, for the two of them were too constantly together. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, today the time had come. The boy had gone to the city for three days to attend to buying some farm implements, and on the second day of his absence her husband had driven to the village in

the morning, intending to return late that night. It was not until that afternoon when she was getting herself dinner that she had realized that the moment had come. The realization, sweeping over her with a suddenness that left her gasping, was followed by a moment of nervous fright and after that her mind seemed to function with a mechanical rapidity. She knew that she was making her plans, that she was going through various motions, but she was conscious of them only as actions in a dream. As dark fell, she was setting out through the drizzling rain for the winding cliff road and in a detached sort of way she realized that she was turning over in her mind all the possibilities for success or failure. She knew that his would be the only car that would come that way tonight. If she dragged the log across the road just around the sharp curve, he would not have one chance in a million of seeing it in time to stop and avoid hitting it—and if he hit it he would never, on that narrow road, be able to control his car and keep it from going over the edge of the cliff. So, coldly, impersonally she thought it all out. She seemed to see the car coming around the bend, the log flashing into view in the headlights, the car swerving and then careening over the cliff into the darkness below, its lights sweeping up in a peculiar arc and then disappearing suddenly into the blackness. The fishermen up the beach would hear the crash—they would come to her—they would try to be kind as they broke the news to her. So it worked itself out step by step, and she watched its logical moves in the same aloof way that one watches the moves of a checker game over the player's shoulder. She did not know that her cheeks were burning as with a fever while her body was trembling violently, nor that the rain was falling faster and faster and soaking her through to the skin.

When her task was finished and she was on her way home, plodding on still in that coma-like state, she went over the possibilities of the discovery of her crime. It was very unlikely that there would be an investigation, and even if there were one, they would have no reason to suspect her, and could prove nothing against her. No, she was safe. When she got home she changed her wet clothes, and then almost unconsciously she set about performing her usual evening tasks. With the familiarity of her occupation, consciousness and realization suddenly flooded over her and she was seized with fright and nervousness so over-powering that she could not contin-

ue her work and yet could not be still. But there was only one fear that hounded her as she paced up and down before the fireplace—Suppose it should fail! That thought maddened her. She could not bear failure now—she had suffered too long—the goal was too near for her happiness to be snatched from her. It would not fail! Defiantly she flung up her head. Tonight, the man would go forever from her life and then her son would be hers once more—hers, with no one else in the world to take him from her. Oh, how many years she had longed for this day! Fierce exultation filled her heart. Her son! Her very own son! Of course when he first came back he would be grief stricken at his father's death, but she would console him; all her love, all her life she would give up to him and to making him happy. In his grief, he would become dependent upon her, then finally he would forget his sorrow and she would be the only person in his life. Oh, how wonderful it would be, living for him and loving him openly at last! How happy! How happy!

The branches of the tree beat suddenly against the window and she gave a violent start. Those cursed branches! Why couldn't they stop their incessant tapping—like gently tapping fingers, warning, warning—failure—but no! She would not listen to them! It could not, it could not, it could not fail! After all these long, agonizing, silent, suffering years—ah no! He was gone from her life—He could not come here alive again. His violin, the violin the boy loved to hear him play, lay on the table, and in her sudden fury against him, she sprang towards it, as though to crush it to bits, but she stopped herself suddenly, clenched her hands, and with a hissing breath turned away. She stirred the fire and forced herself to be quiet for a moment, then resumed her pacing. Back and forth, back and forth—would this waiting never end! Why didn't they come? Would—she stopped abruptly and listened. Only those horrible branches, and wildly she pressed her hands over her ears. But no—she moved her hands and with them still half way to her head, she listened again. There were footsteps! They were coming! They were coming! It was over. Her son was coming back to her—he was hers! She felt weak and sank into a chair. The footsteps came nearer and the door opened. She grasped the arm of her chair—she must not let them see! Words—words filling the room—" . . husband . . . dark . . . car . . . over the cliff . . . dead . . . " They

must not see the triumph in her eyes. She sprang to her feet and turned to the window.

There was a sound ringing, echoing, a sound of victory that drowned out everything. But still the words were going on—she must force herself to listen. "Must have come home a day early . . " "What were they saying?" ". . . was in the car with his father . . . both went over . . . both killed." Then there was silence, an absolute pulsing silence that swallowed up everything. Her mind was a blank. There was nothing in it but the realization of the cold of the window pane beneath her hand. Years, centuries, eternity went by in a consciousless flow. Suddenly with a harsh, vindictive loudness a branch beat against the window. Then she flung up her head, spun about and faced them, and they shrank back when they saw her expression. For a moment she stood, then she uttered a frightful, shrill peal of laughter, and with a mad leap, she darted past them and out into the night. Stunned, they stood, and they heard the horrible, insane shrieks of laughter dying away in the distance.

In the stillness a branch bent and softly, gently, it brushed across the pane.

In Memoriam

CHRISTIE.

ALICE VAN Y. BENET

I walked alone along the dark of night.
And through the star-paths heard your swift feet race,
And turning, saw there in the silver light
The old remembered glory of your face.
You walked beside me on the cool dark sod;
I heard you murmur gently in my ear,
And all my prayers were answered, for my God
Was merciful, and showed you to me, dear.

For you were five years dead. And then I heard
The message that you sang across the skies
How sorrow and all weeping soon must cease.
My faith rose high, and as a homing bird
Seeks shelter, thus to you I raised my eyes,
And deep within your gaze was endless peace.

A Sonnet

Alice Van Y. Benet

If I should go beyond the gate tonight,
And leave this shell of flesh and blood behind;
If I should pass from dark, with Death, to light,
I think I should be happy. God is kind.
I would not fear the creaking of the door
Nor flee the Hand that beckons me to come,
And Hope and Peace would walk the path before,
And turn and take my hands and lead me home.
I've laughed; I've felt a breeze, and walked through rain.

I've loved. My lips have burned beneath a kiss;
I've heard sweet music, tasted Joy and Pain,
And what has Life to offer more than this?

I've lived Life very freely from my birth,
But God, I have been happy here on earth!

Utter Nonsense

JULIET HALLIBURTON

A NEW dog has come to our house, and his name is Ludwig Rasputin, only we call him Practically Demented as a sort of nickname, and he's a very fine dog, only sort of crazy and of a sort of mixed breed, I might say. He is a very good dog and could be called a brooder or a thinker or a man of affairs or a statesman or almost anything else he had a mind to be called on account of his vague, all-inclusive, indeterminate look. He mostly sits all day and thinks or broods, I might say, and is on the whole a very manageable dog, but at night he barks and whines, and I have to get up out of my bed and quiet him with warm milk and put him in my blue wool mitten to save him from the biting cold, at least he says it's biting cold. But being quieted by the warm milk and being made comfortable in the blue wool mitten he makes no more noise and is a very good dog, and we can go to sleep without more ado about any of it. At night when it is biting cold is practically the only time he will take the warm milk we fix for him because in the daytime when he thinks or broods he eats raw and bloody meat, and it is very astonishing for he seems a kind and gentle and harmless dog and hasn't bitten anyone that we know of yet, at least none of our very good and close friends. Only sometimes in the daytime he'll take a little warm milk if he's being mournful. He doesn't change expression when he's being mournful, only, of course, there must be a difference or he wouldn't drink any of the warm milk. I can't find out on account of what he's mournful, because he's a sort of reticent dog, a secretive dog, I might say. He doesn't tell anyone his sorrows, and I guess maybe that's a good thing, because telling people your sorrows sometimes gets you in lots of trouble, and this dog is taking no chances. I guess you might say he's a sort of stoic dog,—a brooder, a mourner, and sort of a stoic.

O Noble Shady Grove

Barbara Miller

E PLURIBUS UNUM, in union there is strength, we must all hang together or we'll all hang separately. This was the spirit which pervaded Shady Grove College two weeks before Senior Play. Revolt was in the air. Insurrection, sedition, rebellion was in the atmosphere—a bottled-up indignation which must needs escape or else ruin all. The point in debate was a musical one. Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast, you mutter; Oh, but why should a plaintive strain such as the base of this discontent cause a savageness hitherto unknown to creep into the being of each and every student of Shady Grove College?

In the end, it was little cynically smiling Marshall Acton who solved the problem. He it was who led the harassed and rebellious students of Shady Grove College in a peaceful resistance,—the like of which surpassed in its way the work of Ghandi himself.

The song, he gently reminded the muttering and mutinous students who surged around him, was obnoxious. In this lay their strength. Their mass meeting was justified, he mildly admitted, more than justified by the obnoxiousness of the song; but the vehemence must cease. This was the time for neither threats nor savage complaints. If they would follow him, as they had in the Bill Johnston vs. French Professor affair,—if they would follow him again as they had followed him so trustingly before, he would lead them once more, triumphant before all adversity, to victory.

"We will," the students breathed fervently, "anything you say," "What do you advise?" "c'mon, Marsh, help us out again," "We're all for you" — "and with you."

The mass of faces turned up to him, each one made beautiful by a complete faith and trustfulness in Marshall, their leader and general, their champion, who was again to win out against the tyranny which surrounded them. Marshall gazed about him serenely.

"You know that the professors will all of them be against us," . . . some of the mob looked thoughtfully sad.

"Mrs. Purston—" he began. A sudden explosion of catcalls and boos nearly swept the little senior off his feet.

"Mrs. Purston" he repeated, when the counter-cheers subsided at the first wave of his hand, "is a very wealthy woman."

"Mrs. Purston," he hurried on aware of a small undertone of growls and snarls, "has promised us a beautiful and most amazingly expensive little theatre and concert-house, which has been the college's chief desire and almost necessity for many a year."

"Mrs. Purston," continued Marshall, slightly elevating one eyebrow, "has neither an ear for music nor a reasonable heart; and has shown herself to be not only a pig-headed fool, but a dictatorial old tyrant who is trying to butt in on matters personal to the students of Shady Grove College."

"Mrs. Purston," he went on some minutes later, when the mob had delivered itself of four hundred and sixty-two bronx-cheers, "has decreed that we sing this most odious song as our Shady Grove's Alma Mater, and introduce it to a waiting public at our one big event of the year, the Senior Show." He paused dramatically, then proceeded with delicate stress: "The song has an extremely bad odor—"

"It stinks to high heaven," yelled the coarser but fully-understanding mob.

"Exactly," approved Marshall, smiling at them benignly. "But the professors, the alums, and even our President . . . " he gestured skyward, "are willing to endure it for the sake of the filthy lucre which will give them their hearts' desire—the little auditorium."

"How many of you know the song?" he demanded suddenly, his eyes lighting as he launched into his campaign.

Two or three of the students scowled thoughtfully, muttering: "O Noble Shady Grove or something—"

"Hm," said Marshall, and

"Hm," they half-breathed, leaning forward to catch his next words.

"That being the case," he said taking a sheet of music from his pocket, "I shall teach it to you."

The mob waited obediently, silently, bewilderedly. Marshall unfolded to them his scheme.

* * * * *

If all the music that issued from the throats of all the Shady Grove College students in the next few days were rolled up into

one great note and sounded before Gabriel who was poised to blow his trumpet for Judgment Day, if all this should happen, Gabriel would be overawed, Gabriel would subside immediately, Gabriel would sink into a little trembling and whimpering heap of white robe, golden curls, and fluffy wings.

The peaceful resistance campaign was launched. The students, desperate, had to a man thrown themselves into the struggle, and were carrying out Marshall's plan with all the strength of their hearts, lungs, and larynxes.

The school hummed with music. Each student, rising in the morning, sang while he washed, hummed and spluttered while he brushed his teeth, sang while he got into his clothing, and continued singing all the way down to breakfast, where he ceased his melody just long enough to take into his system that fuel which was necessary for the continuance of his life—and singing.

Between breakfast and his first morning class, each student sang steadily and dauntlessly. Singing in the class-sessions was directly opposed to the peaceful resistance policy outlined by Marshall, but for five minutes between each hour's class, the walls of every building on the campus throbbed and vibrated to the music which issued from the throat of every student.

The lunch hour was a real pandemonium of musical chanting. All good men and true poured forth melody in steady and harmonious streams. The campus drug store sold out on cough-drops and lozenges.

Afternoon classes offered a brief respite for the weary choristers, but in the late afternoon the students again poured forth their disapproval and mutinous feelings in tuneful notes.

Students were observed humming lustily through half-hearted tennis sets; crew and swimming teams chanted and hummed as they rested on their oars or clung to the floats after listless athletic attempts.

The singing continued through till dinner, and the day ended with as courageous a burst of music as it had begun, as the persistent and steadfast students sang bravely through from dinner till the eleven o'clock bell.

Marshall's plan was gigantic; Marshall's plan was exhausting; but Marshall's plan was succeeding. Not only were the students singing during every available waking moment, (and herein lies the crafty

cunning of Marshall) but they were singing over, and over, and over, and over, and over, and so on ad infinitum—the very song proposed —nay, demanded by Mrs. Purston: "O Noble Shady Grove."

Deep-seated, indeed, must be the feeling against any song to inspire the students to continue so violent and heart-breaking a campaign a second day; but continue they did, and the second day came to an end with pale and trembling students still loyal to the cause.

But Marshall was well-satisfied. Already he had seen signs of the crumpling of the opposite faction. One professor was seen raising quivering hands from his ears to high heaven in a mute appeal as to the duration of this musical hell. The President had called a board meeting for this night. Action would be taken! Action. But what action could be taken? A president can't forbid his college to sing its Alma Mater.

Each student awakened the next morning with the song on his lips and hope in his heart. Marshall had told them that the worst was over. Marshall had seen that they were riding to victory.

"Tomorrow," he had told them at their mass-meeting the night before, "we shall be singing to end singing! Let us carry on." And a hoarse cheer had issued from cracked and tired lips. So they arose with a song in their throats and hope in their hearts.

They sang their way through breakfast and morning classes with an ever-increasing optimism—the professors were definitely and markedly broken. Their harassed and haunted-looking countenances showed the nervous tension under which they were living and teaching. During one of the five-minute sessions between classes, a professor had broken down completely and sat with his head on his desk whimpering—while the students, still standing at attention and singing of Noble and Shady Groves, watched the beginning of the end of the opposite faction.

At high noon came the armistice. The President's announcement posted on the main bulletin board was an abject capitulation. He had surrendered completely and entirely, not stooping nor waiting even to save his own presidential dignity.

"The President, professors, and heads of Shady Grove College, have found the song proposed by Mrs. Purston for its Alma-Mater to be so particularly distasteful to them that they have decided against its adoption."

Thus read the bulletin, and as the news of its contents spread, the

music which had risen skywards from Shady Grove College almost continuously for two and a half days subsided.

The students received the news with quiet and devoutly thankful smiles. A deep silence descended on Shady Grove campus, and all within relaxed. Class work and assignments were taken up from where they had to all purposes been dropped two and a half days ago, and life went on in a sedate and restful way.

The students had gained their point. Definitely. The Noble Shady Grove Song was out. Marshall was the hero of the hour. All acknowledged his skilled leadership; all exulted in his supreme foresight and brilliant guidance of the execution of his plan.

But what of Mrs. Purston? What of the new auditorium? Shady Grove didn't allow itself to think of these questions. Marshall tried to put the subject from his mind. The abolition of the Noble Shady Grove Song was worth any number of new auditoriums, he argued; and he went on accepting the tributes which the student body lay at his feet, with a cynical but secretely rejoicing graciousness.

The two weeks before the Senior Play passed quickly and busily. Marshall and the other seniors worked hard, and it looked as though they had whipped up a show which would surpass anything which had been presented for years. The tickets had all sold out, and the money for the class's Valedictory present was all they had hoped for and expected. But not the least among the ticket-holders was Mrs. Purston, the intensely interested friend of Shady Grove College. All realized that a second climax was about to be played in the Noble Shady Grove drama. Mrs. Purston, almost miraculously, knew nothing of the singing campaign. Every detail had been carefully kept from her. All who knew of it were curiously loth to let the tale get abroad, and therefore was Mrs. Purston still expecting the introduction of "O Noble Shady Grove"—and more than this—at the end of the show in which the introduction of the song was to take place, Mrs. Purston fully intended to rise in her conspicuous place and graciously announce to the waiting and expectant college her gift of the funds necessary for their hearts' desire—a new auditorium. As the night of the show approached, the college grew nervous and restive. Instinctively the students turned to Marshall, but he seemed disinterested and disaffected. His usual serene cynicism left him for not a moment. He seemed not to realize the approaching climax. No student spoke of this climax to another student. All emulated

Marshall in indifference, and Marshall seemed to grow daily more indifferent.

Publicly, Marshall was unaffected, but privately and personally, his soul was a chaos of misgivings, doubts, wonderings, plans rejected, new ones formulated, and these in turn rejected. He alone was responsible for the famous singing campaign. On his head would lie the blame of the loss of Mrs. Purston's auditorium—and the preparation of the Senior Play had convinced him more than ever of the real need the college had of a good auditorium. Opposing this auditorium, and trying to balance it in the scale of feelings and importance was the song "O Noble Shady Grove" . . . "O Noble Shady Grove" . . . "O Noble Shady Grove" . . . The tune ran through his mind incessantly, bringing back to his memory the unforgettable two and a half days. "O Noble Shady Grove" . . .

The Senior Play was drawing to an end, and all had gone off perfectly. The full house was responsive enough, although the students seemed to be a bit distraught, and many of them looked apprehensively and constantly over in Mrs. Purston's direction. That worthy and interested friend of Shady Grove College was looking more and more perplexed as the play drew obviously to its close without a sign of the introduction of a new Alma Mater. Her face showed plainly the emotions which were running through her —perplexity, incredulity, dismay, anger, and finally turned into an expressionless mask, behind which nobody knew what she was thinking or feeling.

Meanwhile the curtain had fallen and the cast was taking its curtain-call. Marshall was watching Mrs. Purston narrowly, he saw plainly what she intended to do—or not to do. He glanced down at the President, who was sitting quietly down in front, and was startled to find his eyes upon him. Marshall glanced out at the audience and saw that the students were all looking at him, wonderingly, half expectantly.

Marshall swallowed once; then quickly decided. With a cynical smile, he stepped forward to lead the cast and the student body in the strains of "O Noble Shady Grove."

A Prayer

Elizabeth Pinkerton

O God, I pray not for myself tonight,
Who know the fragrance of a yellow rose,
Who seek the coolness that the night wind blows,
The knowledge that may lead me to the light.
To me is given hope, and more, a sight
Of Thee to lead me onward through the throes
Of growth to peace and stillness and repose.
And God, I thank Thee for it, but tonight
I pray for those who know Thee not as I
Have known Thee—smiling from a mountain brook,
Or tender in a velvet starry sky.
On all Thy lonely children, Father, look!
That all the peoples far and wide may cry
"Not one of His shorn lambs our Lord forsook!"

A Lesson in Diminutive Finances

BARBARA MILLER

THE state of finances is known to be a gloomy and disheartening one just now, and along with all the banks and business concerns of our great nation, I too, am feeling the pinch of poverty. Thus a nickel, one lowly nickel, one twentieth part of an American dollar looms large in my eyes, and one who possesses as much appears to me to have obtained a tremendous affluence.

Others, I find, are not so hard-pressed, and here I shall recount a peculiar occurrence. I remember perfectly the time, place, and circumstances of our transaction. Choir practise one Sunday morning had ended some fifteen minutes before Church would begin. Therefore Elizabeth, one of the star sopranos, decided that then was the time to grab one cup of coffee and relieve the pangs of breakfastless hunger. Her dormitory and purse being far across campus, she rushed up to my room—a matter of a few steps from the choir-practise—and begged the loan of a nickel for a cup of coffee,—the loan. The more I consider it, the surer I become that she said loan. But no matter. To continue—. During the next week I frequently saw her about, around, and here and there; and the sight of her never failed to arouse in my mind the thought of the nickel. Indeed, it became a sort of reflex action—the sight of Elizabeth, the thought of the nickel; the sight of a nickel, the thought of Elizabeth. Alas . . . to such depths as these can poverty and so-called thriftiness reduce us.

But things were coming to a climax. I spent my last forty-five cents on a tennis ball—this was compulsory for spring sports—and after having written two letters, one home and the other away, I discovered I had but one stamp. The problem then arose as to how I could send the letter home.

A plan occurred to me and I resolved to try it. I bided my time, and one day buttonholed Elizabeth and nonchalantly asked her to lend me a stamp, brandishing the letter about and exclaiming in loud amusement that I had run out of stamps. She carefully fished out a little book of stamps and with a politely savage look, lent me one.

"Three from five leaves two," I computed to myself when I made off with the stamp, and from that minute made plans to filch from her the remaining two cents.

Long before this, I had ascertained to my growing horror and dismay that she had completely and entirely forgotten the loan made on that fateful Sunday. Often and skilfully in her presence I had turned the conversation into channels calculated to bring forth results—to strike at some dormant memo in her mind. But I had dissertated about coffee and led the discussion around to buffalos all in vain. The memory of the nickel died a natural death in her brain, and was not to be revived. Therefore I was craftily calculating to aid justice by the questionable method of borrowing back five cents' worth of property and letting the transaction cease at that.

Now, two cents is an awkward thing to borrow from anyone, and while I was biding my time, hoping that congress would return to us the two-cent-postage rate, relief arrived from home in the form of a small book of stamps.

Rejoicing was in order, and the little book indeed received a tremendous ovation. Loudly and gleefully, I was brandishing it on high and exclaiming over the gift to my envious companions when I noticed Elizabeth there at my elbow. They do say my face blanched. Certainly there was no necessity for that—Elizabeth was my friend and would rejoice with me over my good fortune. She was rejoicing.

Now," she joked, "you can pay me back the stamp you borrowed last Tuesday night."

I gasped and swallowed once. They do say that I swallowed twice; however, I am of the opinion that I swallowed once—and gasped. The situation was becoming strained. Everyone seemed to be looking at me. I fancied that I could hear a scandalized murmur running around the crowd. I alone could end this awkwardness. I groped for a stamp, thrust it at the outstretched hand, and slunk out of the lime-light. The incident had left me white and trembling. I was fairly reeling beneath the shock. In a daze, I saw buffalos drinking coffee, I saw Indians licking postage stamps, but most often I saw Elizabeth grinning—nay, leering—at me, and holding up a nickel in a taunting and tantalizing way.

That is why, when I received my pink china buffalo which is full of purple bathsalts, I named it just . . . Elizabeth.

Panorama

CARY SNOW

IF you sit in the middle of the room, you can't see anything but the lake—just the middle of the lake—not the shore line or the mountains behind it. On a moonlight night, the moon hits the lake right in the middle, and looking out the window, from the middle of the room, you can't see anything but a square of smooth, rippling, silver—a very beautiful and unusual thing to see—very beautiful.

But when you walk nearer the window, the walls move slowly towards the corners of the room and the quiet silver follows, the square gets bigger and bigger, and then you stick your head out the window.

Looking from right to left is different from looking from left to right—I like from left to right best, only it's very hard to tell about.

Way over on the left, there's a village—all little houses, mostly white, and a church steeple—then there's the river. This is on the opposite shore. It flows into the lake and makes a little bay with tall thin trees along the edge. These trees are peculiar, they are hundreds of feet tall and very black and still. Where the valley stops on the other side, there's a mountain. We used to call it Turret Mountain, because it was so rocky and pointed, and the top looked like a castle with a lot of towers that were even taller than the sky. The snow never melted from the higher parts. Then for a long time you don't see anything but the plain. It's very flat, with nothing on it but a straight white road. The lights from the cars are yellow—pale yellow and ugly. The road goes down a little and on each side are large, beautiful estates—pink, yellow, blue, and white stucco, with little streams and tennis courts and funny squat summer houses. You can tell you're coming to a city, because there is more and more yellow light, and it isn't very yellow, either. It's about the color of diamonds, when you come to it. The color hurts your eyes and the noise hurts your ears. It's a funny thing about that noise—the city is so far away, but as soon as you look, you can hear it: newsboys and cars honking and whistles and other things. The next thing you see is the black window-frame. You're all the way from left to right.

If you try hard—sort of put yourself in a trance, you can see it all at once—the soft moon-mist falling on everything—everything on the left, that is. And on the right, it's mostly yellow or white light, and right in the middle of the lake the spreading silver mirror. It hurts your eyes to do it all at once though. Some people like to go from right to left, but I think it's more fun the other way.

Editorial

It has often been said that the ideal in education is to know something about everything and to know everything about something. The first is realized by almost every student, at the expense, it must be admitted, of much aimless browsing and much injudicious mixing of courses. However, there are few, if any, graduates who can say that they have achieved the last; namely, to know everything about something. Moreover, the normal schedule of classes, lectures recitations and assignments must always be leveled down to the average student. The more gifted student is lost in the crowd of the average. Yet, surely, if we are to reap the benefits of civilization, there must be a way by which excellence can emerge to lead the average.

Hence, Sweet Briar, following the example of other colleges, has undertaken its own experiment in self education; it has instituted a plan of reading for honors. The way has already been paved for this innovation by the cordial feeling that exists between faculty and students and by the generally high academic standard of the college. The system decided upon is thus described in the catalogue:

> "The underlying aim is to achieve a synthesis of the field of major interest, rather than specialization. The plan is designed not merely for the exceptional student but for any earnest and able student who is really interested in her chosen field and who is eager to do scholarly work in that field."

After a year of execution the plan is still in the experimental stage, but it is working toward that which has been set as its goal. It is singling out and giving attention to those who are really scholars. It is providing a study of the major subject in its entirety and in its relation to other subjects. It is recognizing that the best of teachers is oneself; that self-education is more lasting, more continual.

However, one must not lose sight of the fact that honors work here is still in the nature of a noble experiment. Not until next year can any tangible results be shown, not for many years may we

know its true worth to those who have pursued it. Meanwhile, many changes will perhaps be necessary; changes in its actual mechanics, enlargement of the faculty because of the extra burden of work upon them, changes in the attitude of both Honors and regular students. They must come to look upon it as an adventure in scholarship which offers as much excitement and gives opportunity for as much initiative and independence as any other campus activity.

As We Pass By

When I cannot see words curling like rings of smoke round me I am in darkness—I am nothing I only come into existence when the plumber, or the horse-dealer, or whoever it may be, says something which sets me alight. Then how lovely the smoke of my phrase is, rising and falling, flaunting and falling, upon red lobsters and yellow fruit, wreathing them into one beauty But because there is something that comes from outside and not from within I shall be forgotten; when my voice is silent you will not remember me, save as the echo of a voice that once wreathed the fruit into phrases.

—*The Waves*, VIRGINIA WOOLF.

Selre bith aeghwaem
thaet he his freond wrece thonne he fela murne;

—*Beowulf*.

Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you,
Not till the waters refuse to glisten for you and the leaves to rustle
For you, do my words refuse to glisten and rustle for you.

—"*To a Common Prostitute*", WALT WHITMAN.

Could man be drunk for ever
With liquor, love or fights,
Lief should I rouse at morning
And lief lie down of nights.

But men at whiles are sober
And think by fits and starts,
And if they think, they fasten
Their hands upon their hearts,

—*Last Poems*, A. E. HOUSMAN.

If it had not been for these thing, I might have lived out my life, talking at street corners to scorning men. I might have die, unmarked, unknown, a failure. Now we are not a failure. This is our career and our triumph. Never in our full life can we hope to do such work for tolerance, for joostice, for man's onderstanding of man, as now we do by an accident. Our words,—our lives—our pains—nothing! The taking of our lives—lives of a good shoemaker and a poor fish peddler—all! That last moment belong to us—that agony is our triumph!

—*Vanzetti to Judge Thayer.*

I am moved by fancies that are curled
Around these images and cling
The notion of some infinitely gently
Infinitely suffering thing.

—"*Preludes*", T. S. Eliot.

The bird with him was Ed MacPhail
He looked like something
Lost in the mail:
Dirty, battered, fringed:
Tattered,
Yellow tinged.
Pig's eyes, close together.
Skin like rusty shoe-leather.
Yellow teeth.
Hair like straw.
A rat-trap mouth,
And a lantern jaw.
Dour:
Sour:
A rare Scotch flower.

—*The Set-Up,* Joseph March.

Home is the place where, when you go there
They have to take you in.

—"*The Death of the Hired Man,*" Robert Frost.

"Leave me the stars
A little longer," said Isolt. "In Cornwall,
So much alone there with them as I was,
One sees into their language and their story.
They must be more than fire; and if the stars
Are more than fire, what else is there for them
To be than love? I found all that myself;
For when a woman is left too much alone,
Sooner or later she begins to think;
And no man knows what then she may discover."

Tristram, EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

Book Reviews

We wish to acknowledge the courtesy of the Musketeer Book Shop in lending us the books we review.

Union Square

Albert Halper

The Viking Press, New York, 1933

This book is as real as its title. Union Square is a familiar name to the New Yorker. It is in its own way a cross-roads of the world and here in one of the shabby tenements just off the Square the author has contrived to bring together a goodly number of the world's outcasts. Here in a dingy building, known to its inmates as the Twenty-Door City, a struggling artist, an ex-poet, a girl communist, an Italian barber, a middle-aged business man and his mistress, and many others pursue their separate lives. For a short space, we are allowed to see these people as they each go about their own business; for a short time, we can follow their tragic lives. The book opens in the aftermath of a communist riot—we are introduced to the characters—and it ceases with another equally ineffectual riot and a tenement fire, in which all the people are brought together for the first and only time. Their lives have arrived nowhere in the meantime and and the book has reached no conclusion, except the rather trite "Life goes on," yet we have been vitally interested in these unfortunate people and we leave them with regret.

Albert Halper has shown us living persons. Some of them are dull, but they are dull because that is their nature and not because the author has made them so. Many more of them are delightful personalities. The poet, Jason, and the artist, Leon, are extremely interesting types of men: the former cynical and clever, the latter simple and loving. The mad printer is a shadowy figure about whom

our curiosity is never quite satisfied. The young girl, Celia, is charming, and the barber, Andre, is fascinating. The minor characters are no less important. They are an integral part of the book, and such figures as the Jolly Postman and the chestnut vendor do more than furnish atmosphere: we know them, too. We feel that we have lived with these people, and we are more keenly conscious of the tragedy of their position in our economic system.

There is no definite plot. The author has given us an extremely realistic and accurate picture of several joining lives. Their paths do not cross and so the book is necessarily divided into many sections. The larger sections cover a certain passage of time; the smaller are devoted to the separate lives during such a space of time.

The author's style is warm and human. It is full of feeling, often expressed colloquially. The descriptions are vivid and true, often harsh in their truth. There is no attempt to beautify or soften what is ugly. Mr. Halper is fully aware of the tragedy of his picture of a warped civilization, but he refuses to be excited about it. He has looked at it calmly and he presents it to us sanely in well-written prose. His book is a valuable picture of the seamier side of American national life.

M. Mc., '34.

Proud Horns

Carleton Drewry

MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK, 1933

On first glancing through this book, one would call it bitter, and it may seem so to the casual observer, but on reading it, one's attitude is likely to change. Although *Proud Horns* is a very appropriate title, for these poems seem to announce the writer's views on life in a fearless and declamatory way, one can see occasional tenderness.

The introductory piece says to life:

"But always there shall be
Those who will turn upon you,

Life, who will rend you
With the proud horn of invective,
And bleed you into bitter song."

This is the view of the beginning and it is carried out through the volume on the whole. One must remember that it is a first volume. Despite this fact, it does not contain the usual faults, but rather a certainty and stability.

Although it is never well to infer that any piece of writing is autobiographical, one cannot prevent oneself from thinking that the author has had his share of suffering early in life. One cannot help but feel the great sensations of the writer, and yet one feels that he is invulnerable.

The book is like the record of a fighter who sits down occasionally to make note of his experiences. Above everything, it is masculine poetry.

One who can feel deep remorse at the death of a toad, cannot lack sympathy for the suffering of others, and one who can describe the universal wonder of humanity, driven to an unknown destiny, cannot lack a large scope of understanding. Perhaps Mr. Drewry's poetry may be said to lack the mellowness that is attained in great poetry, but having force, the power of feeling intensely, and a clear style that is unhampered by superfluities on his side, this quality ought to be easy to acquire.

The *Lyric*, which is a Virginia magazine of verse, under the editorship of Mr. Drewry, is one of the most promising in the country, with really worth-while contributions. With so much accomplished in literature, the name of Carleton Drewry should be established in the world of poetry.

N. H., '35.

Grand Canary

A. J. Cronin

Little, Brown and Co., Boston, 1933

Grand Canary, the latest novel from the pen of A. J. Cronin, is a tale with a familiar theme, though quite unusual in its treatment.

Harvey Leith has graduated with honors from Medical College and gone into scientific research, giving up everything in his passion for work. When his serum is at last applied it fails (having been used too late), and he falls to the blasphemy of the public. On his way to Santa Cruz, he meets Lady Mary Fielding, delicate, young, and lovely, married to Sir Michael Fielding, of whom she is "very fond." The theme of reincarnation enters now, and is carried out when she and Harvey meet again at the old Spanish villa, Casa de los Cisnes, near Hermosa. This meeting takes place after the two have parted at Oratave; Mary catches yellow fever, which is abroad in the country, and wanders off to find the House of Swans, of which she had dreamed so long. Here she meets Harvey, who had missed the boat at Santa Cruz and gone up to Laguna to help with the plague. Mary collapses at the Casa where Harvey takes care of her.

On the whole, the characters are good, and very interesting. Leith, who is nervous, morose, and unbelievably rude at first, discovers he has a soul; Mary is sweet and charming, but one might grow a bit weary of her. Of the more minor figures, I particularly liked the wide-smiling Irishman, "Jimmy C.," and the tiny, age-old Spanish Marchesa, who owns the Casa de los Cisnes. The two American missionaries add quite an unexpected note, although their story is a usual one. Psalm-singing Robert Tranter, who is petted and adored by his sister, Susan, is seduced by the sophisticated Elissa Baynham, the traveling companion of Lady Fielding. Nor could one forget the tough old Cockney, now of Santa Cruz, Mother Hemmingway, who smokes her own special brand of cigars and keeps "a little hanky-panky towny place—a kind of an 'otel it would be, dearie. Just a plain goddam honest business."

I think that *Grand Canary* should be commended for its very vivid descriptions and for those characters who do not hold the front of the stage, rather than for its plot or for the two main figures.

C. M., '33.

Exchanges

The exchange magazines which have been received since our last issue number only three: *The Hampden-Sydney Magazine; The Sybil,* (Elmira College,) and the *Pharetra,* (Wilson College.) The latter contains the most outstanding piece of work in a long poem entitled "Orpheus." Janet Edwards has expanded the ancient myth with a fine feeling for rhythmic cadence, and has achieved a certain simplicity which adds appeal and charm to her verse.

We have received an interesting publication which is in the nature of an experiment at present. It is the *Measure,* the journal of the Gerald Manley Hopkins Poetry Society, of Georgetown University. Contributions are made by members of the society, faculty and students, and this co-operative enterprise has resulted in a remarkable collection of prose essays and verse. "Fair," by James C. Hendrickson, is a realistic and picturesque expression of scenes dear to all of us who are familiar with small town ways and customs. The latter part of it, entitled "Out upon the Midway," is especially vivid:

"Rotates the ferris wheel, stopping suddenly
On top of the world.
Sulky races fast on a dust-cloud track,
The pacer's legs thrown high like paws
The smell of vanilla, cherry and nectar
Whipped up and bundled in cotton candy cones.
A faded clown in a sideshow tent,
Puffing his cheeks and rolling his eyes."

In startling contrast with this robust style is offered "The Silver Tree," by Thomas J. McCarthy:

"There was a tree.
A silvered, silent tree by moonlight.
A jagged, aged, aching tree, by moonlight
Silvered into cold relief
Against the blue back-drop of sky.
And a lone and silvered leaf

Austerely crisp, which softly fell,
In stately acquiescence, drifting down."

By the same author and in the same delicate vein is also "Blue Dusk:"

"The sad,
Vague
Loneness
Of blue dusk,
Whispers in its hush.
Softly, softly,
As a woman weeping,
A lovely woman weeping,
And her hair down."

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